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HISTORICAL STUDIES.

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HISTORICAL STUDIES.

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BY

HERMAN MERIVALE.

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PREFACE.

SOME of the Essays contained in this volume have already appeared in periodical publications; others have been altered from their original shape, or nearly re-written. Several are now published for the first time. I have thought it sufficient to mention this, without specifying to which class each belongs.

By way of introduction to the first series, 'On some of the Precursors of the French Revolution,' I cannot do better than transcribe the nervous sentences in which Louis Blanc has summed up the career and influence of those men of the eighteenth century who, in their several capacities, contributed to bring about the crowning event which was accomplished at the end of it.

'The apostles of the doctrine of calm inquiry introduced in these days, into their worship of Thought, the enthusiasm and the passions of sectaries. Prodigious labours to be undertaken, a thousand dangers to be run, tyranny to be cajoled or braved, the moral education of whole races of men to be effected over again, the human conscience to be liberated from uncertainty and from terror, nothing of all this made them hesitate: because,

after all, they too had a faith of their own: they believed in Reason. Such, then, was the work of this century. And all were engaged in it: writers, artists, noblemen, magistrates, ministers, sovereigns themselves. For a moment only, the new spirit found itself master of society, from foundation to summit: when it had penetrated into the Court of Prussia, through Frederic of Austria, through Joseph II.: of France, through Turgot: of Russia, through Catherine: into the Vatican through Clement XIV. Insomuch that philosophy insinuated itself even into close contact with kings: it enveloped them; it subjugated them; it dictated to their lips words of strange meaning; it drove them on, excited by the praises they received, even to the destruction of those altars which had for so long a period been used for the support of thrones.' Histoire de la Révolution Française, vol. i. 346.

Anyone who should undertake in earnest the task of collecting and analysing in one work the great subject of which the democratic historian has here only indicated the outlines: who should endeavour to distinguish the several schools of political thought which existed among the so-called philosophers of that century; to define the limits to which each was conducted by its own independent line of argument: to mark the point where each bold forerunner, like the athletes of old, as he stepped out of the course, handed his torch to another; to assign also their due meed of honour to those among them, statesmen and sovereigns as well as mere writers, who were really actuated by an ardent longing for the improvement of the condition of mankind, and who expended their lives, and risked their fame on the pursuit of that object; would embark on

one of the most important historical undertakings which remain to be performed for the intellectual benefit of this generation. He would complete the History of the French Revolution itself—which has been so abundantly elaborated by the ablest writers, each contributing his separate pleading for his own favoured side, and thereby conveying more of truth to the reader than could have been derived from any single record, however careful and impartial—by adding to it a preface scarcely less instructive than itself, and without which the narrative of subsequent events cannot be really understood or appreciated.

For my own part, I have attempted nothing more than to illustrate that subject by a few desultory sketches. They have not been executed with the view of supporting any particular theory in philosophy or politics; and the student, who may be attached to any such theory, is only requested to use the facts and the views which he may perchance draw from them, as far as he pleases, for the nourishment of the favourite child of his own imagination.

The rest of the volume consists merely of unconnected essays on various topics, chiefly of the antiquarian order. And when I see them collected together, I feel as if I owed such readers as I may find an apology for laying before them such a packet of flying leaves. My only excuse, to myself, for having indulged in such disjointed speculations as the present specimens seem to indicate, is that they have but furnished the occasional amusement of years of an occupied life, and a relief to the thoughts in many seasons of trouble.

And in borrowing from the French the title 'Histori-

cal Studies' for my volume, I have intended, without affectation of modesty, to convey the simple truth, that its contents are for the most part but incomplete essays, the attempts of a learner to assist fellow learners with himself.

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I.

ON SOME OF THE PRECURSORS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

1. JOSEPH THE SECOND.
2. *CATHERINE THE SECOND.*
3. PASCAL PAOLI.
4. VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, AND GÖTHE.
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HISTORICAL STUDIES.

JOSEPH II.

THE world has judged this excellent though unfortunate sovereign, as it usually judges, by success. Because he failed, he has become a byword. Had he carried into execution the scheme of policy which he conceived, he would have been regarded as the greatest, as well as the most beneficent, monarch who ever swayed the destinies of the human race. And had not his early death intervened, it is hard to say whether a large portion of that scheme might not have been realised. We cannot safely pronounce on what might have been, nor decide whether his death only prevented a general rebellion, as the popular notion is, or whether it cut short the career of one who was beginning to learn by experience the true means towards his magnificent ends, and who would in a few years have changed much more than the surface of European politics and society.

But however this might have been—without farther speculation on that favourite but idle field of historical theory, the contingent past—the test of mere success is one which ought to be utterly disclaimed, when judging of a character such as his. It claimed, in reality, not that

sort of contemptuous pity which the world commonly accorded it, but veneration akin to that with which we regard the memory of the few real heroes, the still fewer real saints, who have rendered our nature glorious. That one brought up in an atmosphere of bigotry, court stupidity, and aristocratic pride, should, through all the years of his youth, have been acquiring for himself a distinct perception and appreciation of the iniquities and oppressions under which the vast majority of his kind were condemned to suffer by the institutions of his time; that he should have realised the depth of popular ignorance, the crying injustice of noble privileges, the canker of idle monachism, the countless sufferings of the enslaved multitude; that he should have formed within his mind the deliberate resolution,—These things shall not endure: they are simply evils, as crimes against person and property are evils, and they must be extirpated, even if my power is torn up by the roots along with them; if my own ease and popularity, and life itself, are shattered to pieces in the encounter with them: that he should have issued at once, as soon as the crown of Selbstherrschaft (independent government) was on his head, like Thalaba among the enchanters, without parley or preparation, relying on his own good right alone, and resolutely cutting away his only chance of retreat;—all this amounts, in point of *à priori* moral probability, to little less than a miracle. It were a likelier task for nature to produce another Napoleon than another Joseph II. Yet he is generally passed over with the cursory sentence, that he was one who formed great projects, but lacked judgment, tact, and moderation to put them into execution. That he did lack those wholesome diluents is certain; but it is equally certain that a man possessed of them to any large amount would never have entertained such projects in earnest at all. It would

be just as much to the purpose to complain of the want of judgment and moderation exhibited by Luther and Knox. And, at all events, his was what even Luther's was not—a life of all but pure and absolute devotion to what he esteemed the good of mankind. The words of his beautiful epitaph, 'saluti publicæ vixit non diu sed totus,' expressed very little more than entire truth: a little more, no doubt, for a character without an alloy of self is a mere monster. How many inferior qualities go to make up a mind like that of Joseph—how much there may have been of vanity, and desire to astonish, and love of power—any one may endeavour to ascertain from the copious materials for his biography. For all higher purposes, the purity and loftiness of its chief elements dispense with the duty of examining how much of grosser clay are mingled in the composition.

Of the finer part, a great portion was surely derived from his mother. She was undoubtedly, after all the deductions which a just condemnation of many parts of her public life renders necessary, a noble-minded woman, possessed of many high qualities, both of heart and understanding. But her disposition in some respects, her predilections and prejudices in many more, were strongly contrasted with those of her son: and they presented a spectacle, not very uncommon in life, of parent and child, cast in the same mould, endowed with the same natural excellencies, but contrary in their tastes, and travelling all their lives on divergent roads. Joseph's natural abilities, though by no means inconsiderable, were not brilliant. He learnt slowly, but his memory was tenacious. And his mind developed rather late, under the care, it must be fairly added, of tutors seemingly as stupid and pedantic as ever set fairly to sleep intellects of a less persevering order than his. He was reckoned by his mother, probably

with truth, exceedingly obstinate: 'mein Starrkopf,' she used to call him. Some said she spoilt him by over-indulgence, and that under severer discipline some of the faults of his nature would have been corrected: it seems more probable that she never thoroughly understood his character, and that the tenderness natural to a loving nature like hers was mingled with fits of injudicious severity. Among the numberless domestic scenes represented in water-colours by the Empress-Queen herself—homely and home-loving in all her grandeur—which still cover the walls of a room in the palace at Schönbrunn, there is one which exhibits the whole family in council, while a court lady, birch rod in hand, is leading out the little Joseph, in a childishly indignant attitude, to summary execution. Whether, however, it was from the method of education pursued, or from his natural bent, Joseph took an early distaste to learning and literature in their common acceptation. The only knowledge which he acquired was that of facts; he valued only the positive and the practical. Edinburgh or Geneva could not have produced a mind more intensely utilitarian. He had no eye for art, and no more respect than Dr. Johnson himself for those who possessed any. The 'belles lettres' he treated with somewhat more respect, but without taking any personal interest in them. It was perhaps only under a fit of ill temper at some of the absurdities perpetrated by the Vienna press, in its first freedom from censorship, that he classified together 'the book-trade, the cheese-trade, and other employments' in one of his recorded conversations: but the expression was long quoted as characteristic. His real respect was only bestowed on such studies as appeared to him immediately conducive to the happiness of men, or the power of the state.

But the main impulse which drove his mind in a con-

trary direction to that which had hitherto prevailed in the Austrian court, was his determined and almost fanatical hatred of fanaticism. The bigotry which prevailed in his mothers' court and household, the servility with which her powerful mind gave way on this point alone to the meanest or most mischievous influences, had no doubt their effect in urging a high-minded, but self-willed, youth in the opposite direction. For there was no tincture of irreligion in Joseph's religious liberalism. Averse from what he considered idle speculation on all subjects, he was especially so on what concerned revelation. He almost made a parade of his dislike to Voltaire; while he professed a respect for Rousseau, whose utterances passed with many in those days for a new edition of Christianity. He always declared himself an humble believer in revelation: 'I am a soldier, and not a theologian,' he said with some affectation; 'but I believe there is only one road to heaven, the religion of Jesus Christ.' And his life, allowing for all his weaknesses, gave testimony to the sincerity of his profession. But then, with him, Christianity, like everything else, must be exclusively practical. His detestation of priestly power, of refined dogmas, ceremonies, legends, superstitious images, and the popular accompaniments of religion in general, had more of the fierceness of the Puritan than the contemptuousness of the ordinary infidel.

It was the necessity of keeping in subjection this, and other prevailing impulses of his mind—during the many years for which he nominally shared the empire with his mother, but was, in reality, only her jealously watched chief subject—which gave him, in the opinion of some unfavourable observers, a tendency to dissimulation; which nourished (as others have pointed out with more truth) a kind of fitful cynicism in his character, such as may

not unfrequently be observed in gentle and enthusiastic natures thwarted by disappointment. He was consumed with eagerness for action, and yet could not move a limb against the pressure of the courtly bonds which were effectually woven around him. He felt himself getting old in this impotence of movement, and the world going on in its evil course around him; and the impatience produced heart-sickness, with something of its accompanying misanthropy. Domestic causes, also, had their effect in increasing these morbid sensations. With great capacities for innocent happiness, his life was a succession of disappointments. As a youth he was, it is said, painfully conscious of holding only a second place in the love of his mother; her favourite was her more attractive second son, Charles, who died young. Before he was twenty, Joseph married a princess, Isabella of Parma, to whom he became passionately and devotedly attached. She left him a widower after a few years, and it was said that their short union was clouded by her constant anticipation of an early death. It was, indeed, a current story * that his own sister, the Archduchess Christina, pitying his inconsolable condition, revealed to him that the deceased princess had confessed to her that she never loved her husband; that her heart was entirely fixed on heavenly things, and that she could never vanquish her regrets at the state compulsion which had forced her to exchange the convent for his palace. She left him one child; but his little

* See the memoirs of the authoress, Caroline Pichler, who held a subordinate office about Maria Theresa's court. Isabella, according to the same tale, when still a girl, kneeling at the deathbed of her mother, prayed that she might not long survive her. She fancied she heard a voice utter the word 'Three,' and accepted it joyfully as a presage. But when three days, three weeks, and three months, had successively passed, and the impression of the occurrence grew fainter, she was induced by her family to consent to her proposed union with Joseph, and died just three years after she had received the warning.

'mädel,' too, was taken from him at the age of seven. He married again to please his mother; but the object of her choice, a Bavarian princess, was a poor victim of hereditary disease, whose early death was a release for both. Thenceforward, with strongly domestic tastes, and no relish for the ordinary dissipations of a court, he was left alone in the world; a circumstance to which, no doubt, was owing his passion for locomotion, indulged, during the life of his mother, and even afterwards, to such an excess that he might almost have rivalled Lord Peterborough's boast of personal acquaintance with all the crowned heads and postillions of Europe.

It was in this long and sorrowful period of apprenticeship that Joseph, like Frederic the Great, acquired, and in some degree deserved, that character of a 'sceptred cynic' which Lord Byron pronounces so peculiarly inappropriate for crowned heads. But in Joseph this was partly affected; not real and deep-rooted, as in his Prussian model: and as he possessed nothing of Frederic's peculiar aquafortis style of wit, his exhibitions of contempt for mankind were tactless and unpleasing. He did himself, perhaps, more injury by his laboured smartnesses against religious fraternities and persons—ulemas and fakirs, as he thought it clever to call them—than by suppressing their convents. There is something singularly provoking, even now, to the reader of his correspondence, in the affected facetiousness with which he replies to men in earnest, like the Cardinal-Archbishop of Treves, who were defending to the best of their ability the alleged rights of their church. His nobility could more easily have forgiven his attacks on their privileges, and his attempts to diminish their importance by pitchforking into the class a herd of insignificant people—civil functionaries, municipal authorities, and the like, the notorious 'Bagatelladel' of Vienna—

than his parade of scornful maxims about the equality of mankind. It was in truth only uncivil and ungracious, though admired by republicans as an exhibition of noble sentiment, when he would turn away, on his travels, from some noble provincial lady who approached him with the style and ceremony which she thought befitting both their stations, to talk ostentatiously with his landlord's daughter. Even some of his best recorded sayings in the philosophic style, if happy in their general application, were needlessly offensive to those whom he addressed: as when he answered an appeal of some of the Vienna fine people to have the public kept out of a portion of the Prater, in order that they might consort with their equals—'If I were to seek to consort with my equals, I must go down into the vaults of the Capuchin church.' These trifles even lost him more of real support than they gained of showy popularity; still more, no doubt, the grim satisfaction with which he gave his subjects, by way of corollary to his maxims, the spectacle of a count who had forged bank notes sweeping the street in chains, a grey-haired colonel of the guards who had plundered his military chest exposed in the pillory, and a well-born Magyar offender towing a barge at the same rope with the lowest criminals of the vassal Sclavonic and Rouman races; while, as a set off, a half savage Wallachian thief, caught exercising his vocation in the capital, was merely sentenced, like the colonel, to 'simple exposure,' in order to operate on his sense of shame! To the infinite amusement of the Viennese, he could not be made to comprehend the nature of the ceremony, and wondered what he had done to attain such honour.

That philanthropy is a somewhat revolutionary virtue we know; excessive love of justice in a sovereign is scarcely less so. 'L'art de bouleverser les états (says Pascal) est

d'ébranler les coûtumes établies, en sondant jusque dans leur source, pour marquer leur défaut de justice : il faut, dit-on, recourir aux lois fondamentales et primitives de l'état, qu'une coûtume injuste a abolies. C'est un jeu sûr pour tout perdre : rien ne sera juste à cette balance.' His strong conscientiousness Joseph inherited from his mother, but the passion for ideal justice was his own. There can be no stronger instance of it, than that he assumed the power, unknown to sovereigns of Western Europe, of sharpening as well as remitting the sentences of criminal courts. Undoubtedly he was right in principle. Beccaria and Bentham expended almost a needless amount of acuteness in showing the absurdity of the feudal custom of pardon. If the executive does exercise the power of interfering with the sentences of the judicial body, it should unquestionably be with the object of correcting mistaken lenity as well as severity. But that a 'King's face should give grace' was a prejudice far too deeply rooted for Joseph to shake, and this innovation, founded on the purest intentions, was one of the first which he was compelled by public opinion to withdraw.

Closely allied with these peculiarities were an occasional roughness of manner, carried to affectation, a harsh and dictatorial air; an assumed outside, which covered singular delicacy as well as strength of sentiment, and feelings tremblingly alive to every variation in those of the persons whom he loved; an eager, inquisitive, but attractive bearing; a special fondness for refined, and particularly female, society—his only relaxation in later years, and in which he appeared to great advantage; being described by the minister, Kaunitz, in his barbarous Frenchified dialect, as 'ein ganz aimabler perfecter cavalier.' Baron Reitzenstein, author of a 'Journey to Vienna' (1789), describes not amiss this double aspect of Joseph's

outward demeanour. 'When I entered the room,' he says, 'the Emperor was still speaking to a gentleman to whom he gave some orders. His tone was so rough, so harsh, his pronunciation so Austrian, that the impression made on me was unpleasing in the highest degree. Immediately afterwards, two French ladies were introduced to him: how polite, refined, and soft his manner at once became! The imperious monarch disappeared: the most prepossessing attractive man of the world stood before me instead.' One of the most touching of the many pieces of his writing which remain is the billet of adieu to the Princess Francis Lichtenstein, written just before his decease, and addressed 'Aux cinq dames réunies de la société, qui m'y toléraient.'

And in either character—whether under his assumed air of abruptness, or his natural geniality of manner—all agree as to the effect produced by the glance of his attaching and sympathetic eye. 'Kaiseraugenblau' was for a time the fashionable colour of the ladies of Vienna. It was an eye which seemed to recognise and speak to every one. There was something in Joseph's softness of heart, and also in the scrupulous earnestness with which he regarded his duties, which rendered it impossible for him to assume that official look of half-notice which every one must so often have observed in the optics of the powerful. It is a glance which seems compounded out of the fear of affronting some one who may be entitled to acknowledgment, and the fear of encouraging an address which may lead to inconvenient solicitation, or at least to the loss of valuable time. I cannot at all agree with that charming writer of travels, Aubrey de Vere, who, happening to meet the Sultan in a stroll through Constantinople, and being apparently a little discomposed by a look of this description, thus describes it: 'That gaze in which there

is nothing of recognition, and in which no distinction is made between animate and inanimate objects, appears peculiar to the East; perhaps to absolute power in the East.' It is just as much occidental as oriental, and any one who wishes to realise it has only to go into the lobby of the House of Commons, and try to catch the eye of a minister, or other much preoccupied public man.

Such were the general characteristics of the sovereign on whom the task of regenerating a chaotic assemblage of dominions, unconnected except by the personal tie of sovereignty, and offering every possible variety of senseless misgovernment, rooted abuses, mutual prejudices and jealousies, devolved on the death of Maria Theresa. The sovereign of Austria was, in Austria itself, a native prince amidst a loyal population, but controlled by an enormously wealthy clergy and aristocracy; in Tyrol, he was the chief looked up to by an independent peasantry; in the Netherlands, the political head of a nest of mediæval commonwealths with clashing rights and usages; in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, he was a foreign potentate, governing an indifferent and sullen population with the aid of a nobility chiefly foreign like himself and an exotic hierarchy: in Hungary, the feudal suzerain of a nation of nobles, interposing their proud will and their impracticable constitution between him and the millions of oppressed inferior races who vegetated in the background; in Galicia, Lombardy, and other outlying regions, a conqueror ruling absolutely by right of the sword. To wield an empire of such discordant materials was the problem laid before the House of Lorraine-Hapsburg in 1780, and remains the same problem still: for if in some points the difficulty may have diminished, thanks chiefly to the achievements of Joseph himself—through the comparative reduction, for instance, of the noble and clerical power—it has in

other respects increased, by the augmented strength of the democratic element, and the great impulse given of late years to those antipathies of races which constitute the worst canker of modern polity. This problem has been differently dealt with at different periods: by flattery and management of the more powerful elements, so as to induce them to combine against the weaker, as had been the policy of Maria Theresa, and was that of Metternich in his better period; by jealous military and police repression, as in the worst times of the long reign of Francis; by the bold experiment recently made of constructing a central representative body, which seems to be as yet in suspense. All these have their several share of worldly wisdom, but all have hitherto failed to achieve more than a mere temporary success. Joseph undertook the task beyond his, and probably beyond human strength, of cutting the knot which so many able hands, both before and since him, have failed to untie. His scheme was no less than to consolidate all his dominions into one homogeneous whole; to abolish all privileges and exclusive rights; to obliterate the boundaries of nations, and substitute for them a mere administrative division of his whole empire; to merge all nationalities, and establish the German language as the only recognised one; to establish an uniform code of justice; to raise the mass of the community to legal equality with their former masters; to constitute a uniform level of democratic simplicity under his own absolute sway. 'It was his object,' says Schlosser, 'to effect, by force, that which it is the object of other monarchical states to prevent by force: and he consequently came into collision with the people, and with the spirit of the age, on precisely opposite grounds from other autocrats. He wanted to alter the administration, government educa-

tion, religious constitution, legislation, and legal procedure of his states. This could not possibly be done without a revolution, and without taking the people into council; and Joseph was determined not to invoke the people. His history is therefore only the long and sorrowful story of a prince animated by the best intentions, engaged in a contest with things as they were, without finding or even looking for, supporters and allies. He set his own sound good sense in opposition to rooted prejudice, to absurdity, to so-called policy, to pedantry, to jurisprudence, to reigning superstition, to old constitutions and charters: and he was thus compelled, against his own will, to become occasionally a tyrant, before he could carry through even those few successful measures of his reign in which all rational Austrians rejoice even at the present day.'

Never, assuredly, was so complete a sweep made of old institutions and usages, as far as mere change of law could do it, as in the five first years of Joseph's reign. Even that effected by the French Revolution itself was less rapid and extensive, especially when regard is had to the different genius, and state of preparation, of the two communities. It was like the sudden advance, in the locomotion of the same country, from the old Eilwagen crawl of four miles an hour, without intervening improvements, to the speed of the railway. It takes away the breath of those accustomed to the bit-by-bit proceedings of constitutional countries, to recite the mere catalogue of Joseph's reforms. In the short space of time above mentioned, exclusive rights, privileges, monopolies, were clean done away with; serfdom, and compulsory feudal dues and services ceased in point of law to exist; all men became, in theory, equal under the sovereign. The old constitutions of his several kingdoms and states, including that of Hungary, with which his mother had dealt so warily, were

abolished, at least on paper, or violently invaded: their very boundaries were obliterated from the maps, and a division of the whole monarchy into thirteen great departments, with a civil minister at the head of each, substituted. Half the convents in the country were suppressed; great innovations introduced in the relation of church and state; the ordinary popular religion interfered with by the abolition, or discontinuance, of processions, pilgrimages, and the like; universal religious toleration, or rather equality, established; education was made national; the press rendered free; the old and ingrained 'unwesen' (to use a very German word) of guilds and corporations in the towns, and other restrictions on internal commerce, utterly abolished; the superstructure of ages razed down to the very foundation.

It need hardly be said that a great number of these changes remained in the form of decrees only, and never attained a practical existence. Yet he actually performed much; energetically, but intemperately, and without the slightest trace of that politic respect which might have been shown for interests injured, or feelings wounded, in the process. *Regis ad exemplar*, the subordinates who were intrusted with the execution of the Emperor's innovating decrees set to work with a revolutionary violence which seems hardly credible in a civilised state. In fact, much of what we read of the Austrian reforms of 1780–85 resembles far more than is usually suspected the scenes which were exhibited ten years later in France. Convents were spoliated with merciless violence, their goods dissipated, the precious contents of their libraries destroyed or scattered, the bones of the dead disturbed by official riflers of the graves. At the Chartreuse of Vienna the mummied corpse of Albert the Wise was ejected from its leaden coffin for the sake of the metal, and lay for months

exposed to the curiosity and insults of the populace. An order was issued at one time for the conversion of that grand old pile, the Hradschin at Prague, into barracks, to be executed by a given day. Instantly a band of vandals was let loose, to strip it of the accumulated relics of centuries. The mysterious treasure-chamber of the star-gazing Emperor Rudolph was despoiled of its renowned antiquarian collections. 'The statues were sold off: a torso found no purchaser,' (says Vehse) 'it was thrown at last out of the window into the garden; an oculist of Vienna, Barth, bought it for sixteen "siebzehner." It was sold at the Congress of Vienna to the then Crown-Prince Louis of Bavaria, for 6,000 ducats. It is the Ilioneus of the Glyptothek at Munich. The antique coins were sold by weight. An inventory of the contents of the treasury was made, which is preserved in the Schonfeld Museum at Vienna: a Leda of Titian figures in it as a "naked woman bitten by an enraged goose." Yet, after all this mischief had been done, Joseph was induced by the murmurs of the Bohemians to revoke his order; a strong proof of the truth of Frederic's sarcasm, that he "always took the second step before the first."'

But these were superficial excesses. The substantial changes effected or commenced by Joseph during these first years of his reign are of sufficient importance, not merely for the historian of Austria, but in their bearing on the general progress of mankind, to require a more discriminating notice than they have generally received.

Perhaps the most beneficent, and certainly the most successful, were those which he introduced in the relations between peasant and proprietor. These relations partook everywhere of the inveterate abuses of serfdom; but more especially in Hungary—where, however, something in the way of amelioration had already been effected

by the Empress-Queen—in Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia. In these latter provinces, the peasantry were chiefly Sclavonic, the landlords of mixed origin, descended mainly from successful military leaders of the Thirty Years and other wars, with little tie of kindred between themselves and their tenantry. Absolute serfdom in some instances, compulsory services (Frohndienste) in others, were the lot of the vast majority. It is the common law of this institution of slavery, or quasi-slavery (a law strangely forgotten by those who in our day have undertaken the hopeless task of apologising for the slave institutions of the Southern States in America), that if it is not in course of improvement and mitigation under wise laws and humane habits, it is certain to be in the opposite course of deterioration. There is no standing still on so fearful a declivity. Unless progressive emancipation be the object kept in view, and known to be in view, suspicion, and its concomitant restrictions, and repression of light and knowledge, and cruelty and injustice, and the sophistries by which men's consciences are seared until what was tolerated by the fathers as an unavoidable evil is maintained by the sons as a beneficent institution, must steadily advance.* And, on the whole, it is at least ex-

* 'We may learn from such high authorities as the letters of Washington or the travels of De Tocqueville, that till within the last thirty years the force of the general arguments against slavery and the slave trade was not denied in [America], and the planters of the South, with few exceptions, relied, as they justly might, on the particular ground for caution and delay. But since that time there has been taken a large step in advance. Slavery is no longer excused as an existing evil rendered necessary by especial circumstances, and to endure only for a time, but is rather vindicated as a laudable and lasting institution. Nay, there are even found among them some clergymen so keen and thoroughgoing as to say—and not only to say, but to preach—that slavery, as a permanent system, is perfectly consistent with, or rather enjoined by, the leading principles of the Gospel.'—Lord Stanhope, *Life of Pitt*, vol. i. p. 373.

tremely questionable whether the actual sufferings of the servile or quasi-servile classes, in the less advanced parts of Europe, did not increase rather than diminish from the sixteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth. The mere increase of commercial activity, the greater abundance and importance of ready money, had their share in producing this result. In the middle ages the lord had estimated his vassals and his peasantry for the material support which they gave him, and the dignity which they were supposed to confer on him; in later times, and as luxury and habits of city life increased, chiefly for their pecuniary value. So much the better for those few who could emancipate themselves, by pecuniary sacrifices which the lords were generally ready to accept. But so much the worse for the many who could not. For these, the ancient feudal rights of the lord, originally conceived with a view of enforcing suit and service, were turned into a means of extorting the uttermost farthing in money, or its equivalent labour. And thus, if we may believe in the description given us by those German writers (and they were many) who engaged from 1750 to 1790 in the cause of 'Aufklärung' (enlightenment), the condition of the serf peasantry of Southern and Eastern Germany was in their time rather retrograde than improving. But it is a characteristic common to all evil political institutions, that, while they are in course of natural amelioration, gradual measures for their extinction may be successfully undertaken; when they are becoming gradually worse, such measures are impracticable, and, if they are to be reformed at all, it can only be by an arbitrary and sweeping policy. Such was the state of things when the revolutionary Emperor took in hand the entire abolition of these usages, as well as of their abuse, in his dominions. And, at least as to great part of them, he

actually achieved it. In three or four years, serfdom, properly so called, was absolutely extinguished in the German provinces. 'Frohndienste,' or compulsory services, were rendered redeemable on very easy terms. For the first time—at least since the reign of Sobieslas the peasant prince, 'der Bauern-König,' in 1175—the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth seemed to be guaranteed to him who produced them. It was in reference to some of these innovations that the Bohemian Count Chotek, one of Joseph's prime favourites, remonstrated, and declared that the peasants ought to pay, and must be made to pay. 'I fancy, dear Chotek,' Joseph wrote in reply, 'that physical force is after all on the side of the Tiers-état; and if it ever should happen that they *will* not pay, what is to become of us all?' The greatness, and the value, of these reforms, will be best appreciated by reading the demands of the Estates of Bohemia on Leopold, Joseph's successor, when the period of reaction had set in, for the reestablishment of all the old tyrannical privileges which Joseph had abated. These will be found in the first chapter of Springer's work on the modern history of Austria. Happily for itself, as well as for mankind, the government of Leopold, forced as it was to undo much of Joseph's work, was able by temporising and management to retain this portion. In point of fact, it would have been unsafe to make even the attempt to undo it; for the peasantry were aware of the advantage they had won. It was said that nine tenths of the compulsory dues in Bohemia had been redeemed by the end of Joseph's reign.

One more of Joseph's achievements was permanent and complete, having withstood all serious encroachment, even during the several flood-tides of reaction which have followed. This was his Toleration Edict,

the Magna Charta of Austrian religious liberty. It must be remembered that, at the period of his accession, Protestantism, once widely spread over the German portion of his dominions, had been trampled down for an hundred and fifty years; it had no longer any legal existence, and its few professors were barely allowed to subsist under the unavowed protection of functionaries less severe than the law which they administered. On the other hand, in Hungary and Transylvania, both Protestants and Greeks were numerous, and possessed of recognised rights: but the whole influence of the clergy, and of the Court under Maria Theresa, was directed to the gradual breaking down of these rights, and towards the 'reconciliation' of these sectaries to the dominant church, through that kind of persecution which is of all others the most bitter; that, namely, which is carried on by overbearing power, not so much contrary to law as beside the law, and in mockery of it; such persecution as was exercised by the government of Louis XIV. against the Huguenots while still a recognised body, *before* the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The historian Mailàth, himself the member of a powerful Transylvanian family, gives some few details on this subject, under the reign of Maria Theresa; involved as it is in obscurity through the absence of a press and public opinion in that remote corner of Europe. 'In one village belonging to the Mailàth family,' he says, 'the inhabitants were Magyars, and of the Helvetic confession. The proprietor settled a few Catholic Sclavonians on the land, brought a Franciscan friar into his house, and shut up one morning the Calvinist church: it was turned into a Catholic one, and has remained so ever since. The most powerful branch of the Banffy family, so widely spread throughout Transylvania, consisted of two persons, brother and sister. When and

how the brother became Catholic, I cannot tell. The sister, a young girl, belonging to the Helvetic confession, was brought up in the house of a relative in Transylvania. The Empress had her carried off by the military, taken to Vienna, and educated as a Catholic.' Omitting the introduction of the military, we might almost imagine we were reading the narrative of events likely to have taken place—changing the denominations of persecutor and persecuted—in Ireland about the same period, or a little before it. But the difference, as I have before said, consisted in the fact that the Hungarian Protestants were before the law the recognised equals of the Catholics, and that the protection of the law had been rendered by the Empress and her agents a cruel delusion. These sectaries—in Hungary persecuted, though under appearance of legality—in Bohemia barely allowed to exist as the remnant of a body on which persecution had done its worst—in the German provinces scarcely existing at all, or the victims at once of legal privations and of a hostile populace—were raised on the instant, by the most daring act of innovation perhaps ever accomplished by a monarch, not merely to a state of toleration, but of absolute equality before the law with the religion of the state; or, rather, the institution of a dominant religion, in the full sense of the word, was altogether abrogated. And although the church afterwards recovered in the main that supremacy of which Joseph had deprived it, the legal, and, generally speaking, the practical, freedom of those who dissent from it has ever since remained secure.

There were, no doubt, imperfections even in this grand and comprehensive scheme, and it was oddly intermingled with some freaks of absolutism. Certain simple sectaries, called 'Deists,' but who seem rather to have aimed at a kind of primitive Christianity, were not only

exempted from it, but incurred, in case of contumacy, the classical Austrian penalty of twenty-five 'stockprügel,' or blows with a stick. The Jews, though relieved from some degrading penalties, were so incensed at the interference of government with some of their peculiar institutions—compelling them, for instance, to resort to the established state authorities instead of their own rabbis, in cases of marriage and divorce—that they almost regarded the benevolent monarch as a persecutor. The fierce Calvinists of Hungary, on the other hand, were no sooner relieved from oppression than they seemed much inclined, in districts where they prevailed, to turn oppressors in their turn, and seize on the Catholic churches by force. But these slight excesses and misunderstandings, though made the most of by the opponents of the great change, did not substantially interfere with its beneficent results.

With regard to the establishment of freedom of the press, neither the views nor the acts of Joseph appear very clear or consistent; the shortness of his reign and hurried sequence of events, and the multitude of regulations with which he was wont to encumber every proceeding, leave this, as well as other subjects, in rather a confused state for the purposes of the enquirer. He was unable, apparently, or unwilling, to remove the prohibition which existed against unauthorised novelties in philosophical or religious discussion; but he offered full liberty to political writers, and ostentatiously invited, by the language of his decree, criticisms on himself and his government. And he kept his word with the pamphleteers of the day, though rather against the grain. Catherine despised such attacks from real greatness of mind, Frederic from inbred and acquired cynicism, Joseph partly from principle, and partly in the spirit

of imitation; but, unlike his models, he was thin-skinned, and the stings of the insects which he had himself warmed into existence almost irritated him to violence. The good people of Vienna, accustomed under the maternal government of their Empress to the cautious supervision of a censorship which left them scarcely any literary food but books of devotion, were terrified at discovering that under Joseph no less than 400 'Schreiberle,' scribblers living on their wits, were enumerated among the inhabitants of the capital. And while the domestic products were of the worst possible character, libellous, offensive, or insignificant, foreign works of value were, by a singular perversity, almost excluded from importation. On the whole, therefore, the Austrians seem to have rejoiced, as if delivered from a scandal, when, after the death of the Emperor, the old suspicious *régime* gradually recommenced. Yet there is no doubt that what they had witnessed was but the first overboiling of long-delayed freedom, and that the continuance and enlargement of Joseph's system would have been the truest policy.

In political economy, Joseph was a disciple of the school of the 'physiocrates,' and nourished ideas of resting the whole taxation of the empire on the land. It was with this view that he attempted an enormous and simultaneous 'cadastre' of his vast dominions—land measuring and surveying were always among his hobbies —with such overspeed that most of the work executed in the first haste had to be mended at leisure. He disliked foreign trade, and was disposed to throw impediments in its way. But with respect to the internal trade of his dominions, his ideas, and measures, were most comprehensive and liberal. He abolished utterly, after his root and branch fashion, all authoritative interference

in the way of privilege, license, 'maximum,' or monopoly, with the price of articles of consumption supplied to the public. The very people whom he benefited were frightened by his liberality. The classes which lost were loud in their complaints; the public scarcely understood what they had gained. The rumour ran that the enfranchised sellers supplied unwholesome food, that several villages in Moravia had been infected with the plague through meat killed by unlicensed butchers. The government which succeeded his found little difficulty in setting up most of the old abuses again. 'The markets have been placed again under the old laudable course of superintendence,' writes a Viennese conservative some years later, approvingly, 'and, *nevertheless*, horses', dogs', and cats' flesh is eaten at Vienna, and the tradesmen and artisans are being ruined, while the bulk of the poorer classes are actually starving!'

But by far the most important innovations effected by Joseph, and of which the history is most fraught with interest to the student who traces the progress of events in moulding the institutions and the fortunes of civilised Europe, were those which concerned the relation of church and state.

Nothing appears easier in theory than to establish a complete distinction, in Christian polity, between temporal and spiritual affairs. In that state of things which the poet Dante attributed, more poetically than historically, to the Christian period of the Roman Empire, the two swords of spiritual and temporal justice were wielded by separate authorities, which interfered in no respect with each other:

> Soleva Roma, che 'l buon mondo féo,
> Due Soli aver, che l' una e l' altra strada
> Dritta facean, di Cesare e di Deo.

A legislator, unencumbered by precedent, would have no difficulty in framing a similar system, in which the ecclesiastical government of the several Christian communities should be left entirely to their respective internal authorities; in which their censures and commands should have the sanction only of voluntary obedience; and in which, on the other hand, they should be free to utter those commands and censures, unrestrained by any control on the part of the state. Nor need the possession of corporate property by the church, or churches between which the people may be divided, interfere with the full application of this principle of freedom, not even (as Archbishop Whately was one of the first to point out) if such property is constituted by state endowment. A religious community may possess property either through such endowment, or from the voluntary contributions of its adherents, or from accumulated benefactions. In either case, it is the business of the legislature and the tribunals to see that this property is respected. The community may permit the use of this property, under its own internal regulation, by spiritual teachers who are bound to inculcate particular doctrines; or, in the shape of charities, by lay members holding those doctrines. If teacher or layman contravenes the doctrines deemed by his own church essential to membership, the temporal power, represented by the tribunals, will enforce the implied contract by depriving him of his share of the use of the property, just as it would do in the case of an association for voluntary purposes not religious. And in order to ascertain what are in fact the rules of church membership, the tribunals will in ordinary cases accept the evidence tendered by the religious governors of the body. To this extent, temporal interference is quite consistent with the perfect preservation of religious freedom. But any state inter-

ference which goes beyond this point; which affects to punish or reward on account of religious belief; or to give the sanction of temporal punishment (except by such unavoidable deprivation of property as aforesaid) to the laws and orders of the governing body of a church; or, on the other hand, which affects to control that church in its choice of officers; or to prevent it from making such laws and orders without state sanction; or to control religious persons and bodies in their communication with associates and superiors at home or abroad;—any interference of either of these several classes, whether to aid or to repress the spiritual power, whether sought to be justified for reasons of faith or reasons of state, is inconsistent with religious freedom, and contravenes its principles.

And on no subject does transgression of the rule on one side more inevitably beget transgression on the other. Great part of the history of modern Europe consists in the details of the struggle of civil potentates to appoint to spiritual offices. Nothing, judged on abstract principles, more unreasonable. But when bishops claimed (as in some regions they still claim) extensive authority in temporal matters, such as the law of marriage and the disposal of civil property, as well as in those mixed matters (such as education) which have at once a religious and a civil side, they justified, by arrogating to themselves functions beyond their proper province, what would have otherwise been usurpation on the part of the state. Nor is such inconsistency peculiar to Episcopal churches. No men could be more eloquent, or more convincing, in denouncing the wickedness of Erastian rulers who interfered with the freedom of religious assemblies to meet and act, than the Covenanters of Scotland; but as the same Covenanters habitually invoked the aid of the legislature and the courts to enforce their notions of Sabbath observation, of church penance,

and other matters analogous, or deemed analogous, their excellent arguments had very little effect.

All this seems plain enough to the general reasoner; but in point of fact no country of the civilised world has adopted the principles thus shadowed out to their full extent, except the United States of America. And as in those States no established church ever existed at all, and the present state of things is the result, not of deliberate policy, but of the inevitable compromise between sects wholly independent of each other, the example, whatever its value, can scarcely be made to bear with exactness on the case of countries in which the institution of an established church prevails, as it does in all those of Europe.

In the British dominions, or at least in the European portion of them, we have not gone quite as far as this. And yet it must be remembered that for the whole of our population, except that comprised within the established churches of the three kingdoms, the system of absolute freedom from legal restraint in spiritual matters prevails as completely as in America. And it will be found, moreover, that the political education of the last fifty years has very nearly extirpated from the popular mind all opinions, and even all passions, inconsistent with the complete establishment of that freedom, as regards all religious persuasions. The laws and practices, in strictness inconsistent with its application, which still prevail, have no root in popular affection. They seem to exist only because they are so interwoven with the curious fabric of our old constitution that it is difficult to suggest any mode of getting rid of them without making unseemly and dangerous rents in that fabric. Some of them, moreover, while generally defended, in public, on grounds which are in truth obsolete, really re-

commend themselves to our minds on grounds which are not perceived, or not avowed; as convenient makeshifts: just as an old suit of clothes, though cut out in the most antiquated and ungraceful pattern, seems at least to fit better than one embodying all the mathematical skill of the tailors of Laputa. Thus, for instance, Parliament, by an anomaly utterly inconsistent with religious freedom in the abstract, remains in law the sole legislature for the Church of England; yet the extreme reluctance of Parliament to act in that character shows how widely different the legal doctrine is from the existing practice. No reason which will bear the test of theoretical argument can be given for bishops sitting in the House of Lords; yet most dispassionate men would be sorry to see them expelled, merely—though the reason is, perhaps, only unconsciously admitted—because any device which secures the introduction of a few well-educated professional persons in a body of hereditary legislators, has its advantage. Nor can the appointment of bishops by the crown—that is, by the prime minister—be justified on any scientific principle. Yet, in point of fact, most of us feel that it is highly expedient that the people itself should, in some way or other, interfere in the choice of these important functionaries; that election by the clergy would probably be the worst mode of appointment of all; that popular election, unless surrounded by safeguards difficult to devise, and impossible to maintain, would be very little better; that nomination by a high functionary, himself controlled by the representatives of the people, affords a rough and unscientific, but a tolerable, solution of a perplexing question. So, again, it would be difficult to rest on any solid ground of principle the law under which the decision of ecclesiastical questions, including questions of religious orthodoxy, is

left to an ordinary civil tribunal appointed by the crown. But the anomaly appears to be, on the whole, a popular one; because it is felt that nothing could be more unsafe or unjust than to leave such cases to the judgment of heated partisans, and no other device for securing impartiality has been imagined. There are, it is true, some few other relics of the old system—chiefly, in our days, in the shape of state control over the ministration of the clergy—which it is not easier to defend on grounds of expediency than of principle. Why, for instance, should the State compel clergymen to baptise, or to bury, with particular religious ceremonies? The answer usually given is, because they are functionaries paid by the State to perform these duties, and whom the State has, therefore a right to compel; an answer betraying a continuance of that confusion between the temporal and spiritual, from which, as has been already said, the British mind has almost freed itself. For, allowing that the State, in a broad sense of the words, may be said to pay the clergy, it pays them, in sound reason, only for the performance of duties according to, and subject to, the customs of their church: when it interferes to prescribe or enforce those customs by the secular arm, it is violating the broad principle of religious freedom as fundamentally, though not as grossly, as it did when it lent the use of that arm to the church to enforce excommunication by civil penalties.

These, however, are but exceptions to the general system of our modern legislation, and the general course of British political reasoning. On the continent of Europe the case is widely different. There, it may be said in the most sweeping terms, that the separation of the spiritual from the temporal government not only exists nowhere in practice, but that it has hardly presented itself to the

public mind in theory, except in the speculations of a few insulated and not very consistent philosophers. The Continent possesses a legion of political reasoners who are perfectly ready for the abolition of all churches, root and branch. It possesses hardly any, on the liberal side, who would support the existence of churches independent of the State. But it has ultramontane Catholic writers of deserved popularity, whose idea of religious freedom is to impose on the State the duty of carrying into effect the decrees of the church: and some Erastians, as they would have been called in former times, who mean by the same phrase the weakening of clerical control, and the active intermeddling of the government in ecclesiastical affairs.

Until the age immediately preceding the Reformation, little doubt or difficulty had arisen concerning the relations of the temporal and spiritual power, except in the minds of a few premature reasoners. Even the quarrel of investitures, long and widely as it agitated Europe, was in truth superficial only. The church had not only the unrestrained use of the arm of the state in order to suppress illicit opinions, but it had also acquired, through the ramifications of the canon law, an intricate grasp on a great portion of the civil relations of life. Temporal sovereigns were, for the most part, willing associates, or servants, of this mighty commonwealth. When they engaged in opposition to it, this was generally on questions of personal ambition or interest—of dignity, or patronage, or revenue—rarely, or never, in revolt against any of its substantial encroachments on civil freedom.

The effect of the Reformation was to change both the form and the spirit of these relations in countries which became Protestant: the spirit, though not the form, almost as extensively in most of those which remained Catholic. At first the storm seemed to blow from all

quarters at once, and to assail the palace as well as the church. There was abundant reason for politicians, lay or ecclesiastical, to recognise the value of the cunning Italian Æneas Sylvius's maxim, 'Papam Imperatoris et Imperatorem Papæ auxilio indigere; stultum esse illi nocere, cujus expectes opem.' But, in the long run, the secular arm was the gainer by the convulsions of the period, the spiritual the loser. The power of the church in temporal matters received a stroke from which it has never recovered, followed by a period of gradual though irregular decline. The correlative usurpation on the other side, the power of civil government in relation to the church, increased in proportion. In Protestant countries the church became an institution paid, defended, maintained, governed by the sovereign; its doctrines fixed indeed by established confessions, but the practical enforcement of those doctrines left to the executive. Luther, with his broad natural sense, had a clear perception of the distinction between the two authorities; but seems, on the whole, inclined to acquiesce in temporal as a less evil than spiritual encroachment. 'Noblemen and squires (Edelleute und Junker) want now to govern consciences and to be concerned in the church. But if the clergy get once more on their legs, they will take away again the sword from the laity, as was the case under the Papacy.' Dissent was consequently dealt with, in Protestant countries, as a state crime partaking of the sin of rebellion.

In Catholic countries, owing to the existence of a head of the Church beyond the jurisdiction of each several state, the contest between the two powers was carried on with more wavering success, and greater varieties of fortune. There were countries termed, in jurists' language, 'Lands of Obedience,' in which the rights of Rome were

unfettered by any renunciation of them (Spain, Portugal, &c.), and 'Lands of Freedom,' where these were limited by arrangements in the nature of a concordat (such as France). Occasionally popes might be found willing to barter away portions of the spiritual supremacy still left them, for support in their various schemes of temporal ambition: not unfrequently sovereigns ready, from motives of superstition or policy, to give way to that party which was always advocating the increase of Papal or episcopal jurisdiction. Sometimes the resolution of an unbending pontiff, such as Paul V., who all but drove Venice into heresy, and who stickled so undeviatingly for the rights of his see that, when the republic of Lucca, in its zeal for religion, enacted a law against correspondence with certain exiles who had become heretics, he insisted on its being expunged from the records of the state as an encroachment on his authority; or the temporary successes of an ambitious community like that of the Jesuits; had the result for a time of strengthening and setting up again the pretensions of Rome to interfere in the functions of civil government. At other times, a monarch of determined will, like Louis XIV., with the advantage of a long reign, and setting the example to contemporary kings, would not only redress the balance, but depress it strongly and permanently on the temporal side. On the whole, the tendency of events was in favour of the State as against the church: its resources increased, while hers diminished; for faith was growing weaker, and standing armies stronger. But amidst all these changing features of the long strife, scarcely the slightest overture seems to have been made towards that which, to our apprehension, seems the simple solution of all these difficulties,—the abnegation by the church of all interference in matters temporal, by the state in matters spiritual. In France,

the so-called Gallican liberties were nothing in reality but a transfer of a certain amount of the mixed and confused jurisdiction exercised by the Church over men's purses and liberties, as well as consciences, from the control of the Pope to the control of the sovereign. In Catholic Germany, no prince, until the time of Joseph II., having been powerful enough to establish any system similar to the Gallican, opposition to Rome assumed, in the eighteenth century, rather the form of oligarchical revolt than of royal aggression. The spirit which produced it was chiefly at work in the bosom of that numerous, wealthy, and by no means unlearned, religious aristocracy which grew up under the shadow of the three spiritual Electorates, the other sovereign spiritual estates (bishoprics and abbeys), and the great ecclesiastical foundations; classes among which the court of Rome found at once its strongest opponents and strongest partisans.

In 1763 was published in Germany the remarkable book entitled 'Febronius de Statu Ecclesiæ.' The author's real name was Von Hontheim, a suffragan of the Archbishop of Treves, and bishop *in partibus* of Myriophyta. The object of the writer was that which has been aimed at, in renewed attempts, century after century, by one party in the Catholic church: to reduce the supremacy of the See of Rome to a primacy; to preserve strict orthodoxy in doctrine, and at the same time to establish national churches, free from the direct control of Rome. It is a work in which the positions taken up are maintained with spirit, and fortified by a respectable collection of authorities. But the purpose of its reasoning, the liberation of the church, amounts to no more in reality than subjecting the church to a change of masters. In the most remarkable of his chapters, that 'De Mediis recuperandæ Libertatis Ecclesiasticæ,' the means enume-

rated are, first, the improvement of education; secondly, the summoning of general councils; thirdly, in default of these, of national or provincial councils; in order to restrain by constitutional means the encroachments of Rome. But he shows that these objects can only be attained through the aid of the temporal sovereign. And he points out, with truth, the advantage which the absolute government of the French king gave in this respect over the very limited authority of the German kaiser; whom, nevertheless, he exhorts to do his best, 'ut et Germania, toties suâ credulitate et Italorum machinationibus delusa et pressa, pristinam libertatem recuperet.' The arguments of his supposed ultramontane antagonist, 'has res ad sæcularium principum auctoritatem minimè pertinere,' are met by an answer which, *ad hominem*, is complete enough: the court of Rome, he says, which is continually calling on the secular arm to enforce her decrees in foreign countries, cannot complain if those who wield that arm insist on their due share in controlling the promulgation of those very decrees. But of any real attempt at solving the great problem of the relative position of the two powers according to reason and not to precedent, the volume of Febronius is entirely destitute.

Such as it is, it fell in with a prevailing tendency of the age, and excited a violent though now forgotten controversy. Clement XIII. placed it in the Index, and the author, at eighty, was ultimately driven into an unwilling retractation, but not until after some years of popularity. During the life of his mother, Joseph carefully avoided any positive encouragement of 'Febronianism.' He refused, on a visit to Treves, even to be introduced to Von Hontheim. But the feelings and opinions which this controversy stirred up were eagerly embraced by his tenacious disposition; and no sooner had he attained

independent sovereignty, than he proceeded at once to carry the conclusions of the Febronian school into execution in his hereditary dominions, with a revolutionary audacity far beyond the boldest dreams of the authors.

So far as his innovations merely curtailed the authority of ecclesiastical tribunals in civil matters, or superseded it by that of imperial functionaries, they were unquestionably in the right direction. But they went much farther. All appointments to high ecclesiastical offices were placed in the hands of the government. All bulls and other instruments emanating from the court of Rome were rendered null and void within the hereditary dominions, unless approved and published by the civil authority. All religious bodies and persons throughout the domions, were prohibited from carrying on any communication with their superiors or other authorities established at Rome, or elsewhere in foreign parts, except through the medium of the government. The two first were measures which had been enforced by the sovereigns of other countries on Rome, but were to a great extent new in priest-ridden Austria. The last struck a heavy blow at the independence of the great religious orders, whose superiors were established at Rome. Both, it is hardly necessary to say, were contrary to the real principle which separates spiritual from temporal authority. The directions issued from Rome to the faithful in general, or to the members of different religious bodies, were, or ought to have been, binding on men's consciences only. If in any instance such directions had compulsory legal force, through the incorporation of the canon law with that of the empire, the right course was to untie the knot of the canon law, not to complicate it farther by state interference. But the view on which Joseph acted was dictated by the same fundamental fallacy which pervades the doctrines of the Febronians and of the Gallican school, and of the

permanence of which in men's minds we have seen so many instances in our own day. Because a foreign Pontiff exercises a vast power over the subjects of a state, therefore, it is concluded, the state has a right to dictate in what instances and in what manner that power shall be applied. But so long as the power in question is exercised only over the conscience, while the arms wielded by the state are those of temporal compulsion, this argument is as unsound in principle as it is mischievous in application. And yet so far is the public mind, on the continent at least, from having attained as yet anything like a due perception of these truths, that no part of the Josephine reforms has been so lauded in Germany as that which imposed restrictions on intercourse with Rome; and it is still the law of Austria if (as I apprehend to be the case) the reactionary concordat of the present emperor remains as yet in most repects a dead letter.

According, therefore, to our ideas, the Josephine reforms were erroneous in their basis. They tended to diminish the power of the church over the laity, but only with the view of increasing, proportionally, that of the state over the church; not, in any important degree, towards unloosing the involved ties which rendered each the slave of the other. But, as has been said, public opinion in his own country judged them, and still judges them, very differently. Those who supported them, called the substitution of state for church authority freedom; those who opposed them called it slavery. And this is so still.

Much eloquence, and much sound argument, have been expended since the times of Joseph, by a few Catholic writers of eminence, towards the establishment of 'religious freedom' in their sense; that is, the emancipation of the Catholic Church from state fetters. But they

have produced an impression far less profound than might have been expected; chiefly because, in general, their reasonings have been wholly one-sided. Nothing is easier than to point out the anomalies of the constitution of France, where the Council of State possesses, and has even lately exercised, through the famous process of the 'appel comme d'abus,' the right of compelling ecclesiastics to confer the sacraments, and perform other strictly spiritual offices. Nothing is easier than to point out the gross error of the government of Prussia, when, in 1838 and the following years, it proceeded in the most unjustifiable manner—though, unfortunately, with the approval of many Protestants—to use coercive measures against the Archbishop of Cologne, because he would not disobey the order of his church by allowing its blessing to be conferred on mixed marriages without prescribed stipulations respecting the religion of the children. But then, in order to play the part of the philosopher, and not the mere advocate, it is necessary to be—what these writers are not—equally honest in denouncing the excesses of the spiritual against the temporal authority. I do not speak merely of the rare instances of persecution, of which Spain and Italy still furnish us with occasional examples; nor even of such enormities as the miserable case of the Jewish child Mortara, where all the power of church and state in combination was called into exercise in order to violate the sacredness of domestic ties—of all great public crimes of our days, that which has brought home the most sudden and sharp retribution, and yet which the blind obstinacy that perpetrated it has contrived to repeat! But my observation refers rather to those substantial encroachments on civil rights by church usage which are still embodied in the jurisprudence of many countries.

Few are aware, because it is a subject on which habit dulls perception, of the extent to which these encroachments go. The Church of Rome, for instance, makes clerical celibacy a rule of discipline. That she should enforce that rule by spiritual censure, degradation, excommunication, is consistent; but that the state should proceed farther to enforce it by making the marriages of persons in orders null, and the issue illegitimate, is in truth inconsistent and absurd. Nothing can illustrate the chaos of ideas out of which modern jurisprudence on these subjects has arisen, better than the two following paragraphs, which stand almost consecutively in a common French law book (Bousquet, 'Dictionnaire du Droit,' art. 'Mariage'):—'Nôtre Code ne voit dans le mariage qu'un contrat social. . . .' 'L'engagement dans les ordres sacrés forme, dans notre législation, un empêchement au mariage.' So, again, religious vows, including that of abnegation of property, ought to be matters of voluntary engagement only. Any law which enforces them by civil penalty, or incapacity, is in truth an abuse; yet they are so enforced, as a matter of course, in most countries. These are among the departures from principle which writers of the Montalembert school, to be consistent, should signalise*; for what is needed for their purposes, if they honestly avow them, and at all events for the purposes of civilisation, is not the victory of one power over the other, but the mutual recognition and observance by each of the other's independence.*

* There cannot be a stronger proof of the one-sidedness of the ordinary partisans of church emancipation, than is to be found in the Austrian Concordat of 1856. Half of its articles are directed towards freeing the church from the restraints imposed by the Josephine laws; the other half, towards enforcing by civil coercion its authority in the matters of marriage, censorship of the press, education, and so forth; half towards unlocking the prison doors of the church, half towards double-locking those of the laity.

Of Joseph's remaining attacks on ecclesiastical power, his sweeping suppression of convents and religious bodies, it is not necessary to speak in connexion with this particular subject. For such acts are not necessarily encroachments on religious liberty, although they have been often represented as such by a common artifice. To curtail the power which private individuals may possess under any existing legislation of bestowing property to church uses, is an exercise of the legislative power merely analogous to that which more or less prevails in every country for restraining testamentary dispositions. To limit the number of religious houses, to suppress convents and secularise their property, are steps to which all Christian governments have been driven at one period or another by supposed state expediency; and the common sense of justice, no less than policy, recognises the principle, that to turn to public uses the goods of a corporation, provided the interests of individuals are preserved, is a measure requiring far less cogent reason to justify it than the appropriation of those of an individual citizen. And, at all events, an act of the State depriving the abstraction called the Church of a portion of its property—nay, depriving individual clergymen of their property—may be a robbery, but cannot be rightly called an intrusion on the spiritual province. Joseph's measures were radical enough, but they restored to circulation a vast amount of land which had been shut up in mortmain, and restored to industry and civil life many thousands of very idle monks; and it is justice to him to say that the 'Religionskasse,' or religious fund, produced by these measures, which he devoted to certain specified objects of public utility, as well as paying the pensions of the ex-religious, seems by the best accounts to have been conscientiously administered.

As was natural, it was in regard to these ecclesiastical reforms that the policy of Joseph encountered the first and most violent, if not most determined, resistance. The leader of the ultramontane opposition was Cardinal Migazzi, Archbishop of Vienna; no saint, but more resembling Thomas à Becket before he began to exhale the odour of sanctity: one who passed for a handsome and gallant man of the world, and been a great intriguer under the former reign. It was under the influence of the representations of Migazzi and his party that Pius VI. determined on his memorable journey to Vienna in 1782.

It was in truth a memorable journey, and we of the third generation after it are now, for the first time, able to perceive its full significance. It is scarcely an exaggeration to call it one of the turning-points in the history of the world. Rome on that occasion renewed her youth by touching her mother earth. The successor of the apostles became, for a moment, the brother and companion of that mass of mankind from which his first predecessor sprang. In earlier days, during the life and death struggle of the Reformation, the value, not of popular adhesion only, but of downright popular agitation, with all its vulgar incidents, had been thoroughly understood by politicians. To know how and when to let loose with success the passions of the populace, *lâcher la grande levrière*, as the chiefs of the League were wont to call it, was then an important element in the art of the religious leader. But the age of enthusiasm had now apparently passed; and in Germany especially, where the Thirty Years' War degenerated from a great quarrel of principle into a struggle between rival mercenary armies, the importance of the plebeian element in church politics was practically forgotten. Of the intriguing and diplomatic statesmen-popes of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, not one would have

thought of descending from his pedestal to invoke the aid of the masses in an emergency, any more than he would have thought of preaching a crusade.

Nor does it appear probable that Pius VI. for a moment entertained the notion. He was a good and zealous churchman, but neither wiser nor more original in his views than cardinals of his time in general. His only idea seems to have been that of making a personal impression on Joseph, partly by his own persuasive powers—for there entered no small amount of vanity into his composition—partly by the help of that traditional aid from above which had made Attila quail before Leo. In this sense alone his project was judged, when his advisers strongly urged him against it, and the wise men of the world taxed him with consummate folly. 'I was almost beginning to believe in the Pope's infallibility, said Frederic to the Spanish minister at his court; 'but this journey to Vienna!' Nor did the adoration of the multitudes which threw themselves at his feet in sudden enthusiasm throughout that long Alpine journey, or of those who flocked from far and near to Vienna to idolise him, insomuch that a famine was apprehended during his stay, however they might affect the feelings of observers, alter the general estimate of his undertaking. Even now some liberal historians, like Schlosser, affect to doubt the reality of its effects, and assert that the great South-German 'revival' of 1782 evaporated in smoke. They fail to perceive the new impulse which was then given to the minds of men, if not to the immediate march of events. The progress of religious democracy since that time in Catholic countries is but too marked a feature in modern history. The Vendée of France, the Armies of the Faith of Naples and Spain, the Catholic and Repeal associations of Ireland, and many similar phenomena of more or less significance,

only attested its farther development. There was a kind of unconscious prophetic significance in the emblematic medal which the legate at Munich caused to be struck on the occasion of this journey, representing Religion as Cybele, drawn by lions in her car among the prostrate bodies of men.

The Pope, indeed, gained no immediate advantage by it, as is well known. Joseph received him with something of that bad taste which has been already noticed in his correspondence; the affectation of keeping at a distance one bent on serious communication by an assumed frivolity. Kaunitz, his veteran minister, thought it politic to treat the unwished-for visitor with peculiar rudeness, as if in contempt of his supposed power; received him at his villa in morning dishabille, talked of nothing but statues and pictures, and pushed his visitor into all kinds of places and postures that he might examine them more closely; insomuch that the high-bred Italian, at once pontiff and patrician, remained 'tutto stupefatto.' Joseph even gave his imagined victory something of a comic turn, by paying his Holiness a return visit at Rome, where the populace, always anti-papal, whatever the prevailing sentiment may be elsewhere, received him with shouts of 'Long live the Emperor-King, *siete a casa vostra, siete il padrone.*' * But the work of resistance to his reforms was not less effectively commenced. The cause of reaction had obtained a moral aid, worth more than myriads of bayonets. Joseph was taught how thoroughly he had undervalued, in his calculations, the influence of the ulemas and fakirs—

* Joseph is said, on this occasion (but on no very clear authority) to have consulted with the most 'advanced' heads of the time as to the feasibility of breaking altogether with the See of Rome, and to have been deterred by the representations of the Frenchman De Bernis and the Spaniard Azara.

the objects of his scorn—over those masses which he deemed formed to obey a beneficent despot. He learnt that there was a power within his states greater than that of the Emperor; that half the allegiance, and more than half the reverence, of the multitudes, belonged to another. His pride was no less wounded than his purpose thwarted. And the blow was fatal.

Then commenced that reaction which completes, as it were, the dramatic unity of Joseph's ten years of reign. Continual opposition in church and state made him in no degree alter his main purposes; but it rendered him impatient and violent, and apt to exercise his power more stubbornly in trifles, because he found himself bound by a thousand invisible chains whenever he attempted any greater movement. He became suspicious: and Vienna swarmed with government agents, noble and plebeian spies, instruments of the secret police, who poisoned his ear with suggestions of imaginary plots, and led him into the commission of acts of injustice towards some of his most faithful subjects. And hence originated, in reality or in popular belief, that fearful system of the employment of *agens provocateurs* to stir up the opposition of classes and races with which Austrian policy under several reigns has been reproached. When the Hungarian nobles were in organised passive resistance to the attacks on their constitution (1784), a Wallach boor, Horya, became the leader of a peasant insurrection against them. His supposed complicity with government agents was never proved; but he had tokens to show which worked strongly on the imagination of his followers—a golden chain with a picture of the Emperor, a writing in gold letters, which he called an imperial patent; he mustered fifteen thousand armed followers, and styled himself 'Rex Daciæ.' The revolt was accompanied with great atrocities,

and repressed with equal cruelty. Horya was broken on the wheel, a hundred and fifty of his people executed 'after their country fashion,' that is, we are told, impaled alive. These horrors affected powerfully the sensitive mind of Joseph, which was by this time relapsing into fixed disgust and weariness of life.

It was mainly to shake off the pressure of disappointment at home that he rushed into the Turkish war, only to see thousands of his soldiers perish of fever in the marshes of the Lower Danube, and an Austrian army, for the first time since the rescue of Vienna, retreat in disorderly dispersion before the unbelievers. Then came the successful progress of the Belgian revolt—a revolt of which the cause was as undeniably just as the conduct and agents were contemptible; begun by the drunken students of Louvain shouting for 'better beer, bread, and tobacco, and orthodox doctrine and discipline,' continued by a coalition of priest-led zealots and empty democrats. There is no occurrence of importance, in modern European history, of which the accounts we possess are so imperfect and obscure as those of this movement in the Netherlands. Its memory was, in truth, soon washed away by the flood of greater events; the agitators who conducted it having only succeeded in making plain the way for the French revolutionary armies, which made one contemptuous sweep of the 'Joyeuse Entrée,' the seminaries and convents, and all the other usages and institutions for which so stout a fight had been made against the House of Lorraine. But in general it may be said—however contrary this truth may be to sentimental views of politics—that national struggles for the maintenance of old institutions, such as, for instance, the Basque, Castilian, Hungarian, and Belgian history exhibits, have been commonly barren of great results. Those

movements only have been fruitful which, although they may have commenced as mere endeavours to maintain old rights, have expanded into contests for progress and emancipation, such as the Swiss, Dutch, English, and American revolutions.

Conquered at last, Joseph had to withdraw reforms and restore privileges, even with greater precipitation than he had evinced in the first part of his career. His 'revocation,' in 1789, of his unconstitutional acts affecting his kingdom of Hungary, was perhaps the most painful sacrifice he ever made. 'Non de nobis sine nobis' was the proud maxim of the Hungarian magnates, and they now enjoyed to their heart's content the victory of obstinate conservatism over the reforming autocrat. They returned to the full inheritance of their venerable and most obstructive constitution. The saying attributed to Thiers, that 'self-government means the privilege of doing badly for yourself what others could do well for you,' seems as if it was uttered on purpose for this chivalrous nation. The liberated Magyars made bonfires of all the plans, drawings, and registers of the attempted land-surveys, drove away the police, and obliterated the street numbers which had been painted on their houses. Philosopher as Joseph was, or thought himself, his compulsory abandonment of one outward sign of empire by restoring to Buda the Crown of Hungary which he had in an arbitrary way removed from it, seemed to inflict on him the heaviest blow of all. He could not survive his broken hopes and outraged authority. By whatever name his last disease might pass in the physician's catalogue, over-exertion, dropsy in the chest, malaria fever brought home from the Turkish frontier—the true cause, a broken heart, was plain enough to all. And his death is said to have been accelerated by his

passionate grief at the loss of his favourite and loving niece, Elizabeth of Wurtemberg, first wife of Francis II. He remained to the last true to the fundamental heroism of his character, and to his conviction of the righteousness of his cause. 'I know my own heart,' he wrote; 'I am convinced in my innermost soul of the purity of my intentions, and I hope that when I am no more, posterity will examine, aye, and judge, more considerately, more justly, and more impartially than the present age, what I have done for my people.'

'Here lies Joseph II.' (is his well-known self-composed epitaph), 'who failed in everything he undertook.' They were the words of disappointment, not of truth. It is not too much to say that if his people would have allowed their sovereign to carry into execution his designs, which they called his dreams, Austria would now have been the most powerful and the happiest of European communities. Although this could not be; although what he executed, or could have executed, was but a tithe of what he conceived; yet the greatness of his achievements has been under-estimated, only because measured by the gigantic scale of his projects. The two great measures above particularised would alone have sufficed to establish his fame; the liberation of the Leibeigeners, which has remained a fact, and the Edict of Toleration, which, however it may have appeared at times to be menaced, has never as yet been seriously encroached upon. But it must be added that much which he was forced to retract was lost in form only, and preserved in substance. As his biographer, Gross-Hofinger, remarks with much truth, the spirit of reaction which set in at his death was a very different thing from that ancient spirit of bigotry which he had destroyed. Independently of mere political theory, the importance of his adminis-

trative reforms is fully recognised by modern statesmen, who know the practical necessity of unity of action on the part of the central power. The obstinate and compact strength opposed by Austria to the invasions of Napoleon is mainly attributed by some to the solidity which Joseph's measures communicated to the executive. Count Ficquelmont, a conservative of the strongest character, in his recent writings, appeals to the occurrences of 1848 as bearing the most decisive evidence to the correctness of the revolutionary sovereign's judgment of his country's prospects and requirements.* The present advisers of Francis Joseph are but attempting to achieve, by slower and more constitutional methods, what Joseph essayed with too great confidence in his own good will and absolute authority. The national system of education, often admired by those least in love with Austrian institutions, is mainly the result of his regulations. The advantages which he conferred by even a partial removal of feudal and municipal obstructions to industry can scarcely be over-estimated. The revenue of Austria doubled in the ten years of his reign; its population is said (though probably this is an exaggeration) to have increased one-fourth. But whatever may have been the amount of good which he effected at home, the world at large owes him a greater debt of gratitude. While dying a martyr to over-zeal for the welfare of those over whom he was

* 'As soon as the tempest of Joseph's days had abated, the generation over whose head it had passed became aware of the change which it had made, and felt its beneficial effects. That the public welfare had gained enormously by the extirpation of serfdom; that agriculture, manufacturing industry and trade had received a mighty impulse; that the power of the state had been greatly increased; and that a beneficial excitement had been produced in all the provinces of intellectual life, was then first fully perceived when the natural hardships of the revolution itself had been forgotten.'—Hausser, *Deutsche Geschichte*, vol. i. p. 153: 1861.

appointed to rule, he was, in truth, unconsciously promoting, as perhaps no other sovereign has ever promoted them, the interests of that common humanity of which he was the champion. He would have done all for, though not by, the people of Austria; he prepared the way to the final emancipation and self-government of all peoples. 'I said, I will water my best garden, I will water abundantly my garden-bed; and lo, my brook became a river, and my river became a sea.'

Has posterity yet attained that impartiality respecting him for which he prayed? Placed beyond the sympathies of both the great leagues of modern thinkers, he has been stigmatised by liberals as an absolutist, by the partisans of reaction as a demagogue. With courtiers and statesmen it has been the ordinary fashion to satirise him as a mistaken, though sincere, visionary. There was, at all events, one class by which his memory was long and fondly cherished; and it was that to the sympathies of which he would have best loved to make his appeal. The Austrian peasantry of German blood are at once an eminently loyal race, and one on which affection and kindness are rarely thrown away. They were never misled in their judgment of him. Even when kneeling before the carriage of the Pope, they had no idea that they were assuming an attitude of opposition to their friend and emperor. No royal name lives among them at this day, in reverential tradition, so truly as that of Kaiser Joseph. Their estimate of him cannot be better expressed than in the simple apologue which is still current in Austria. The peasantry of a Styrian village are met to discuss the news of Joseph's death. They will not believe it. It is a lie of the court nobles, the lawyers, the lazy friars. While they are debating, information is brought of the revival, bit by bit, of the

old order of things: the Carthusians have returned to the neighbouring abbey, the Capuchins have resumed their rounds; the Forstmeister and the gamekeeper have reoccupied their lodges, and the steward is sitting at the receipt of feudal dues. The oldest peasant rises and takes off his hat—'Then Joseph is dead indeed; may Heaven have mercy on his soul!' *

* 'The public and solemn proof that true liberty would not destroy Catholicity, is this: that her sincere enemies fear nothing so much as to see her altogether free. For three centuries past, have they done anything else than conspire, under more or less adroit disguises, against our liberty? Is it not true that ever since the great revolt against the church, the genius of error and of evil has used his every effort to deprive Catholicism of the light, the air, and the sun of freedom? Have we not, for the last three hundred years, and especially the last hundred years, seen the most determined enemies of the church endeavouring in all countries to make themselves masters of the hands of kings, in order to use them as instruments for confining hers? Yes; those maternal hands which sought only to bless them, those sacred and protecting hands which would fain have defended the cause of order by defending that of truth, those very hands the powerful of the earth thought it prudent to enchain. Men had told them that the church was jealous of their authority; and they therefore fastened her right hand and her left hand, by I know not how many knots, to the cross of her Divine Master: and she, with her two hands bound, still did all she could, saying to her numerous enemies, "If you wish to know what I can still do to subdue error and save humanity, deliver me from these bonds and you shall see!" And her enemies answered, "No; if you were free, you would be stronger than we are: you shall not be free!"'

See the *Discours* du Rev. P. Félix, delivered at the recent Congress at Malines (*Correspondant*, Sept. 25, 1864); an eloquent and stirring address in favour of the absolute freedom of the church from state control, according to the ideas of the Montalembert school. But if the Reverend Father had inserted one word condemning the temporal power of the Pope, and the various penal sanctions by which the temporal law, in continental countries, enforces the decrees of the church, he would have produced much more effect than by all his vague generalities against usurping sovereigns, at least on really impartial readers.

CATHERINE II. OF RUSSIA.

It is the common lot of the great arbiters of the destinies of their race to be remembered far more distinctly for the abuse which they may have made of their power than for the benefits which they have conferred through its employment. The name of the Empress Catherine is more familiar to European ears as that of the sanguinary destroyer of Polish independence, than of the second founder of Russian greatness. And to many readers, perhaps, it is a name which calls up even more readily associations of a simply ignominious character. European history has preserved no other record, certainly not since the days of the Cæsars, of such utter obliteration of moral sense and self-respect in habitual profligacy, as were exhibited especially in the later years of her reign. It was a state of things in which a so-called civilised and Christian palace seemed reduced for a period to the level of more than savage licence; self-indulgence of every kind was without limit or disguise, and scandal itself—that which furnishes the daily interest of ordinary courts, and the common link between that class of society which swims and that which sinks—had almost ceased to exist, because the sensibilities in which it originates were altogether blunted, and the observer had ceased to be scandalised at anything. But with the disorders of the Czarina's private life we need have no concern on the present occasion, except in so far as they affected her conduct of public affairs; and so, in the name of common decency, we will let the curtain

drop on Catherine the woman, and rise on Catherine the ruler.

Her training was one of no common severity, and calculated to develop to the utmost the gifts of a mind of first-rate power, as well as tact and acuteness. It is singular that the three great cotemporary rulers of Eastern Europe, who founded, or reestablished, its three great monarchies, had to undergo in this respect a similar probation—broken to the collar by years of bondage in youth, and only emerging on the scene of independent action in middle age, with chastened and sharpened faculties. What Frederic the Great suffered under his father is well known; Joseph II. was subject all his youth to the more affectionate, but jealous and importunate, sway of his mother, Maria Therese. But the trial which Catherine underwent was of a still more searching nature. She was brought a mere child from Germany, to be delivered to a husband whom she, and those whom she inspired, may have painted in too dark colours; but who certainly seems, from all we know of him, to have been little above a cunning idiot in intellect, and a brute in propensities. She had to live for some years in dangerous proximity of rank and position to her predecessor, the Empress Elizabeth, whose mind, though not originally weak, was impaired by habitual self-indulgence: not an ill-natured personage, nor ill-affected towards herself, but irritable, gusty, suspicious, and only to be propitiated by watchful cajolery. Handsome, audacious, and intellectual, Catherine passed the best years of youth in a court composed of drunken uneducated men and frivolous women, whose range of ideas was confined to show, except when it extended to intrigue and partisanship. And the consequences to be dreaded from a single false step amidst the pitfalls through which her path lay, were not merely

court disfavour, or loss of influence; the convent amidst the snows of Archangel, the prison vault below the level of the Neva, Siberia, the scaffold, these were in daily, and hardly in distant, prospect. By the time her husband ascended the throne, he and she had become mortal enemies; he had thrown her aside for others, and she had been notoriously and all but avowedly unfaithful to him. Thenceforth it became a struggle for existence between the two. Had she not accomplished the revolution of 1762, her life or liberty would have been assuredly forfeit. Had *his* life been spared after his dethronement, the next turn of the wheel would have placed her again at his mercy. Whether she was actually guilty or cognisant of his murder, is an unsettled problem: and those who are inclined, may give her the benefit of the doubt, for it is probable that those who accomplished the design would have deemed themselves more likely to be embarrassed than protected by her participation in it. But she made it her own by adoption of its results, and by the strongest devotion to its perpetrators.

Whether the very curious fragment lately published by Herzen, under the title 'Mémoires de l'Impératrice Catherine,' be genuine or not, I have no means of conjecturing. It appears to have been handed about for many years in manuscript in the circles of St. Petersburg. Considering that it all but directly establishes, by the avowal of the empress herself, the illegitimacy of her descendants, it might seem strange that it has attracted no government notice and no efforts at suppression. But the absolute indifference with which the Russian authorities have treated it is certainly a great proof of their practical good sense, and has done much towards rendering the work innocuous, and inclining people to dispute its authenticity. It appears, however, to be admitted without doubt by most of the writers who

have concerned themselves with the reign of Catherine since its appearance. And it certainly is proof against one test by which false autobiographies are said to be detected: namely, that the impostors who compile them never venture to impart to the reader anything which he might not derive from known sources; for its revelations are as new as they are strange, and betoken either authenticity or a singularly inventive genius in the way of romance. From these memoirs we learn one result of her forced mental insulation in the middle of that coarse barbaric society, for which her subsequent life might indeed have prepared us. 'I had always a book in my pocket,' she says, 'and read it whenever I could find an opportunity.'* Adversity first made her a student; and then her strong imagination, always dwelling on the part she might one day have to play, combined with her craving for mental employment to increase her passion for books, especially such as might afford nourishment to the future ruler of men. Plutarch, Tacitus, Montaigne, Voltaire, were her early favourites. And she was a reader of that class in whose powerful memory whatever they acquire becomes a fixed possession. She had gone into that purgatory of her youth a girl, with scarcely opened mind and childish tastes; she came out of it fit to correspond on equal terms with Voltaire and Diderot, and to discuss public affairs with the most experienced members of her council.

* I have remarked a partial coincidence between the Memoir and the Empress's correspondence with Voltaire (printed in the works of the latter) which seems to me to afford a curious indication of authenticity. In the Memoir she says that for a year after her marriage she read nothing but novels; that the first book which called her attention away from novels was Madame de Sévigné; and then the works of Voltaire. In one of her letters to Voltaire, she says, 'avant 1746 je ne lisais que des romans,' and, *afterwards*, his writings. The omission of the intervening book (Madame de Sévigné) in the desire to please the philosopher, seems extremely natural. If the writer of this passage in the Memoir be a forger, he is a clever one.

Another and even more important result of this iron discipline, was the singular equanimity which characterised Catherine, not merely in special conjunctures, but throughout the whole of her long and chequered reign. The gift of a good-natured and forgiving disposition—*gutmüthigkeit*, the favourite German name, is that which best expresses it—had been improved by the lessons of necessity. Inured to rebuffs, slights, mortifications, she had learnt to bear opposition of all kinds with a calmness strange in any one, most strange in a proud woman and absolute sovereign.* Inured to win her own way to her ends through patience and tact, she carried into the council-room and senate the same long-suffering good humour, much enduring of violence, selfishness, and tiresomeness, which had been so precious to her in the early trials of her married childhood. 'Jamais,' says Major Masson,† no partial observer, 'jamais on ne la vit s'emporter à la colère, ni s'abandonner à la tristesse, ni se livrer à une joie immodérée. Les caprices, l'humeur, la petitesse, n'entraient pour rien dans son caractère, et moins encore dans ses actions. Catherine sut quelquefois récompenser, elle ne sut jamais punir.' Her public servants, like those of our Elizabeth, might have reason to fear lest they should be sacrificed to the overwhelming influence of a favourite, or to promote a political intrigue, or to save appearances; but they were in none of that danger which the others incurred from gusts of passion or

* The Prince de Ligne told her that her special quality was to be 'imperturbable.' And she used to sign her letters to him playfully 'Votre imperturbable.'

† Author of the *Mémoires Sécrets sur la Russie et sur les Règnes de Catherine et Paul II.*, a scandalous work in many respects, but written with more intimate knowledge of facts, and more acuteness of judgement, than are usually met with in books of that character. It had evidently formed part of Byron's reading just before he wrote some cantos of 'Don Juan.'

feminine instability. And even a sense of injustice could not free them from the enchantment which her favour had thrown around them. There can be no stronger proof of her power in this respect, than is afforded in that remarkable biography of Count James von Sievers, which has just appeared, and which throws so strong a light on some of the traits both of her character and her government. Sievers was one of those solid and industrious German administrators whom Catherine loved, but who never fully understood her, nor exercised over her any influence beyond what their usefulness gave them. Her correspondence with him is familiar, playful, and encouraging to such a degree as so render the absolute devotion with which he served her quite intelligible. After enjoying her confidence for many years, he lost it through the hostility of Potemkin. Again called into activity after the favourite's death, and intrusted with the conduct of those negociations which led to the fall of Poland, he was again forced into retirement, and this time, at least in his own opinion, made the scapegoat for the offences of others. And yet he seems to have worshipped her memory to his dying day, and his last act on his deathbed—when imperial favour or disgrace could touch him no farther—was to burn three or four hundred of her letters. 'It is a debt,' he said, 'which I owe to my empress.'

Her lenity as a ruler was however no sentimental weakness; it was a deliberate habit, founded on her estimate of the best means of dealing with mankind. 'Absolute justice,' she says in one of her letters (quoted by Senac de Meillan) 'is not justice; and lenity alone is adapted to human weakness.' It was also no doubt due, in part, to her courageous disposition, which rendered her inaccessible to personal fear, the meanest and perhaps the

commonest incentive to cruelty. This tendency to indulgence was indeed sometimes imputed to her as a fault; and it was alleged that local oppression and corruption were promoted by the reliance of the ill-doers on her constant reluctance to punish. Probably there was some truth in the charge. But how far greater things did she on the whole achieve with her subjects, thus gently led, than those of her predecessors and successors who employed on them in such abundance the more forcible methods of government! 'Ce ne fut qu'en laissant abuser de son pouvoir,' says again Masson, 'qu'elle parvint à le conserver;' an observation quite borne out by the facts; for no one can study her manœuvres without observing that she relied mainly on two elements of success—the one, the principle of 'reculer pour mieux sauter;' the other, that of buying off antagonism by acts of calculated generosity. Her disregard of libellous attacks which affected only herself—libels on her government were state affairs, nor did she habitually interfere with the measures taken for their repression—she practised in common with many high-minded rulers, but she carried it even to an extreme. 'Puisque cela ne regarde que moi,' she said, when the censorship brought to her notice some publication in which she was likened to Messalina—'qu'on le distribue.'

Her conduct towards her eldest son, afterwards the Emperor Paul, has indeed been often cited in refutation of her claim both to magnanimity and fearlessness; but by her enemies. Some French and German writers have gone farther, and given vent to the atrocious suspicion that, in her jealousy of a successor who might, on small provocation, anticipate the period of his succession, she deliberately took measures to stunt his intellect and brutalise his disposition. It is far more probable that she was well aware

of his weakness of mind, ending, as it did, in undoubted insanity; and that she did the best she could for him, by keeping him habitually apart from public affairs, and under watchful superintendence.

But perhaps her strangest display, if not absolutely of greatness of mind, at least of impassiveness, and at the same time of exemption from some of the ordinary qualities of her sex, was to be found in the patience with which she endured, not only the insolence, but the neglect and infidelities, of her successive 'favourites.' The popular stories of her vindictiveness towards one or two of them seem to have had no foundation. When they deserted or betrayed her, the parting was always accompanied with some magnificent largess: 'Jamais aucun d'eux n'encourut ni sa haine ni sa vengeance.'

In this particular, and indeed in some of the better and many of the worse points of her character, we can trace a strong resemblance with that of a sovereign who certainly very little deserves to be compared with her in essentials—our own Charles II. Both were voluptuaries, serving their appetites with a slavery disgraceful to a man, but most repulsive in a woman. Both were content to 'saunter' through life—as far as their domestic existence was concerned—the willing vassals of a succession of favourites of vulgar manners and mean capacity. Both had that fundamental good nature, mingled with a pococurantism about many things which agitate and over-occupy common minds, implanted by nature, and strengthened by the training of a youth of adversity, which made them affable, placable, and personally popular even with those who trusted them least. Both had in no common degree that kind of acuteness which is popularly termed common sense. Both possessed in high perfection the power of conversation, but with a difference, partly of sex and partly

of temperament. The talk of Charles abounded in wit; that of Catherine, though easy, flowing, and attractive, was not remarkable for brilliancy. 'Elle ne montrait' (says De Ségur, a very favourable judge) 'qu'une imagination médiocre. Sa conversation même était peu brillante, hors les cas rares où elle se laissait aller à parler d'histoire et de politique: alors son caractère donnait de l'éclat à ses paroles.' So far, however, the parallel may hold. Beyond this point, it fails altogether. The king was effeminate and weak; the empress, emphatically 'a man:' Catherine le Grand, as the Prince de Ligne termed her. She displayed in her general demeanour that 'certain *species liberalis*, more easily understood than explained, and felt than defined,' which Bolingbroke recommends as 'to be acquired and rendered habitual' by his ideal Patriot King. 'If I may use such an expression,' says she, or the author of her autobiography, 'I was a straightforward and honourable gentleman (cavalier), of a spirit more masculine than feminine, but without masculine manners. People found in me the character of a man, combined with the charms of an amiable woman.'

I have spoken of that peculiarity of highly cultivated common sense which was, perhaps, more than any other characteristic of her genius. No prejudice, no sophistry, none of the common delusions which intercept the view of practical truth to ordinary minds, seemed to have any hold on that singularly clear and unencumbered intellect. Most women, say the critics, cannot reason at all. But the few who can are apt to vanquish in fair controversy the ablest men: and this is chiefly because they see distinctly what they aim at, and can clear the premises of their argument from those conventionalities of which masculine reasoners, long trained in word-fencing, cannot well get rid. Such women are apt to argue as the Bourgeois Gentil-

homme's maid fenced: 'Tu me pousses en tierce avant que de pousser en quarte, et tu n'as pas la patience que je pare.' It is remarkable how this peculiar feature stands forth in such relics as we possess of Catherine's conversation and correspondence. She seems to see intuitively through the fallacies which closed the minds even of her ablest intimates; and yet to hesitate, with the modesty of true talent, before setting her own quiet doubts against their pompous assertions. Voltaire, in his letters to her, had been indulging in some of his favourite theories, grounded on the Jesuit narrations, about Chinese morality and civilisation. 'I cannot help thinking,' says the empress, 'from such official correspondence with our Chinese neighbours as has come under my knowledge, that they are very inferior to what is said of them:' 'mais il ne faut pas nuire à son prochain: ainsi je me tais, et j'admire les relations des délégués de la Propagande, sans les contredire.' So—contrary to the far-fetched fancies of the same ingenious philosopher—the discovery of fossil remains in Siberia leads her at once to the rational conclusion, 'que le monde est un peu plus ancien que nos nourrices ne le disent.' Voltaire harangues her on the danger to civilisation from the approach of the Oriental plague, and exhorts her to a strict maintenance of quarantine; she promises to do whatever the faculty and her neighbours require, but avows her own scepticism as to quarantine being of any service in the matter. A vessel had caught fire in the harbour of Cronstadt; some of the sailors were seized on and about to be executed as incendiaries; there were doubtful circumstances about the case; Catherine remembered what she had read of spontaneous combustion, instituted an enquiry into the nature of the cargo, and the men's lives were spared in consequence. Fond as she was of the society and correspondence of the learned

of her day, their solemn assumptions met with no more mercy from her than the vulgar prejudices of the multitude. 'Que je les plains, ces pauvres savans! ils n'osent jamais prononcer ces quatre mots, *je ne sais pas*, qui sont si commodes pour nous autres ignorans, et qui nous empêchent quelquefois de prendre des dangereuses décisions.' She judged of men and events with as little of prejudice as of passion, and really seems to have been—what can hardly be said of any other mighty ruler, unless Frederic be also excepted—absolutely free from superstition in any shape.*

This absence of preconceived opinions—this freedom from idol-worship—formed an essential part of her character as a sovereign, and rendered her peculiarly fit to take her place as one of the precursors of that great change which civilisation was about to undergo. Imposing names, theories, traditions, had no prestige for her. She valued the institutions of her country—the vast state-church of which she was the head, the compact and powerful nobility and 'bureaucracy' of which she was the chief—simply for what they might be worth as implements in her hand for securing that in which alone she took an interest, the welfare of the empire in general, through her own instrumentality as absolute governor. She had at bottom, let her errors have been what they may, a strong feeling of indignation and repulsion toward oppression; a strong sense of the worth and natural equality of men; a strong passion for enlightenment, toleration, freedom, civilisation. She did not see clearly her way to all these objects; but she saw clearly enough, and estimated truly enough, the nature and extent of the

* Unless we believe an idle story that was current in the Russian court, of her having been frightened by some meteoric appearances just before her death.

obstacles which the selfishness of the powerful classes has everywhere raised to their accomplishment. She would, if she could, have redressed the balance of human good and evil. She longed for, encouraged, urged on, education as far as the means at her disposal for such a purpose allowed; welcoming it as the very dew of heaven on the thirsty ignorance of her land. She has been reproached with irregularity and want of perseverance in this design; with having spent large sums on a few fancy establishments, leaving schemes of general instruction unattempted; but this was part of her practical disposition; she despaired of great results at once, but thought they might be achieved in time, through the creation of a few model institutions which might serve as patterns for subsequent imitation. She had no dread of the extension of political rights; at least, not until her last years, when the French Revolution had, in her view, consolidated the remaining sovereigns of Europe into a mutual assurance company. 'I am a sincere republican at heart,' she says somewhere in her correspondence; and she meant it. The courtier De Ségur records the surprise with which he heard her and Joseph discussing, at Cherson, in 1787, the practicability of reviving in modern Greece the classical republican institutions. Had the successors of these two sovereigns, forty years afterwards, been as bold and sagacious as they were, how much of disgrace would have been spared to European diplomacy, and what an age of political atrophy to the unfortunate Greek nation, which that diplomacy took under its ill-advised protectorate! And it must be added, in real justice to the noble part of her nature, that those tendencies which in later life degenerated into mere lust of conquest, were mingled in the beginning with a strong desire for the promotion of the supposed good of mankind. The war-

like instinct, which pointed out to her the road to Constantinople, was not unmingled with the spirit of the philosophical crusader. The original motives with which she entered on that course which ended in the destruction of Poland, were those of the champion of religious freedom, however they may have afterwards deteriorated. Public opinion has now almost forgotten—perhaps it is fair that we should forget and forgive—those sins of the Polish commonwealth which first drew down the lightning from Russia. There was a moment in the history of the anarchy of Poland when some millions of Dissidents,* Greek and Protestant, were knocking at the door of the constitution; when the opening of that door would not only have saved the state for the time, but have rendered its bulwarks proof against foreign assault. But when the Archbishop of Cracow, Gaetan Soltyk, induced the Diet to rise as one man, and vow never to extend toleration to schismatics an inch farther than had been already conceded by their predecessors, that moment was past; and the successful ultramontane party had only the office left them of assisting as mourners at the obsequies of the commonwealth, as they have done at those of many a monarch, dynasty, and state, both before and since.

The same independence and boldness of thought, and disregard of mere conventional servitudes, characterised her in lesser as in greater matters. It was very con-

* In the provinces of what is officially called 'Western Russia,' those of which Poland was deprived by the first and second dismemberments, only one-fourth of the inhabitants, according to Russian computation, are now Catholic, or 'United' Greek; of the remainder, the great majority belong to the 'orthodox' Greek faith: and, although something may be allowed for political conversions, the proportion is not likely to have been very dissimilar in 1772. But these Greeks were all unenfranchised inhabitants of Poland, and eager clients of Russia.

spicuous in the etiquette of her court. The ceremonial of that of Russia, when she was introduced to it, had been a mixture of barbarism and pompousness. That of the German sovereign houses, from which she sprang, was pedantic in the extreme. She had scarcely been a year on the throne before she had placed it on a footing which charmed all observers, by its union of ease with dignity. A German envoy (Sacken) cannot disguise his astonishment at it. He writes of the habits of the residence at Czarsko Selo, in 1774: 'People appear there without swords or ribands! The empress goes into her cabinet, and comes out again, unnoticed; and it is not the custom for any of her attendants to appear as if they observed her, or to pay her the slightest obeisance as she passes.' And for many years her demeanour in daily society continued to exhibit the same graceful absence of constraint. But the truth is, that burdensome court ceremonial can only be thrown aside with safety where the sovereign is personally qualified to rule among men when brought into close contact with them. Potentates of mean abilities are wise in keeping observation at a respectful distance. Those of dissolute manners soon allow the ease of the circle to degenerate into licence. The perfection of that around Catherine diminished with her own self-respect. Sir James Harris thought he had himself perceived the change. 'Her court' (he says in 1778), 'from being conducted with the greatest dignity and exterior decorum, has gradually become a scene of depravation and immorality. Their progress has been so rapid, that in the short period since I have been here, the manners and habits are essentially changed.' Others, however, assert that the outward respectability of her court was maintained even in the most degraded period of her life.

Such was Catherine, regarded according to some of the most salient points of her personal character. Her political career requires a separate investigation. It is difficult for minds, familiar only with the ordinary vicissitudes of life, even to imagine the wild burst of exulting pride with which a spirit like hers must have welcomed the realisation of her long day-dream of empire, cherished through years of obscurity and danger. She had experienced, as fully as ever mortal did, what Manzoni's burning words describe as

> L' ansia d' un cor, che indocile
> Ferve pensando al regno,
> E 'l giunge, e tiene un premio
> Ch' era follia sperar;

uniting gratified love of power with the ardent hope of effecting immense reforms, and ameliorating the lot of humanity over a large portion of the earth's surface. 'C'est presque un monde,' she says to Voltaire, 'à créer, à unir, à conserver.' And the activity of the first few years of her government seemed to partake of the supernatural. She accomplished the secularisation of the vast estates of the clergy—a work conceived by Peter the Great, and undertaken by her husband, but of which the execution was left to herself. She commenced, and made some progress with, a general code* of jurisprudence for her empire. She laid the foundation of great schemes of national education. She planted her favourite German colonies in the south. And (by far the most important undertaking of all) she launched into the vast project of

* The principle, which seems in one way or another to have established itself in the jurisprudence of most countries, that an accused person should have the protection of *three* successive investigations of the charge by different authorities, was specially introduced into this code, and the reasons given, by the Empress herself.

emancipating the serfs. 'Elle se laissait engager,' says Rulhière, 'par la facilité des premiers pas dans les plus audacieuses entreprises, avec la confiance que son bonheur et son adresse la sauveraient de tous les embarras.' But she had, in addition, her own special gift of common sense, so sorely needed by many reformers, to warn her when a too daring enterprise must be adjourned or abandoned. Her first essay towards serf emancipation was through a scheme for conferring gradual liberty on crown peasants. But the senate were opposed to her views. Her difficulty was peculiar. It was by flattering the old Russian party that she had risen to the throne; and the old Russian party contained, naturally enough, the most bigoted opponents of domestic reform. She renewed the attempt on a greater scale, combining it with another experiment of equally bold character. She assembled, in 1767, a kind of States-General of her empire, consisting of elective deputies. It is somewhat strange to read that it was necessary to bribe the deputies to attend, by such inducements as rendering them exempt from torture and corporal punishment for the rest of their lives. But attend they did; and they took their duties much more in earnest than the Czarina herself had probably anticipated. The minor nobles, who chiefly composed the body, had a shrewd suspicion that they were called together principally to decide 'with what sauce they would be eaten.' They scented serf emancipation in every project submitted to them. They were willing to humour their sovereign in any other matter; but on this they were immovable. The favourite expedient of munificence was tried on them in vain. One young conservative drew his sword, and threatened to run it through the first man who should broach the subject. She only found one distinguished supporter, the Prince Scheremetov, who passed for the

largest owner of serfs in Russia, and who declared himself perfectly willing to risk the experiment. Catherine was not the woman to endanger her crown for an idea, however attached to it. To anticipate a saying of her grandson Alexander, she perceived that she was only a European accident in an Asiatic community. She silently withdrew the proposal, nor was it renewed during her reign. That she kept it in her mind—she of whom it was said that 'jamais elle n'abandonna ni un ami ni un projet'—we need not doubt; but circumstances did not favour any fresh attempt; and she who had planned this work of liberation ended by giving away serfs, by tens of thousands, as the readiest mode of paying those who had ministered to her pleasures, and bribing those whose assistance she needed. Still, she accomplished as much as was, under her circumstances, possible, if it is true that she established that kind of communal organisation of the serfs in villages, under their own 'starosts,' which has been often remarked on as one of the most useful and conservative institutions of Russia.

The States-General passed into oblivion, along with the great design which they were apparently designed to cover.* And the other projects above enumerated, of which the execution had been commenced, were for the most part either interrupted or confined within very narrow limits by the exigencies of the Turkish and Polish wars. These occupied the second and most considerable portion of her long reign: a most unfortunate change for humanity,

* 'That this project was not realised, notwithstanding the enormous means which the undertakers had at their disposal, affords a painful piece of evidence on the side of those who assert that no great state can pass through a revolution without bloody conflicts. Nevertheless, the results of the mere attempt were most extensive. If Russia has ever since that time made steady progress in internal development, she owes especial thanks for it to this work.'—*Life of Sievers.*

however great the results for the external power of Russia. It was said of her, coarsely but truly, that she would have been great indeed but for the excess of two qualities—the love of man, and the love of glory. Then the easy successes, and singular brilliancy, of the first Turkish campaigns excited her enthusiastic spirit. The 'road to Constantinople' seemed indeed more nearly open to her in 1770 than even to her grandson in 1853. It was only by degrees, and after many a defeat, that the slow but obstinate energies of the Ottoman race were awakened, and the struggle became one of exhausting duration, in which Russia sustained no repulse of consequence, but could only make way, step by step, through endless expenditure of men and treasure. During great part of her reign, the Russian empire was so denuded of both by the constant drain of Turkish, and, in a less degree, of Polish warfare, that improvements could not be even seriously endeavoured in an internal administration which had become an engine solely devoted to the purposes of raising troops and levying taxes.

Such was the price at which her brilliant conquests were achieved. Her arms were, of course, not uniformly victorious; but she was the only conqueror of modern times who never sustained a serious defeat, nor ever had to restore an acquisition. 'I came to Russia a poor girl,' she once said,* 'and Russia has dowered me richly. But I have paid her back with Azof, the Crimea, and the Ukraine.' De Ségur recounts how, on her return from her famous Crimean expedition of 1787, he was one day in her carriage with Fitzherbert, the English ambassador. She appeared overcome with the heat, and they thought her asleep: and began to talk politics. Fitzherbert (Lord

* 'Avec trois ou quatre robes et une douzaine de chemises,' says the autobiography.

St. Helens) was using arguments, familiar enough now but strange in those days, to prove that England would even gain in wealth and power through the independence of the United States. 'I was not asleep,' she said, rousing herself, 'but I wanted to hear what you had to urge. For myself I can only say, that had I lost, without hope of recovery, any one of the thirteen provinces with which King George has parted, I should have shot myself.'

Catherine's chief apology to herself for indulging in the conqueror's passion was not without seeming, possibly real truth. She was inclined to believe, as Peter the Great had believed before her, that the only practical mode of developing the valuable parts of the half-savage Russian character was through the discipline of war. She was even deceived by the momentary impulse which it gave to commercial activity. 'La guerre,' she says proudly to Voltaire, 'a des momens bien bons.' 'Chaque guerre a été chez nous la mère de quelque nouvelle ressource, qui donnait plus de vivacité au commerce et à la circulation.' The too visible arrest or rather decline of the well-being of her empire, toward the middle of her long career, must have taught so acute a mind a sounder lesson. But by this time she had become the victim of circumstances: and more than this, the vassal of other spirits far meaner than her own. It is strange to trace the Nemesis of outraged womanhood in this last trait of her character. She, the most masculine of her sex, was subject equally with the weakest to what has been called the female necessity of being some one's slave. Nor was this slavery a mere consequence of her grosser failings. At her court, the minion of the hour was usually one, the permanent ruler another. In fact, for the greater part of her life she was governed by two men in succession, neither of whom had the tithe of her abilities, but who mastered her imagination

by their tyrannical force of character: Gregor Orlof, and Potemkin. The first was not without nobleness of disposition, but eccentric, morose, pursued as it were through life by the furies of his murdered sovereign; and ultimately insane. He was the only man, perhaps, whom she ever truly loved; and her treatment of him in his last calamity (1782) furnishes a striking exemplification of much which has been said in these pages respecting her character, fearing nothing, not even madness, and gentle from that very absence of fear. 'Her conduct towards him' says Sir James Harris, 'has been one of the most boundless regard, carried even to weakness. She absolutely forbids any harsh methods to be employed; rejects all ideas of confinement and discipline; and hoping, against all precedent, to restore him by gentleness and indulgence, she suffers him not only to visit and be visited, but admits him at all hours and in all dresses, whether she is alone, or in company, or engaged in the most important concerns, to her presence.'

Potemkin, on the other hand, as is well known (for few portraits have been more characteristically drawn, or by better artists), exhibited a strange mixture of extravagance and buffoonery with a good deal of cunning, and some real sagacity. It is difficult to ascertain how far he really imposed on his doting mistress, and how far she consented to the imposture, knowing it, but not daring to betray her knowledge. Who that has read De Ségur's delightful narrative of Catherine's Crimean tour, in 1787, has not felt that it was one of those pageants of history which he would have been charmed to gaze on, and to follow in its course, an unsuspected observer! The centre figure of the picture is a mighty Empress, but at the same time, in society, one of the most attractive of women; pleased with herself, happy to see others

pleased, susceptible to flattery and to *badinage*, ever affable, and yet ever dignified, equal in conversation to the keenest spirits among her male associates, and yet with a touch of genuine modesty when measuring her intellect with theirs. She and her chosen company start in the almost constant night of a Petersburg mid-winter, but the night is to them as the day: the forests are thinned along the line to make vast fires at every few hundred yards, which keep up a continuous illumination. At every halt some public building or other has been converted into an improvised winter palace, to receive the Empress and her most distinguished fellow-travellers of diplomacy and the court. The inseparable inmates of her carriage are the reigning favourite (who happened to be Yermolof, one of the most insignificant of the lot), and one very confidential *dame de compagnie*. But there is room for more, and places are offered alternately to de Ligne, de Ségur, Fitzherbert, and others, the élite of their time, and the best calculated to wile away the hours with converse, including those comprehensive, but not pedantic, speculations on social science and politics, to which she chiefly inclined. And so southward, for weeks, day after day, until the snows vanish, and the green earth comes out; until they exchange their carriages for a fleet of luxurious galleys on the spring-swollen Dnieper, and sun themselves at last in early summer on the sheltered Crimean coast of the Euxine. But the strangest figure on the canvas is that of Potemkin. He joins the progress only in the south; and from that time seems to take upon himself the part of welcoming his sovereign as if to the domains of some great feudal vassal. She could not surely have been the dupe of the ludicrous deceptions which he played off upon her—the sham fleet and fortifications, the pasteboard

villages raised in deserts, the fresh-caught Cossacks and Tartars dressed up as a theatrical peasantry. And yet, if not, she acted conviction admirably well. Potemkin had bragged (among other things) of certain corps of local cavalry, which he professed to have organised in the Ukraine. Some grumblers at St. Petersburgh had denied their existence. She reviews them on her road; and writes to the Governor of Moscow, praising Potemkin for his public spirit and expressing her satisfaction, that the mouths of his detractors will now be stopped. And yet the men reviewed were not the 'local corps' at all, only some hussars of her own escort, whom Potemkin had dressed up in fancy uniforms! It might be almost deemed a retribution for this real or affected credulity, when, on her return from this triumphant expedition, the interior of her empire was suddenly smitten with famine and sickness, and all the assiduity of her flatterers could not keep hidden from so acute an observer the evidences of a misery which she could neither bear to look on, nor help to obviate. Alexei Orlof, who, like his brother, had something of barbaric grandeur in his composition, is said to have read her a terrific lesson, by leading her, at Moscow, into a room in which were laid out the corpses of all those who had died of hunger on the day of her festal entrance into the city.

The worst result, however, of the favouritism of her latter years, as regards the internal management of her empire, was not so much the direct interference for evil of the favourites themselves, as that of the number of meaner spirits, favourites' favourites, hangers-on of each minion of the time, who crept by their means into place and power. This was especially the case under the reign of Potemkin. The correspondence of Sievers is full of complaints—so harshly worded that it must have taxed the

patience of the empress to read and answer them, as she uniformly did—of the mischief done by this class of interlopers in the public administration. On one occasion she deals her well-meaning servant a rebuke which was not perhaps quite unfounded. He had been lamenting over the rash and warlike propensities of 'young ministers and soldier-of-fortune generals.' 'If,' replies his mistress, 'the young ministers and adventurer generals of whom you speak, are, as you say, inclined to war (which is often unavoidable), on the other hand, old ministers and well-born generals have their own disadvantages: under their hands affairs of state do nothing but dawdle; and when public affairs do not go forward, they are, in my opinion, going backward. That is the sum of my experience on the point.' *

The history of the connexion between Catherine and Potemkin is, in truth, full of anomalies, such as puzzled the minds of experienced statesmen, more accustomed perhaps to see their way through diplomatic riddles than through those of the human heart in its perversity. Sir James Harris, with all his shrewdness, seems to have been

* This same work (*The Life of Sievers*) gives a curious instance of the Empress's insight into character, and her way of choosing her agents, in special cases, for herself. She was in want of a governess for the two young Crown Princes, Alexander and Constantine. Many candidates were of course pressed on her from influential quarters. Sievers bethought him of an Esthonian widow lady, Frau von Lieven, who was living at Riga in very reduced circumstances. But she was most unwilling to undertake the trust. Count Browne, the governor of the province, had to pack her almost by force into a travelling carriage and send her off to Petersburg. She came to the palace somewhat discomposed, and poured her complaints and griefs into the ear of a private secretary of the Empress. This official listened to her respectfully, and drew her out adroitly in conversation. Their discourse was growing more and more animated, when the Empress suddenly stepped from behind a curtain and said, 'You are the lady for whom I have been seeking; follow me.' She followed; and the subsequent history of the Lievens is well known.

the dupe of the misrepresentations of the empress' character and abilities, which her infatuated favourite, whether from policy or in ill-humour, was continually pouring into his ear. Even while he attributes them to pique, he cannot help repeating them, and laying much stress on them. He speaks—evidently from Potemkin's dictation—of her 'mutability, and her failure of resolution in the hour of trial.' Potemkin already assured him, as early as 1781, that 'she was fallen off beyond conception; she never remained a day in the same sentiment; she was ignorant of the interests of her empire; she suspected her friends and trusted her enemies; she was so jealous of her own opinion that she never would receive advice unless it was conformable to it; she was become insensible even to glory, and listened to nothing but the most contemptible flattery. In a word, her character was of a nature to be operated on by the first gust of passion, and wholesome counsel and systematic reasoning were lost on her.' There could not be a greater misconception, as the event showed. For it was under the influence of such delusions that Potemkin, like his prototype, Essex, ventured on his last attempt to seize absolutely on the reins of power; and he and those who had listened to him were no doubt equally astonished at the result. 'Catherine understood him thoroughly,' says the biographer of Sievers: 'she knew what she might venture against him, and when the hour arrived, threw him overboard with the greatest gentleness.' His last mission to the south was a disgrace; but had not the Moldavian fever intervened to cut the knot of the entanglement between him and his mistress, it is most probable that her invincible indulgence would have allowed him to resume once more his perilous seat behind the throne.

As it was, no more remained of a name and influence once so gigantic than of the unsubstantial shows with which his dexterity had amused his sovereign in the wilderness. And scarcely more durable, some writers have added, were most of the monuments of her past activity which this illustrious woman herself left behind her. Death surprised her, after thirty-four years of constant successes, still planning further schemes of aggression and aggrandisement—designing to trample out both the Mussulman and the Jacobin; with Constantinople, Paris, and Teheran, and Stockholm, full in view, as the objects, no longer to appearance remote, of her daring ambition. But the loftier purposes of her youth, her essays at material and moral civilisation, were not indeed abandoned; she never lost sight of them; but adjourned, as it proved, indefinitely. 'Avant la mort de Catherine,' says Masson, 'la plupart des monumens de son règne. ressemblaient déjà à des débris; législation, colonies, éducation, institut, fabriques, bâtimens, hôpitaux, canaux, villes, forteresses, tout avait été commencé et abandonné avant d'être achevé.' Nor could it be said, great and popular as her name had been among the Russians, that she had effected any substantial change in the national character; but she had effectually aroused the national spirit. She had inspired them with that thorough martial confidence in the valour of their armies and the star of their destiny, which has since carried them, either triumphant or at least unbroken, through so many a struggle. Except in this particular, the generation which saw her buried, boyars and serfs alike, was probably much the same, in habits, tendencies, and education, with that which had beheld her mount the throne. Her hand was not equal to the work of stripping any large portion of the aged rind from the rich fruit within. Her influence on her era was very

great; but it was indirect, and more felt perhaps by the world at large than by Russia in particular. Her achievements were those of a clear, decisive intellect and generous spirit, unseduced by the common shows of things, and unterrified by vulgar dangers, which could establish the theory of monarchy on the naked utilitarian basis of the 'greatest good of the greatest number;' which could carry to the throne, and practise on the throne, but with prudence, the maxims of a few mere thinkers, despicable in the eyes of ordinary politicians, and could astonish the latter by proving that neither state nor church fell down in consequence, but seemed to attain additional security. She dared follow to its results that fearless optimism, which habitually assumed the best respecting men and their motives, and deemed harsh punishment and violent coercion simply evils in themselves, unadapted to the real exigencies of human nature, imperfect instruments of which the use required apology. These were the merits which gave her an authority not limited by mere Russian geography in her own day, and which, notwithstanding all that is on record against her—the sins of her private life, the fraud and violence under which Poland perished, the sacrifice of countless multitudes to the lust of conquest—entitle her to her place in history amongst that band of kindred intellects, on the throne and in the study, who in the last century made ready for us of the present day the world in which we dwell.

PASCAL PAOLI.

THERE is a peculiar kind of zest, as Walter Scott observes in the introduction to Rob Roy, attaching to biographical narratives 'which bring the highest pitch of civilisation closely in contrast with the half-savage state of society.' It was his perception of the artistic value of this element of contrast, which led the great novelist to linger with such obvious pleasure over those creations of his fancy which placed his poetical Highlanders in contact with the eccentric products of civilised and peaceful life in the two last centuries; Fergus with Waverley, Rob Roy with the immortal Baillie of Glasgow, the savage children of the Mist with the pedant-soldier Dalgetty. Something of this special interest has always attached to a name, for a moment the most popular in Europe, long borne up by the echoes of that temporary fame, now nearly forgotten, save on his own native hills, where it is to this day religiously cherished—that of the celebrated General Paoli. The sober, staid, gentlemanly soldier-philosopher, whose figure was well known in the London drawing-rooms of our grandfathers' days, the favourite of blue-stockings, and the welcome associate of literary people, was the same man who had passed years of life in the fierce vicissitudes of guerilla warfare, and whose dreams, after a day of well-conditioned civic existence, were ever recurring to his mountain glens, his own wild and faithful followers, and their hopes of a desperate revenge. Outwardly, a man of placid manners, and engaging, though

not forward conversation, and calculated to command respect, whether met in a Corsican *macchia* or a tea-party at Mrs. Thrale's. But under this quiet exterior there lurked a singularly vivid imagination, a restless contriving mind, and a youthfulness of feeling which survived equally the disenchantment of political supremacy at home, and twenty years of exile abroad. Such were a few of the traits which characterised one of the ablest and most virtuous men of his own or any time: a hero and a patriot in the truest acceptation of both words; one who needed but a larger stage, and a more propitious fortune, to rank in sober reality with the ideal great of classical renown. Any reader, whom mere literary curiosity, either to complete his gallery of Johnsonian cotemporaries, or to study the most remarkable facts in the history of a secluded and singular people, may induce to take up the life of Paoli, will rise from it possessed with a much higher appreciation of human nature, and fortified for the time against a common infection of our day—the cant of sneering at mere virtue, and professing to respect nothing but energetic and successful selfishness.

Herr Klose's 'Memoir of Pascal Paoli, the Corsican Chief' (1853), may be mentioned rather as the newest compilation on the subject than for any other special value which it possesses. He is a conscientious writer, and free from prejudice; but there, we fear, commendation must end. He is confused and dull, with little of the spirit of searching German analysis which sometimes counterbalances these formidable defects. His knowledge of his subject seems to be chiefly derived from ordinary sources, and with many of these his acquaintance is very imperfect. In his Preface he says that no special biography of Paoli had been written before his own; and does not mention, or appear to have seen, the circum-

stantial life of his hero by Arrighi, superintendant of the Paoli College at Corte, published in two volumes in 1843: a work far more complete than Klose's, although too full of particulars of Corsican feuds and intrigues to be attractive to the general reader. Much better also than Klose's memoir are the incidental notices of Paoli in Gregorovius's entertaining volumes of personal travels in Corsica—the best hand-book which we as yet possess for this rarely visited island.

Few contrasts are more striking than that which forces itself on the notice of the traveller, when transported in a few hours from the populous shores of Southern France to the coast of Corsica, especially that of the country *di là de' Monti*, the western and wilder half of the island. At first sight, a range of dark and solemn mountains, rising for three-fourths of the year far above the limit of snow, appears to occupy the whole horizon, and leave no room for cultivation or inhabitants. Gradually the lower ridges become visible; vast land-locked basins appear, in which fleets might ride; with shores of beautiful mountain form, softening into rich undulations of plain and valley; but all is desolate: for miles and miles of brown arid looking coast, neither house nor tree seems visible, and the scenery will remind him of a Highland or Irish loch, tinged with the colouring of a southern climate. The hill sides are bright with every variety of the Mediterranean flora of the waste, and the air absolutely heavy with its aromatic perfume ('l'odeur du sol,' which the home-sick Napoleon described at St. Helena as sufficient 'pour faire reconnaître, les yeux fermés, la terre foulée par les premiers pas de son enfance')—but the hand of man seems almost wanting there. If the visitor inquires the reason, he will be vaguely told of want of population, and neglect by Government; a strange confusion of

effects and causes, but the only method of accounting for the fact which suits the native philosophy. By and by he will become acquainted with the few towns, and their distinct population of continental origin; with the hamlets embosomed in chestnut groves, which lie scattered on the mountain slopes; and with the productive valleys occurring here and there amidst the wilderness of 'macchie,' (Frenchified into 'makis')—spots or patches of green cistus and other brushwood, said to cover three-fourths of the soil, the favourite resort of the numerous outlaws and enemies of justice. Further inland, he will find mountain scenery on a very grand scale, and all but virgin forests, often many hours' journey in extent; and, after crossing these, great open plains, abandoned to wild fowl and wild boars from the prevailing *malaria*. The northern districts, indeed, comprise one or two narrow tracts of densely peopled country, where much labour is bestowed on the cultivation of the vine and orange, resembling the best parts of the opposite coast of Italy; but these are mere exceptions to the general aspect of the island, which is of a singularly austere and even melancholy character.

As is the country, so the people—*simili a se gl' abitator produce*. There is so much of the rude and primitive about them, that it is difficult to remember that their country is one of the most anciently inhabited portions of Europe, and that their forefathers were those warlike savages whom the Carthaginian and Roman slave-hunters, two thousand years ago, regarded as the least profitable part of their stock; because, like the Eboes and some other African tribes, they turned sullen in servitude, and were always meditating suicide or revenge. They appear more like some new and half-reclaimed race, than one with so many centuries of gloomy history. That history

records a perpetual struggle against foreign oppression; ever renewed, ever approaching to success, and yet never attaining it. Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Pisans, Genoese, all occupied the island by turns, and none ever subdued it, or subjected it to regular government.

The Geneose Republic first became nominally mistress of Corsica in 1347, by the overthrow of the Pisans; but sixty years later she transferred its disturbed and much contested dominion to a company of merchants—the Bank of St. George; perhaps the first instance of the exercise of a sovereign, or quasi-sovereign, rights by a mercantile body. In 1460, the Company, having conquered or bought over the Signori, or feudal lords of the soil, assumed and exercised for nearly a century, though with much interruption, the rights of absolute sovereignty. In 1553, Henry II. of France, being engaged in war with Charles V., bethought himself of the possible importance of Corsica as a *point d'appui* for his Mediterranean expeditions. The Marshal de Thermes was dispatched there at the head of an invading squadron and army, but the soul of the enterprise was Sampiero, a Corsican, of a peasant family, of the village of Bastelica, who had achieved great military reputation in the French service, and had sworn eternal hatred to Genoa. They met at first with general success, for the name of France was, and long remained, popular with the Corsicans; but the Genoese of those days, under an Andrew Doria and a Spinola, were capable of defending with tenacity their ancient possession, even against France herself, and Corsica ultimately fell back under the company of St. George. The fortunes of the brave Sampiero, the greatest military character whom the island has produced; his murder of his beautiful wife Vannina, detected in political intrigues with the Genoese; his adventurous

invasion, and singlehanded, but temporary, recovery of his island, and his ignoble fall in a private *vendetta*, are among the traditions which the memory of the Corsicans preserves with the greatest fondness.

The wars of the last half of the sixteenth century exhausted the island: the chronicler Filippini gives a dreary list of places which had become uninhabited in his time; and the population appears never to have fully recovered itself. For the whole of the seventeenth it remained passively annexed to the dominions of the Republic, though never really incorporated with them. Arrighi enumerates the successive decrees by which, in the course of that century, native Corsicans were rendered ineligible, even to the lowest civil offices. Continued misgovernment was accompanied by a yet greater evil from without—the constant incursions of the Barbary pirates, from which the Genoese were wholly unable to protect the disarmed and miserable population. Of all the social calamities of modern historical times this was perhaps one of the greatest, as it is one of the most forgotten. It is now scarcely realised in remembrance, that within little more than a hundred years, and for two centuries previously, the northern and western coasts of the Mediterranean were kept in constant alarm by an active, indefatigable enemy, half warrior and half robber, with whom there was no truce or compact possible; that for years together families went to rest in exposed places almost as unsafe as American villages on the Indian border; that in many towns there was hardly a household of repute which had not to mourn the disappearance and presumed captivity of sons in the galleys, or daughters in the harems, of the dreaded Barbaresques. Yet the fact is known to us still better from the popular fictions than the histories of those times—the romance

writers, from Cervantes and Lesage down to Madame Gomez and Mrs. Radcliffe, found in these corsair incursions a ready machinery for effecting the disappearance of inconvenient personages, a storehouse of wonderful recognitions and unexpected returns; and no part of their inventions was more greedily devoured in their own times, though none perhaps appears now more insipid and unnatural. In Corsica the traveller can still trace the results of that long-continued plague. Population has been driven even from the healthy parts of the coasts, and the hamlets, closely packed for self-defence, stand high and conspicuous on the slopes of the mountains, in sight of the little watch towers on the shore, from which the sentinel might easily notify the first approach of the sails of the infidel.

It was not until about 1730 that the Corsicans recovered heart and energy enough to resume their ancient attitude of hostility to the Genoese. Then began their last and most famous rebellion of forty years, which ended only by the transfer of the rights of the republic to France, and the ultimate suppression of Corsican independence by the latter power. It was a struggle carried on by the Genoese with a disregard of all that is ordinarily deemed sacred or binding, even in the bitterest strife, which would seem incredible, were it not that the repeated and circumstantial charges brought against them on this score have never, so far as appears, been refuted, or even answered. Their successes were signalised by bloody military executions, and more deliberate punishments with every refinement of torture; their failures repaired by an unlimited recourse to treachery, bribery, and assassination. The resistance of the Corsicans was no doubt ferocious as well as obstinate; but its worst characteristics are almost

forgotten in the singular display which they made of unflinching courage and patriotism. They showed themselves unconquerable in reverses ; but it cannot be said that the determination never to be conquered was seconded by an equally obstinate determination to conquer. On the contrary, in reading their history, we are continually struck with the fact, that while constantly on the point of victory, they never thoroughly achieved it ; that their union or their perseverance seems to have failed them over and over again, unexpectedly and at the critical moment; that partisanship, treachery, and Genoese gold continually interfered at last to turn the current of the most successful enterprise. This is a phenomenon equally remarkable in similar passages of history elsewhere ; the obstinate and yet never complete resistance of the Highlanders, for instance, and of the Irish, to Saxon supremacy. It was seized on with characteristic acuteness by Dr. Johnson, when bent on plaguing Boswell in the height of his Paoli mania. 'Sir,' said he, 'what is all this rout about the Corsicans? They have been at war with the Genoese for upwards of twenty years, and have never yet taken their fortified towns. They might have battered down their walls, and reduced them to powder in twenty years. They might have pulled the walls in pieces, and cracked the stones with their teeth in twenty years.' 'It was in vain to argue with him,' adds poor Boswell, 'upon the want of artillery; he was not to be resisted for the moment.' Probably the Doctor was in the right. Had the Corsicans been as determined to conquer as they were not to submit, a few ill-constructed fortifications, manned by cowardly mercenaries, would not have formed, as they always did, a bar to the union and independence of the country.

It is easy to trace the influence of this melancholy, yet

not ignoble, national history in the strongly marked character of the little people with whom we are now concerned. Constant warfare made them essentially warlike—as throughly so as the Highland clans or the Austrian 'Borderers.' Every village contributed its battalion to the national force, and every man knew his post and his duty. Absence of all real government from without made them essentially a self-governing people; the necessity for mutual combination, a people of strong family ties. The spirit of clanship overpowered almost all other social sentiments, because only by close adhesion and mutual protection could men preserve themselves from daily aggression. But it was not, as elsewhere, a spirit of feudal dependence. The old 'signori' of Corsica, never very prominent in its affairs, seem to have been nearly extirpated in the earlier Genoese wars. The numerous inferior nobility, or so-called 'caporali,' whom the Genoese are said to have encouraged to the detriment of the former, were but little distinguished from the commonalty. Families of distinguished descent may still be found, chiefly in the western region, 'beyond the mountains;' but few of large possessions, or occupying the position of the modern landed nobles of the neighbouring continent. Men were linked together, therefore, not by the common tie of subjection to a superior, but by the mutual tie of family or locality—as in those parts of Ireland whence the old families have been expelled, and where the Saxon influence has never acquired strength. To this day, the Corsican peasant, in marriage, pays more regard to the name and lineage of his wife, and the number and strength of her connections, than either to her person or her fortune; and to this day the landed families elude the disposition of the French law by agreements that only one brother of a family shall

marry, and the others restore their portions at their death to the common stock. Hence the bloody 'vendetta,' transmitted from one age to another; and the scarcely less destructive lawsuits, which eat into the wealth and peace of generations of litigants. Hence, too, in great measure, the want of population in many parts; for so ingrained is the habit of living close together for mutual support, that peasant families can scarcely be induced to move down from their crowded eyry on the cliffs to the spacious plains beneath them.

The social ideas of the Corsican stray but little therefore beyond his family and village; but when they do, it will easily be conceived that they are still essentially republican. The nobility, such as it is, has always been far less distinguished from the plebeians than in other Italian communities. The peasant-born Sampiero married into the high-descended house of Ornano; Paoli's father was *roturier*, his mother noble: and there are, we believe, many well-known families, of which it is doubtful whether they belong to the one class or the other. In rural society they mingle habitually on terms of equality. The head of one of the oldest and richest noble houses in Corsica may sometimes be seen forming one of a regular circle of gossips, seated in his shoemaker's shop—his custom, it appears, always of an afternoon. Simplicity of manners was carried in the last century to a point of affectation, of which there remain some relics still. Just before the French occupation, it was said that there was not in all the island a wig, a hat, or a wheel carriage. It is recorded of Paoli, that when he returned to Corsica, in 1755, he found the windows of his paternal house glazed—a point of civilisation achieved in his absence—upon which he broke all the panes with his stick, declaring himself determined not to adopt luxuries unknown to

his father: 'and the wooden blinds are there,' says Gregorovius, 'to testify to the tradition to this day.' On another occasion, however, the old Giacinto is reported to have read his son a lesson of the same kind. The general, when at the head of affairs, wrote to his father to send him some plate for his table. 'Is old Soliman dead then, who used to make wooden spoons and forks?' answered the elder patriot.

Many other military virtues have taken root in Corsica. The peasantry are sober, temperate, and continent in their habits: little addicted to the indulgence of any passions, except those of the violent order; an earnest and rather a silent race, with little of the cheerfulness of continental Italians, and none of their epicureanism and buffoonery. Their imagination seems excited only by the terrible and the mournful. The national poetry consists almost exclusively of their 'Voceri' or 'Lamenti,' dirges, chanted by the females on the decease of a member of the family; and three-fourths of these are wails over the bloody grave of some one slain in *vendetta*, with promises of revenge. Their women are degraded by labour and hard usage, yet pass for models of family self-devotion; and the warlike annals of the country are full of their Spartan spirit; in the last struggle with the French they fought, not single but in whole troops, with a Signora Serpentini for their commander, by the side of their husbands and brothers. The great and favourite vice of the Corsican, his revengefulness, is based, we are told, on a perverted notion of natural justice. But it is connected also with a fearful tendency to overmastering fits of anger and hate. These are common to all southern Italians; the rage of the Roman, says Dr. Newman, in an apologetic way, is a kind of falling sickness, which seizes on him without the action of his will; but the passion of the continental is

but 'light straw on fire' compared with the intense fury which calcines the stronger nature of the Corsican. Proud, content with little, and indolent as a savage in his intervals of fierce action, he will submit, in most parts of the island, only to the lightest agricultural labour. That of the roads and public works, as well as the cultivation of the plain country on the eastern coast, is annually performed by a few thousand Tuscan immigrants, Lucchesi, as they are popularly called, who come over in October and return home in the spring, and are regarded with unmeasured contempt by the islanders. Yet when opportunity presents itself, as in foreign service, the Corsican is remarkable for energy and activity. The great name of Napoleon has so effaced all others, that few are aware how many distinguished men of action, administrators, diplomatists, and soldiers, this little spot has given to Europe since its conquest by France. It is true, nevertheless, that the ordinary Corsican has but an indifferent character abroad: nor is this difficult to account for—his principles, his point of honour, being all local, he quits all recognised restraint when he leaves his native village, and takes only the worst half of himself into foreign parts.

In January, 1735, a general consulta or assembly held at Corte placed their country 'under the protection of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin,' and under the temporal government of a triumvirate — Andrea Ceccaldi, Lodovico Giafferi, and Giacinto Paoli. The latter was a landed proprietor of Morosaglia,* in the

* There is much confusion in the Corsican local nomenclature, owing to the peculiar divisions of the rural districts, analogous to that in the northern counties of England into hamlets, townships, and extensive parishes. In Corsica an aggregate of small hamlets ('paesi') constitutes generally the village (called by the French commune), and an aggregate of villages the 'pieve' or parish (now canton). Pascal Paoli was born in the hamlet of La Stretta, village of Morosaglia, and pieve of Rostino, and each is occasionally named as his birthplace.

eastern part of the island; a man of cultivated mind, a physician by profession, and whose whole career was that of an enlightened patriot. But all the efforts of the triumvirate were unable to achieve much success, until the expedition of the famous adventurer, Theodore Baron von Neuhof, in 1736, partly fitted out by English sympathisers, but chiefly by Dutch merchants, on whom he had strangely prevailed to embark in so unpromising a speculation. Then followed the curious episode in history of his elevation to the throne of Corsica by the unanimous voice of the people, his disappearance and his two reappearances, with the final abandonment of his not ill-played part. His character was one of those which irresistibly captivate the mass of mankind; and it was impossible to persuade his voluntary subjects that he was in reality only a needy projector, and not the princely deliverer whose triumphant return they long continued to expect, even while he was slowly dying on the debtors' side of a London gaol. His interference, however, while it did good but brief service to the cause of the patriots, had the effect of dividing them: Giacinto and other enlightened men held aloof from him, and by doing so lost much of their popularity.

In 1737 France, under the administration of Cardinal Fleury, interfered as a mediator, invoked by the Genoese Republic. Her interference was backed by a force of 3,000 men, under the Comte de Boissieux. But there was at this period no fixed project, on the part of the French government, to wrest the sovereignty from the Genoese. They required, on the contrary, unconditional submission to the Republic. Giacinto Paoli and Giafferi, who had at first inclined to the French side, now took arms together with the more zealous adherents of King Theodore. After a short but gallant resistance to Marshal Maillebois, the patriots recognised the impossibility of

prolonging the struggle. By arrangements with the marshal, twenty-two of their leaders went into voluntary exile; among these were Giafferi and Giacinto Paoli, who took with him his younger son Pasquale, a boy of fourteen (born in 1725), leaving Clemente, the elder, to take care of his property and keep alive the influence of his name.

After their departure, a still thicker darkness seemed to settle over the fortunes of their unhappy country. In 1741 the French, who had done some good there, abandoned the island through a change of policy. The Genoese immediately recommenced the oppressions which the French had abolished, and the insurrection broke out afresh. It was chequered by new French and Sardinian temporary interventions, but assumed more and more the character of inveterate hatred between the two principals concerned. The next Corsican general was Giampetro Gaffori of Corte, a man moulded in the fashion of Plutarch's Spartans. They still show his house in the old 'Place' of Corte, riddled with the shot fired at it by the Genoese from the cliff-built citadel above. This house was afterwards the residence of Carlo Maria Buonaparte, when Paoli's secretary, with his wife Letitia, for several months before the birth of their son Napoleon. On one occasion the garrison captured Gaffori's infant child, and suspended him out of an embrasure overhanging the torrent which rolls some hundred feet below the castle precipice, exposed to the balls of the assailants. Undismayed, Gaffori ordered the assault, captured the citadel, and recovered his child unhurt. He died in 1753, murdered by a band of assassins hired by Genoa, including his personal enemies, the Romei of Corte and his own brother Anton-Francesco. The latter was taken and broken on the wheel, the execution taking place, according to tradi-

tion, in a room of the castle of Corte, and in the presence of the widow of the murdered man.

The patriots were pressed hard after the death of Gaffori, but his power was intrusted by the Consulta to a supreme magistracy, composed of Clemente Paoli and three others, who inaugurated their government by a solemn appeal to the sympathies of civilised Europe. 'We have unanimously sworn by the living and true God, Him to whom nothing is equal or can approach, that we will all perish rather than open negotiations, much more rather than submit to the Republic. And that we may not all become together the victims of murder and rapacity, we will either fight and conquer or die together in our despair, emulating in a general desolation that great example which the people of Saguntum once gave the world.'

Clemente Paoli was a man of singular and noble character. His mind took early a strong bias towards religious enthusiasm. His wife died young, leaving him an only daughter; he then associated himself to the Tertiary Order of Franciscans; lived chiefly at their convent in his native village Morosaglia; passed many hours together in devotional exercises, and indulged in long retreats from the world. But all his devotion did not hinder him from becoming, in battle, the very Ajax of the Corsican army—the man whose extraordinary personal courage and daring raised to the highest pitch the warlike spirit of his countrymen, and led them on to the most desperate actions. According to Boswell's quaint description, he 'would frequently offer up a prayer to heaven for the person at whom he was going to fire; saying he was sorry to be under the necessity of depriving him of life, but that he was an enemy of Corsica, and Providence had sent him in his way in order that he might

be prevented from doing further mischief.' Or, as an island poet has expressed the same view of his character,

> Quando l' immancabile moschetto
> Al nemico drizzava, in aria pia
> Sembiava che dicesse: Iddio vel dia!

He once captured a French officer with a copy of Helvetius 'de l'Esprit' in his pocket. 'I return you your sword,' he said to his prisoner; 'I respect you too much to return your book.' He was in military affairs the right arm of his brother Pasquale, whom he loved with the most perfect devotion. He was thoroughly disinterested: not only indifferent to power, but almost to fame, and jealous only of that of his comrades: 'nec unquam per alios gesta avidè intercepit,' says Arrighi, applying to him Tacitus's praise of Agricola. It was with his perfect concurrence, if not on his instigation, that the Supreme Magistracy, recognising the want of a single leader, and at the same time the impossibility of finding at home one whom his jealous competitors would obey, determined on offering the command of the national forces to his exiled brother Pasquale.

Giacinto Paoli had betaken himself to Naples in his banishment, where king Charles III. made him colonel of a Corsican regiment in his service. Thus placed in a secure and honourable position, the banished leader was able to devote himself with great assiduity to the education of his younger son. Pascal completed his studies under the care of Genovesi, then professor of jurisprudence, who is said (according to the common story on such occasions) to have prophesied the future greatness of his pupil. In those unsuspicious times, when kings had not yet begun to be afraid of socialist novelties, great freedom of speculation prevailed in places where it might least have been expected: and Naples—'où diable la philoso-

phie ne va-t'elle pas se nicher?'—was the seat of a school of economists in politics and latitudinarians in religion: comprising men such as Vico, Galiani, Filangieri. Such was the class of minds from which that of Paoli derived its early nourishment. He became, and remained, a specimen, and an admirable one, of the statesmen-philosophers of the eighteenth century: of the class to which Pombal, Turgot, Joseph II., and Washington belonged —men whose date is now past, but who effected probably a greater amount of good to humanity than any other 'clique' whom history has recorded. Gregorovius, in describing a portrait of Paoli, has noticed the apparent personal resemblance of so many of the great men of this school; similarity of costume may possibly have aided or excited the fancy; but there is certainly something in the broad clear forehead, the expression of gentleness in the eye combined with the resolution indicated by the lips, which speaks of a brotherhood, even of physiognomy, established by common education and thought among children of widely different races. While thus prepared for civil affairs, Pascal obtained his military education in the Neapolitan service, and especially in some campaigns against the bandit-insurgents of Calabria. But neither father nor son ever lost the 'unconquerable hope' of the liberation of their island, and they maintained a constant correspondence with the patriot leaders.

Pascal Paoli landed in Corsica, in April 1755, preceded by great anticipations, which his singular personal advantages, his bearing, eloquence, and consummate judgement, more than satisfied, and he soon converted the popular feeling in his favour into the strongest and most durable attachment. Nevertheless, his first military enterprises were not very successful. It was only slowly, and with alternations of defeat and success, that he drove back the

Genoese behind the walls of Bastia and Calvi, from which he was never able to expel them. At first, he appeared anxious to share the military chieftainship with one Emmanuel Matra, a popular leader of considerable influence; but the suspicion of Genoese influence under which the latter lay, prevented the arrangement from taking effect. The Matra family fled the island, but returned in 1756, threw off the mask, and raised a military insurrection which brought the General to the brink of ruin. At Bozio, Pascal had to throw himself into a convent with fifty resolute supporters, and defend himself against a very superior force. Thomas Cervoni, another popular leader (father of the well-known French general) was in the neighbourhood with an armed body; but he had conceived some personal offence against Paoli, and stood by in sullen neutrality. His mother urged him to hasten to the assistance of the patriots. 'But my insult,' murmured Cervoni. 'What matters your insult, when the freedom of Corsica is at stake? Forward! or I will curse the blood and the milk which I gave you.' Cervoni obeyed, and attacked Matra, who was slain on the field, and the insurrection quelled at once. Other partial risings were overcome, and by the end of 1756 the 'general' (to which title, with powers of a dictatorial kind, he had been raised by a decree of the Supreme Magistracy, confirmed by a 'Consulta') was completely master of the island, with the exception of the fortified Genoese posts.

The period of his government is comprised in twelve years (1756—1768), and, by those who will be content to forget the extreme smallness of the scene for the greatness of the dramatic interest, it may be truly deemed a most remarkable one. In reading of it we are tempted, —like Paoli's own contemporaries, as they watched the experiment with strong sympathy, from England, France,

Italy, and even the remotest north,—to shut our eyes to the little spot occupied on the map by Corsica, with its barren mountains and indigent population, and dream of an Oceana or an Utopia, with an ideal patriot-monarch and model institutions. But, apart from all the aid of imagination, a mere catalogue of what was achieved and projected by Paoli, is sufficient to show not only the comprehensiveness of his ideas, but his real and very remarkable administrative abilities.

Of his 'constitution' for Corsica it was the fashion to think much, in the simple times when people believed in constitutions. Few would take the same interest in it now. Its best point would seem to be, that it was strictly based on the national predilections for local as well as general self-government; 'framed,' says Gregorovius, 'on the model of the existing franchises of the "*Terra del Commune*," the most republican part of the island.' But Arrighi, himself a Corsican, finds fault with it on the contrary, as representing *nothing* national, and being purely a philosophic creation. It was based on that principle of double election which characterised the mediæval republics of Italy—the only models well-known to an Italian. The 'Consulta' was elected by universal suffrage, with the addition of special deputies of the clergy, and certain public officers. The Consulta elected annually out of itself the supreme council (also termed *I Nove*, the Nine Men, representatives of nine provinces), and, biennially, the five Syndics or Five Men, with a kind of censorial authority. The Consulta likewise elected the 'General,' who held office for life; he was the head of the executive, but in some respects controlled by the syndics. Here we trace the notion, which appears also in sundry of the constitutions spun out of Abbé Siéyès' fertile brain, of establishing a kind of balance of power by rendering the legislature

temporary and the executive perpetual, though both chosen by the same constituency; a scheme which could only end, according to the ordinary course of political affairs, in the instant or gradual absorption of one of the two powers by the other. These institutions, however, never underwent any real trial. So long as Paoli remained in the island, he was the State; and this from no usurpation on his part, but from the people's attachment and sense of necessity. His influence over his countrymen, said Napoleon, was unlimited.

Was he ever tempted by ambition to convert this position of acknowledged supremacy into that of a sovereign? The simplicity and straightforwardness of his character repel the supposition. Nevertheless, it is a charge which has been constantly brought against him by hostile French writers. On one occasion—so runs the island tradition—the supreme council, assembled at Corte, and waiting for the General, were startled by the removal of a curtain from before a recess, in which was placed a chair of novel shape and dimensions, covered with crimson velvet; and the General presently appeared, as if expecting a courteous invitation to seat himself upon it. The blood of republican Corsica mounted at the sight. The Nine Men drew back, disconcerted; and Paoli, recognising the failure of his attempt, turned it off, and did not again renew it. But this is probably a distorted story, originating in a mere suspicion entertained by jealous observers from some innocent circumstance.

The remainder of Paoli's efforts at legislation, and the establishment of a better system of jurisprudence, may be passed over, as not possessing sufficient interest for readers of our time. If it be true that he succeeded in all but extinguishing, for the time of his government, the master-passion of the Corsicans—the propensity to family quarrels

and revenge,—that he succeeded in making the *vendetta* disgraceful, and planting the *colonna infame* over the graves of assassins,—this proves how far more the moral influence of one noble character could effect, when seconded by a corresponding exaltation in the national spirit, than successive governments have done by means of penalties and disarmings.*

* The Corsican propensity to private revenge has formed a marked feature in the character of the people ever since they were first described. They cherish it as a virtue. 'Why do your countrymen never pardon?' a Corsican was asked. 'Because,' was the answer, 'we do not easily take offence.' In the sixteenth century the Abbate Filippini deplored the introduction of those accursed machines, wheel-lock muskets, which had added so much of deadliness to his countrymen's quarrels. The Abbate had personal reason to deprecate them, if the Corsican tradition be true, that he used to compose his quaint 'History' in his vineyard at Vescovato, sitting in a corner between two walls lest he should be shot from behind. In our days the 'vendetta' has been used as a material for literary romance, until matter-of-fact people have begun to doubt its real existence. Unfortunately there is too much evidence of the affirmative. In a country where crime against property is very rare, life is to this day fearfully unsafe. The following are a few of the latest details, given by competent authorities. Ninety-nine murders were committed in the first seven months of 1851. (*Gregorovius.*) Two hundred and twenty-five condemnations *par contumace* were on record in 1852: the subjects of them were mostly living as bandits in the mountains, where some have been for fifteen or twenty years, keeping the witnesses against them, and the officers of justice in perpetual fear. No 'benefit of clergy' is recognised. Vignale, the priest who received the dying confession of Napoleon, was murdered by persons to whom he had lent money—the produce of an imperial legacy—on usury. In 1850 the curate of Venzolasca was shot in a private feud as he was leaving the altar. He who has enemies of this description to fear shuts himself up in his house, stops up the windows, and fortifies it as well as he can, and never leaves it except armed and in company: but Gregorovius heard of instances where men thus circumstanced had not ventured out of doors for ten or fifteen years. The old point of honour, which imposes the duty of revenge, still subsists in all its force: it is a common saying, that he who has received an insult has his choice between the three esses—Schioppetto, Stiletto, Strada; in other words, he must either kill his enemy or fly the country. The French government resorted, once more, in 1853 (the experiment had been often tried before) to a general and rigorous disarming of the population. Notwithstanding the complaints of unfortunate sportsmen, the measure seems to have been even popular among the better orders of the peasantry.

One of the first of Paoli's undertakings was to establish the ecclesiastical affairs of the island on a new footing. The church of Corsica was nominally governed by four bishops, Genoese absentees, living on the continent, and drawing a revenue of 80,000 livres from the island. Paoli succeeded in obtaining from Clement XIII. a 'Visitatore Apostolico,' the Bishop of Segni, to reside and fulfil the duties of the episcopate; and thus fortified, he proceeded with little ceremony to appropriate the revenues of the old bishoprics to sundry temporal as well as ecclesiastical purposes. Of course the Genoese party anathematised the sacrilege; but with the Pope as well as the people on his side, he could afford to disregard their denunciations. It is, indeed, observable, that although the Corsican is devout in his way, much addicted to observances, and especially fond of those church fêtes and ceremonies which form the only epochs of his uneventful life, he seems to be very little under sacerdotal influence in temporal matters. Neither in the long wars of independence, nor in the dissensions which followed the French revolution, do we find the priests forming or directing any party; a singular circumstance in the history of a people of Italian race.

Paoli was, however, himself—whatever might have been conjectured from his education—sincerely and unaffectedly religious. His was one of those happy and most unusual natures which could embrace all that was good in the latitudinarian tendency of his age, its large philanthropy, its exalted views of human nature, its liberal politics, its aversion for all bigoted exclusiveness, religious or civil, and yet remain attached to the creed of his fathers, without perplexing his mind with too anxious endeavour to reconcile the old faith with the new philosophy. All his recorded conversations bear ample testimony to this point of character. Even in his short career

of chieftainship, he contrived to snatch weeks and months from his absorbing occupations, to spend them in devotional 'retreat' with his brother Clement, in the convent of Morosaglia. He encouraged, too, the pious zeal of his men, which he believed calculated to enhance their value as soldiers. He established a little order for the reward of military merit, of which the cognisance was a Maltese cross with a figure of St. Julia, patroness of the island. It excited the utmost enthusiasm among his wild subjects. 'If you see your enemy' was their saying, 'holding your father, disarmed, with one hand, and the cross with the other, save the cross and leave the rest to God.' Some French officers were rallying the two brothers on the very unsoldierlike practice of their troops, in halting at the door of every chapel where mass was performing. 'So much the better,' said Clement. 'They who fear God will never fear death.' The priests were generally ardent patriots. 'The convents,' said Paoli, 'were our places of meeting; the monks our hospital attendants.' An Abbé Mariani was once inciting the people by a warlike oration. 'Where did your reverence learn to preach fighting?' asked a Genoese partisan. 'In the books of the Maccabees,' replied the ecclesiastic. The last leader who held out in arms against France was a certain curate of Guagno, known by the bandit name of Il Circinello. He was tracked by the gendarmes from one hiding place to another, and found at last in a cavern dead of fatigue and exhaustion.

Few of Paoli's good deeds are still so affectionately remembered as his patient exertions in the cause of education. The university of Corte, which he founded, and on which he rested his hopes of the regeneration of his country, perished with the loss of independence. He left on his death-bed a legacy—the savings of some years

out of his English pension—to re-establish it; and a promising college was founded by means of this capital in 1836, though little favoured by the French, from the memories of independence which it suggests. This, and a high school at Morosaglia, founded equally at his expense, and now containing 200 scholars, were long his only, and are now his fittest monuments.

In military affairs, Paoli had the good sense to let well alone. Though himself a regularly trained soldier, he was of opinion that a standing army was utterly unsuited to the wants and habits of Corsica. It had the bravest militia in the world—composed of men who had defeated innumerable times the mercenaries of Genoa—who with a few battalions had annihilated an army of German soldiers in 1732, at Calenzana,—who had only yielded their ground foot by foot to the Frenchmen of Boissieux and Maillebois. He left its organisation untouched; adding only a few hundred Swiss and other mercenaries, to form the nucleus of an artillery corps. He had also his own body guard of stout mountaineers; not to mention the five or six Corsican dogs, his constant companions, of which Boswell speaks. Strangely enough, some Corsican writers have chosen to disbelieve the story of these precautions of their hero, apparently regarding it as injurious to the national honour. But had not the idol of his countrymen—Sampiero Corso, the Corsican, as he is called among them *par excellence*—fallen by the hand of his own kinsmen, the Ornanos? and Gaffori by that of his brother? And the life of Paoli was exposed often enough to similar dangers, both from the Genoese and from hostile countrymen.

Much has been written for and against Paoli in his own country, but very little respecting his personal habits and character; the Corsicans are little addicted to memoir

writing, or 'anthropology' in any shape; and his continental historians have found themselves reduced to draw largely on a well-known English book of gossip, James Boswell's 'Visit to Corsica.' The young Scotch advocate made his pilgrimage there in 1764, partly moved thereto by juvenile sympathy with a people struggling for freedom, partly by the lion-hunting propensity which afterwards attached him to the skirts of Samuel Johnson. The chief interest of this little book has now passed away, except for those who are curious in Corsican affairs: yet it is amusing enough in other respects, as displaying the unique oddities of the writer's own character. The reader will smile over his anxieties before embarking for these savage parts,—his fears of Corsican muskets, and still greater apprehension of the stern moral supremacy of Corsican heroes,—his sinkings of heart at the sense of his own deficiencies: —'I felt how small were my abilities, and how little I knew. Ambitious to be the companion of Paoli, and to understand a country and people which roused me so much, I wished to be a Sir James Macdonald!' He feelingly describes the renewal of his misgivings on approaching the presence of the great man at Sollacarò,* lest he 'should not be able to give a proper account why he had presumed to trouble him with a visit, and should sink to nothing before him!' He almost makes us partake his reassurance on finding an agreeable man of the world, when he seems to have expected something between a classical hero and a brigand; his 'elation of mind in seeing Paoli delighted with the sayings of Mr. Johnson,' and his still greater elation as one familiarity succeeds another,

* This place, on the western coast, contained an old house of the Colonna family, often used as Paoli's head-quarters. It has been chosen by Dumas as the site of his famous romance *Les frères Corses*, best known in England through the acting of Mr. Charles Kean.

and he finds himself at last promoted, like an Eastern favourite, to 'ride out on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and my guard marching along with me.' 'The true title of this part of Boswell's work,' said sarcastic Gray, 'is a dialogue between a Green Goose and a hero. But' (he adds) 'it proves what I have always maintained—that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity.' Many whom the world calls fools certainly might, and many wise men could not; Gray himself, had he repeated religiously all he had heard and seen, would never have approached to the excellence of Boswell, for the simple reason that his ears and eyes were never a tenth part so wide open. It is from Boswell, almost exclusively, that we learn what Paoli was in his personal habits, such as we have above described them; that we learn also his social qualities,—his enthusiastic turn of feeling combined with coolness of judgment,—his passion for fame and a noble popularity —his fondness for Livy, Plutarch, and the other classical chroniclers of great exploits, and great men,—his discursive, eloquent conversation on matters of general interest, —his physical and mental restlessness,—'I can scarcely write ten minutes together on one subject,' he used to say, '*la testa mi rompe*,'—points in many of which the reader will trace a resemblance to his great countryman Napoleon, though no two natures could be fundamentally more different. Accustomed as he was to deal all his life with hard matters of fact, his mind never lost a certain tinge of romance which commonly dies out in youth. All mountaineers are superstitious; the Corsicans as much as any; their solitary valleys are full of visions, and omens, and seers, and 'airy tongues, that syllable men's names.' The dead assemble at midnight, so we are told, under the

windows of those about to die, in the spectral habit of the Frati della Misericordia, and go through the mimic show of raising and carrying a bier. They will also call the living by name; but no one dares answer, for whoever answers is doomed soon to join them. Paoli, too, had his visions; the belief in his powers of second sight was generally spread, we are told, through the island. 'I can give no clear explanation of this,' he said: 'I only tell you facts. Sometimes I have been mistaken, but in general these visions have proved true. I cannot say what may be the agency of invisible spirits. They must certainly know more than we do: and there is nothing absurd in supposing that God should permit them to communicate their knowledge to us.' His whole character, and that of his age, in which such pretensions were much more likely in the long run to produce ridicule than respect, forbid the supposition of deceit.* His visions, however seem to have furnished a text for his enemies, when in later times he fell out with the Jacobins. Marat in one of his denunciations calls him a 'vil intrigant qui se fit sorcier pour tromper le peuple.'

Paoli never married. 'I have not the conjugal virtues,' he said to Boswell, doing himself injustice if he spoke seriously, for his strong family affections and the simplicity of his life are presumptive evidence to the contrary. Nothing would tempt him to marry, he told the same visitor, unless he could find a woman who should bring him an immense dowry, with which he might assist his country. But though he had little opportunity for the cultivation of female society, he found his Egeria in the

* 'He was a charlatan without knowing it,' says de Lamberg, in his gossiping volumes *Memorial d'un Mondain*, 1776. This Austrian gentleman visited de Marbœuf at Bastia, in 1770, immediately after the French conquest of the island, and recounts many curious anecdotes respecting Paoli, regarded from a French point of view.

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Countess Maria Rivarola, a virtuous lady of good birth, attached to some religious order; his correspondence with La Signora Monaca is preserved, but it all turns on political affairs.

It is worth while to note a few more of the achievements of Paoli's brief administration, if only to show the extraordinary resources of the man. He established the first printing press in Corsica, and brought out the first newspaper. He created a maritime force, and 'annexed' the rocky islet of Capraia, where the Genoese had established a post which annoyed the country. He founded a town at Isola Rossa, perceiving the advantages of its port, and wishing to establish a rival to the city of Calvi, always faithful to the Genoese—'civitas Calvi semper fidelis.' His sagacity has been proved by the event; for Isola Rossa is a flourishing place—unlike most towns built for a purpose—and Calvi has declined. It is difficult to imagine how schemes of such comparative greatness could have been conceived or executed amidst constant guerilla warfare, with a population of 160,000, and a revenue of 40,000*l.* a-year. It is true that Paoli received some succours—we know not how considerable—from English and other foreign sympathisers. His enemies have indeed accused him of tampering with the currency, and that to the profit of some members of his family. The flourishing condition of his commonwealth, and his own honourable poverty, are answers enough to all serious imputations. When he left the island the French General de Vaux put up his personal property to auction, which fetched 1,700 francs; three communes divided between themselves one of his old green coats 'per conservar l'idea del padre loro.'

Boswell returned from Corsica in the autumn of 1765, to stir up English sympathies, already sufficiently eager in

favour of his hero, to enjoy the honours which belong in London society to him who has seen and conversed with a foreign lion in his den, and to tie a ribbon inscribed with 'Corsica Boswell' round his hat at the Stratford Jubilee. He had left Paoli at the height of his fortunes: their great and fatal reverse was already impending. Even before the peace of 1763 the Duc de Choiseul seems to have entertained the ancient French hankering after dominion over Corsica. He cherished it the more as a means of repaying his own pride, and that of the nation, for the humiliation of that peace. His envoy, the Duke de Nivernois, obtained from the English Government the issue of a proclamation forbidding intercourse with 'the Corsican rebels.' In August 1764 was signed the treaty of Compiègne between France and Genoa, by which France engaged in the consideration of an acquittance for certain sums due to the Republic, to hold the fortified places of Corsica for four years, but distinctly refused to carry on the Republic's war with the natives. At the very same time, Choiseul, it has since appeared, was in correspondence with Paoli himself on a proposal for making the French King protector of the new Corsican commonwealth. Whatever doubts Paoli may in his heart have entertained of the sincerity of purpose with which the French battalions were posted in the fortresses of his country, he preferred—indeed, he could not well have done otherwise—to regard them as friends. A period of long and anxious negotiations followed. It was not until conviction stared them in the face that the patriots would admit the fatal truth, that the island was sold by Genoa to France. Regiment after regiment landed from Toulon, and on their arrival the Genoese functionaries left the island; the flag of France was planted at Ajaccio and elsewhere; the surrender by the Republic of her fatal and

inglorious dominion was consummated on the 15th of May, 1768, by a treaty which was for some time kept secret from Paoli himself.

The General appealed to his countrymen, and the Consulta unanimously supported him in the desperate resolution of making armed resistance to the greatest of European powers. He has been censured for not abandoning the cause of independence when it could only be maintained by so hopeless a course. It is difficult to say when a brave man will abandon a cause as desperate in which he has once determinately embarked:

> Che spesso, ov' i rimedj sono scarsi,
> Fu a molti salute il disperarsi.

But the Corsican leader had strong reasons for hoping a turn of fortune if he could prolong the struggle for awhile; and these arose partly from abroad, and partly from certain features in the affairs of France herself.

In France the position of Choiseul was anything but a secure one. The aggression on Corsica was little gratifying to the national pride. It furnished a handle for the minister's numerous enemies. The philosophic clique in particular had taken Choiseul in aversion, and Corsica under their especial protection. Rousseau had extolled her new constitution and lawgiver in the highest language in his 'Contrat Social.' 'J'ai le pressentiment,' he had said, 'que cette petite île étonnera un jour l'Europe:' words which, in days long after, when the name of Corsica had, indeed, become of mighty omen, were quoted as prophetic.

> For then he was inspired, and from him came,
> As from the Pythian prophetess of yore,
> Those oracles which set the world in flame.

Profiting by the opening thus afforded him, Paoli had

thought it worth while to enter into correspondence with so influential a personage, and offered him a refuge in his island from his real or imaginary persecutors. The philosopher had too much method in his madness to accept so uncomfortable a proposal; but he declined it in terms still more high-flown than his original praise. But there were not wanting soberer counsellors than the philosophers, who urged on Louis XV. solid objections to his proposed conquest—objections which subsequent years have confirmed; the nullity of its supposed advantages as an advanced post in the Mediterranean; the very limited fertility of the island, and its want of mineral wealth, which would render it (as in truth it has been) a constant burden to the finances of France; the impossibility of really incorporating the Corsicans into the nation—and to this day they are Frenchmen by political connection only, Italians by blood, and simply Corsicans by choice; '*hanno bel dire i Francesi, ma Corsica è Italia.*'* The few French *employés* and other residents still call themselves 'the colony.' These considerations so wrought on a mind much less wanting in sagacity than in energy, that Louis is said to have been on the point of recalling his troops; but the stronger will of his minister prevailed. *Il y allait de son honneur.* And thus Corsica fell, to gratify the obstinacy of a declining statesman. Could she have prolonged the struggle another year, she might have had the honour of being rescued by Madame du Barry.

With respect to foreign powers, those habitually influenced by jealousy of French aggrandisement were by no means likely to be unconcerned spectators of the struggle. From Austria and Sardinia, in particular,

* A curious passage on the intensely Italian spirit of the Corsicans, as late as 1830, will be found in the *Political Works of Joseph Mazzini* (vol i.).

remonstrances, if not active interference, were to be expected. But the principal hopes of the Corsicans were fixed on England.

It has been seen that the ordinary sympathy of the English people with oppressed nationalities, as they are now termed, particularly those who are struggling for civil freedom as well as independence, had been long at work in favour of the Corsicans. There was much of good feeling and admiration, and not a little of active private succour. But when France thought proper, first to enforce the Genoese claims, and then to appropriate them, all the national spirit took alarm. The concession made by Government to France, in the proclamation declaring the Corsicans 'rebels,' was looked on as derogatory at once to our honour as freemen, and our foresight as enemies of French encroachment. That the Duke of Grafton was suspected of discouraging all assistance to Corsica, because her case might be thought too nearly to resemble that of our own discontented American provinces, was a circumstance by no means calculated to diminish public distrust of him and his measures. The real feeling of the country on one point was sedulously improved, as usual, by the miscellaneous assailants of Government on others. The result was a loud and general Corsican 'cry,' to the great encouragement of Paoli, who had studied the theory of our institutions under Genovesi, but had probably only an imperfect idea of some parts of their working, and did not comprehend the process now-a-days called 'making political capital.' If it be true that he offered a regiment to John Wilkes, he must have been simple indeed in such matters.* His expectations, however, did not rest solely

* That grotesque patriot had even a greater vogue abroad than at home. The simple-minded Clement Paoli told de Lamberg that his brother wanted Rousseau to legislate for his people: but, for his own part, he should have preferred Wilkes!

on popular favour. The Ministry itself was much divided on the subject of Corsica. Lord Chatham was said to have pronounced strongly in her favour. The 'Corsican affairs,' writes Mr. Whately to George Grenville, in May, 1768, 'add to the general distress. A Cabinet was held on the subject on Thursday night, to which I know the Ministers went with great anxiety and doubt upon their minds; the result of their deliberations I know not, but I take it for granted no determination was agreed to, and in the meanwhile the French are sending twelve battalions in addition to those troops already there.' Lord Shelburne's resignation in the same year was generally attributed (as the readers of Junius know) to the disavowal by the Duke of Grafton to the French Minister at this Court, of certain extraordinary instructions on the subject which his lordship had sent to Lord Rochford at Paris. But Lord Stanhope gives us, in his 'History,' the Grafton version of the transaction.

The Earl of Rochford, as ambassador at Paris, was instructed to make, and did make, the strongest remonstrances—stopping short only of a declaration of war. At one time, he was confident of prevailing, but in his interview of the next week with Choiseul, he found the favourable tone of the French Minister altogether changed. 'In a private letter to me,' adds the Duke of Grafton, 'he attributed this strange alteration in Choiseul to the imprudent declaration of a great law-lord (Mansfield) when at Paris, at one of the Ministers' tables, that the English Ministry were too weak, and the nation too wise, to enter into a war for the sake of Corsica.' Thus disappointed, the Duke of Grafton determined on another course. He despatched on a secret mission to Paoli, Captain Dunant, a gentleman born at Geneva, and trained in the Sardinian service. The General pressed especially for a supply of arms and ammunition. No time was lost in England, and several thousand stand of arms were immediately sent from the stores of the Tower; sent however, in

secret, and in such a manner as to give the Duc de Choiseul no pretext to complain. But meanwhile, large reinforcements being forwarded from France, Paoli, notwithstanding a most resolute resistance, was overpowered. Although many exaggerations were no doubt current at this time,—although Burke might go the length of exclaiming 'Corsica a province of France is terrible to me!' it was even then discerned that the object at stake had not been such as to warrant us in renewing hostilities. That was the feeling of the House of Commons when the subject came to be discussed. Then only eighty-four members voted against the Government on a general motion for papers; and only one, Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, was willing to say plainly, that 'it would be better to go to war with France, than consent to her retaining possession of Corsica.'

And so England remained with the double discredit of having fomented under-hand hostilities against a power with which she was at peace, and having done so too late to be of any service,—one of those incidents which Englishmen are ready enough to forget, but which continental public writers only too accurately remember.

All that can be said, therefore, is, that Paoli may have fallen into a delusion common among continental patriots, and estimated the magniloquence of political sympathisers in England, and the *bouderies* of French drawing-rooms, at a good deal more than their real value. But whether he entered on his last conflict in hope or despair, no cause ever died more honourably. For months, and on all points of the northern half of the island, the patriots maintained their ground with unflinching bravery. Marbœuf, with 5,000 men from Bastia, had occupied the district of Nebbio. Pascal and Clement collected a few thousand militia to oppose him; but their utmost efforts could not prevent the reduction of the northern district of Capo Corso, and Chauvelin landed with 15,000 more Frenchmen to support Marbœuf. Greatly outnumbered, and

opposed by a whole army, the two brothers continued the unequal conflict. Every village in the northern districts became a fortified post, and either held out until destroyed or succeeded in repulsing the French, who seem to have committed the great error of breaking their force into detachments. Clement came up from the south and beat back a French advanced party from the banks of the torrent Golo. They fell back on Borgo, a picturesque village on the mountains overhanging the road from Bastia to Corte, with 700 men, and fortified it. Pascal assaulted their lines on October 1, 1768. Chauvelin moved with the bulk of his army from Bastia to support them: Clement opposed Chauvelin, and the action was engaged at all points. 'Three times,' says Gregorovius 'the whole strength of the French army came desperately to the attack, and three times they were repulsed. The Corsicans, greatly inferior in number, and a mere raw militia, broke in pieces the serried ranks of an army deemed, since the time of Louis XIV., the best organised in Europe.' Chauvelin fell back with heavy loss on Bastia: Borgo, its garrison and stores, fell into the hands of the patriots.

The engagement at Borgo was the most glorious of the war, and may fairly rank with the boldest achievements of Greek or Switzer in the cause of liberty; but it procured the victors only the respite of a winter. In the following spring the French took the field in renewed force, under the Comte de Vaux, an officer of merit. Paoli was driven out of the north, and compelled to concentrate his force on the hills of his native Rostino. A solitary bridge, Pontenuovo, on the road from Bastia to Corte, marks the spot where his lieutenants, Saliceti and Gentili, underwent the last decisive overthrow. Paoli might yet have prolonged a mere guerilla struggle, but he

felt that this was the resource rather of a hunted brigand than a statesman. He escaped, with some of the most compromised of his partisans, by way of Vivario, into the central mountains; then sought shelter in the *maremme* of the eastern coast, like Shelley's Mazzenghi—

> In the roofless huts of vast morasses,
> Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
> And where the huge and speckled aloe made,
> Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade;

and, finally, on board an English vessel at Portovecchio, on June 13, 1769. The French (so at least Marbœuf told de Lamberg) connived at his escape. He landed in Tuscany, where he was received rather as a triumphant hero than an exile; and after a very short sojourn in that country proceeded to London in September.

His brother Clement fought to the last, covered Pascal's retreat, and then made his way in like manner to Leghorn; he remained for some time the chief of the Corsican exiles in Tuscany, dispensing among them such assistance as Pascal contrived to send them from London; then had recourse to the hospitality of his religious brethren at Vallombrosa, and lived for twenty years a forgotten monk under the Franciscan cowl.

Their principal followers were either driven into exile, or into temporary retreat. Among the latter was Carlo Buonaparte. He and his beautiful Letitia escaped from Corte on horseback, and had to seek refuge among the goatherds of the Niolo, and in the flanks of Monte Rotondo, until a French pass enabled them to reach Ajaccio in security, where, as the Corsicans love to recount, she gave birth, just two months after Paoli's departure, to the destined annihilator of Genoa and subjugator of France. We must not forget the famous (and apparently endless) con-

troversy about the authenticity of this date, but the belief of the island certainly seems to adopt it.*

Those who have witnessed the welcome given by London to Garibaldi in 1864, will find a foreshadowing of it in the cotemporary accounts of that afforded to Paoli in 1769, such was the universal burst of admiration with which he was received, and the kind of sentimental interest which his presence excited. Ministers followed the impulse, by conferring on him a pension, first of 800*l.* and afterwards 1,000*l.* per annum; a kind of conscience-money for their own sins towards Corsica, and at the same time the best means which they knew of to buy off an apprehended tribune of the people. They might have spared the expense, as far as this latter object was concerned. Never was there a man less inclined thus to misuse his season of popular favour than Paoli; nor, as far as can be judged from his correspondence, have there been many who had less value for mere personal distinction. The somewhat romantic pride of his character—*una superbia indicibile*, he called it himself—preserved him to a great extent from the coarser infection of vanity. In the Court of St. James's, and in the world of London, he seems to have preserved his usual placid equality of demeanour, and thereby to have disappointed some admirers, and encouraged some observers of the depreciating class.

I saw him, writes Horace Walpole in his 'Memoirs of the Reign of George III.,' soon after his arrival, dangling at Court. He was a man of decent deportment, vacant of all melancholy reflection, with as much ease as suited a prudence that seemed the utmost effort of a wary understanding, and so void of any-

* One popular tradition is against it—that Paoli was Napoleon's godfather. But this rests on no evidence. Paoli himself told a friend of the writer, that he believed he was godfather to either Joseph or Napoleon, but did not remember which.

thing remarkable in his aspect, that being asked if I knew who it was, I judged him a Scottish officer (for he was sandy-complexioned and in regimentals) who was cautiously awaiting the moment of promotion. All his heroism consisted in hearing with composure the accounts of his friends being tortured and beheaded, while he was sunk into a pensioner of that very Court that had proclaimed his valiant countrymen and associates rebels.

Horace Walpole was just the man so to judge of Pascal Paoli. But besides his ordinary prejudices, there is a good deal of a very un-English feeling in this passage. The influence of Madame du Deffand and the Duchess de Choiseul, not to mention his affected personal opposition to Rousseau, speak in every line. If Paoli did not commit suicide, or walk with his eyes open into the Bastille, as apparently Walpole would have had him do, his correspondence gives proof enough of the deep sympathy with which he continued to regard his associates in battle and exile, of his recognised leadership among them, and of the devotion of his means, including the 'pension' in question, as far as possible to the relief of their necessities, 'comprising,' says Herr Klose, 'the less worthy, that is, the ungrateful.'

From 1770 to 1778, there appears to be a gap in his correspondence: he speaks of the danger of writing through the post; possibly his communications with the continent were confined to special occasions and private channels. In England, we all know that he lived on friendly intercourse with the best literary society of the day; with Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Burke, but not (it is necessary to caution Herr Klose's readers) with the poet Dryden, as that biographer supposes. It is singular that our principal knowledge of him during this interval should be again derived from his quondam

worshipper Boswell, now chiefly interested in the general as a kind of collateral appendage to his greater hero, Dr. Johnson. Johnson had much respect for Paoli—he honoured his simple and sincere character, his religious turn of mind, his taste for classic and Italian literature; perhaps also he appreciated the fact, that the general's imperfect knowledge of England and its subjects of interest, made him more of a listener than an antagonist. 'At Paoli's' (he wrote to Mrs. Thrale) 'I love to dine;' but whether the sage was moved to this emphatic avowal by the charms of the general's conversation, or by certain merits of his *cuisine*, to which Boswell bears honourable testimony, it beseems us not too curiously to inquire.

Time passed on, and Corsica was almost forgotten, except by her own exiled children. As far as appears, the question of re-establishing her independence was not even mooted during the American war; and newer objects of interest had superseded her in the mind of the English nation. Twenty years had thus glided away, like a long sleep after a short and agitated day, when Paoli was roused from his life of retirement by the outbreak of the French Revolution. He took immediate and cordial interest in its progress; though not from any hopes of the social and political regeneration of the world—of which his expectations were reasonable enough, as appears from his correspondence. His first ideas seem to have reverted to his cherished schemes of Corsican independence; but the rapid course of events soon swept these away, and he was not the man to oppose an intractable pertinacity to the Fates. In November, 1789, the Assembly declared Corsica an integral part of France; and in the same month, on the proposal of Mirabeau, decreed the recall of her political exiles. A deputation of his countrymen waited on the general to induce him

to avail himself of the indulgence. He seems, however, to have delayed his departure for some months, and to have felt his way very cautiously before leaving the home of his long banishment. The popular party, he saw, were anxious to obtain him as a notable card to play in their game against royalism; his own anxiety was to obtain in return the best terms he could for the compact between the province of Corsica and the rest of the kingdom. He arrived in Paris in April, 1790. It was a busy spring; the period of what Mr. Carlyle has quaintly entitled 'The Muster'—the collection from all quarters of friends of the human race, who had played some strange part before, in France or abroad, and who now assembled to witness, or to share in, the birth of a new world, and to receive themselves the fraternal compliments of a not very fastidious Assembly—'all manner of mimetic, half-original men;' Dumouriez, Miranda, Clavière, Tom Paine, Baron Trenk, Paul Jones, and Anacharsis Cloots. Among this motley gathering, Pascal Paoli, with his reality of character and singleness of purpose, had also to exhibit his theatrical qualities; to witness reviews of the National Guard by the side of Lafayette, sittings of the 'Amis de la Constitution' by that of Robespierre; to call the day of his reception in the Assembly 'the happiest of his life,' and to be promenaded round the ruins of the Bastille. All the pomp of his welcome made singularly little impression on one so habitually regardless of personal distinction. What seems to have interested him most in France, was precisely what his patrons would have been glad to keep out of view—the mode of life and sentiments of the royal family, and the king in particular. His popularity, however, was confined to no class or party. He was named by common consent Lieutenant-General of Corsica; and, invested with this honour, the

veteran of sixty-five touched, and once more kissed with enthusiasm, the earth of his native island, where he landed in the summer of the same year.

His progress through the island, it need hardly be said, was a continued jubilee. The descriptionof it may be read in the memoirs of Lucien Buonaparte, the son of his old secretary, who, with his two elder brothers, and the other young zealots of modern liberty, vied with the surviving soldiers of independence in saluting one whose presence was the symbol at once of so many memories and so many hopes. The Electoral Assembly of Corsica, no longer the 'Consulta,' was met at Orezza; thither Paoli proceeded; he was hailed by orations of an eloquence savouring of Rousseau, especially one from Joseph Buonaparte, who seems to have aimed at representing the patriotism of the country *di là de' monti*; and he was named commander of the civic guard of the island by 387 voices against 1—an adjoint in command being given him, on his own urgent plea of ill-health. Thus he was left, with powers and popular confidence almost as great as in 1768, to work out the problem of the revolution in Corsica—he, the man of a former generation.

That he felt himself unfitted for the task, that a spirit of lassitude and disappointment soon came over him, is in no degree matter of surprise. There was truth in some of the young Napoleon's remarks on the romantic side of Paoli's character, remarks uttered in 1791, in that fiery and confused 'letter to Count Buttafuoco,' which bears date, as if of imperial augury, 'from my cabinet at Milelli'—the 'cabinet' in question being a garden-house in a little vineyard of the Buonapartes—'Constantly surrounded with enthusiasts and dreamers, he cannot imagine that men are actuated by any other passion than the fanaticism of liberty and independence.' The newer

cosmopolitan notions, those of 1790, he but imperfectly realised, and distasted. 'I found,' he wrote to one of his correspondents, 'that Corsica had not altered its place. The Tavignano and the Liamone still flow in their old beds; Monte Rotondo stands where he did, towering over the other mountains; but in manners and sentiments, what a change! I soon discovered that between 1769 and 1790 there was the distance of a century. Patriotism had ceased to be a vulgar virtue, and become a superhuman exertion.' The exaltation of national feeling had no doubt disappeared with that Genoese oppression which excited it. Under the mild reign of Louis XVI. Corsica had been on the whole indulgently governed, and had derived at least the advantage of considerable French expenditure from the connection. Independence, under these changed circumstances, was at best a doubtful prize to the sober-minded, while the zeal of the noisier patriots had taken the very opposite direction of universal fraternity. And it must be added that Paoli, whatever expressions he may have let fall in his disappointment, was in reality fully aware of the position of things; that he laboured honestly and loyally to preserve the connection with the French monarchy, so long as that monarchy existed. With its bloody overthrow in August 1792, began a new era for him. And, about the same time, he began to admit to his councils an influence which Corsicans agree in deeming singularly fatal both to himself and his country—the influence of one whose remarkable destinies deserve a page apart in this rapid narrative.

Whoever has visited Ajaccio, and performed the usual pilgrimage to the birthplace of Napoleon, will have noticed, only a few doors from the modest little Casa Buonaparte, a fresh-looking, respectable imitation of a Genoese palazzo, with painted façade and ponderous

armorial bearings; seeming to look down purposely on its humble neighbour. This house was built, in the days of his prosperity, by one who owned a name then almost as widely known as that of Napoleon himself—Carlo Andrea, Count Pozzo-di-borgo. His family was of ancient and (for Corsica) distinguished nobility; a branch, apparently, of the wide-spreading Italian house of Montecchi (the Montagues of Shakspeare), which took its own special name from a mountain overlooking Ajaccio. Carlo Andrea was one year older than Napoleon, and brought up on terms of early intimacy with him and Joseph. He signalised himself, together with the latter, at the meeting of Orezza—got himself named, in November, 1790, one of the extraordinary deputies sent by Corsica to Paris, with the report of that meeting—and led for some time a restless life of patriotic missions between the island and the metropolis. In 1792, on his return after the dissolution of the 'Constituante,' he found matters widely changed. His former friends had advanced far on the road to Republicanism. Paoli and the conservative part of the people were holding back. His own family had quarrelled with the Buonapartes and the club of Ajaccio. He now threw all his weight and theirs into the scale of the Paolists, and became, at twenty-four, Procureur-General of Corsica and Syndic. Those were the days for enterprising youth.

It was, indeed, a critical time. The party of the 'Mountain' were daily increasing in audacity and power. They numbered, not only the advanced liberals, but all those who were attached to the connection with France *à tout prix*, and believed the policy of Paoli likely to end in submission to England; and, in addition, not a few of the old Genoese and aristocratic party, who hated the practical equality of Paoli's administration, and were impelled by the usual vertigo to join the other extreme

against the *juste milieu.* The two exasperated factions of the community could not long remain in peaceful opposition. The Republican Club of Toulon formally accused Paoli before the Convention of various acts of incivism; and that assembly, on the report of one Escudier, issued on April 3, 1793, a mandate to him and Pozzo-di-borgo to appear at its bar, and a decree of '*prise de corps*' to enforce their attendance.

Even the most violent republicans were a little alarmed, on reflection, at having precipitated this rupture with the Corsican leader, whose influence was now so high, that, according to a passage in King Joseph's memoirs, the Convention had offered him the command of the army of Italy, in order to secure or neutralise him. The Committee of Public Safety endeavoured to impede the execution of the decree against him, but it was too late. The commissaries of the Convention—at their head the notorious Christopher Saliceti—had already departed for Corsica. They performed their errand bravely, although they found, as themselves reported, four-fifths of the people on the side of the General. Saliceti threatened him with the thousands of troops, and millions of money, at the command of the Convention. Paoli answered (says Arrighi), 'qu'il n'avait en son pouvoir qu'un écu de trois francs, et une poignée de mouches; mais qu'avec ces deux moyens, il mettrait bientôt en déroute les commissaires et leurs bataillons.' He refused to go to Paris, and appealed for protection, not to the authorities of the new Republic but to the old institutions of his island. A thousand and nine deputies met in *consulta* in the little irregular 'Place' before the Franciscan convent at Corte. Paoli himself opened the proceedings. The Procureur-Général harangued the meeting—from the branches of a tree, says tradition—and his eloquence, or the authority of his chief,

carried all before it. Troops, authorities, and citizens were forbidden to obey the commissaries, who shook off the dust of their feet against the rebel capital, and made the best of their way to Bastia. The General's old supporters—the armed mountaineers of the interior—soon assembled in multitudes to protect his person, and execute revenge on his enemies. The two families of Buonaparte of Ajaccio and Arena of Isola Rossa were declared traitors, but left expressly to the punishment of their own *infamia* —a mercy, as the result showed, like that of calling 'mad dog!' and leaving the animal under the imputation. The Convention, in return, denounced Paoli and Pozzo-di-borgo.

It has been said that the early importance of the Buonaparte family and Napoleon himself in Corsica, has been exaggerated by their own vanity and the partisanship of others. The decree above referred to, and the testimonies of Corsican writers, show that this was by no means the case. Of the young Napoleon's relations with Paoli many different stories have been told. But the narrative as given by himself in his conversations with his physician Antommarchi agrees in the main with other accounts, although somewhat disfigured by his own failures of recollection, or the stupidity of the *dottoraccio.* Napoleon had been nourished by his father in enthusiastic admiration of the veteran hero. At sixteen he wrote a history of Corsica—as we are informed by himself—full of republican and classical hero-worship. At twenty-one, he welcomed home the idol of his youthful enthusiasm; he accompanied Paoli in his ovation, visiting with him among other places the fatal field of Pontenuovo. His decided and energetic character soon gave the young officer the lead in his native town. He obtained his election for the command of a battalion of the National Guard, against

the Pozzo-di-borgos and other wealthy families. When Napoleon returned from Paris in September, 1792, he was forced to choose his part between the French and Paolist interests. Family partisanship, and a mind brimful of obscure but far-reaching political ideas, determined his choice of the former; yet his veneration for Paoli himself remained so strong—and the fact does him honour—that although deeply engaged on the Republican side, he wrote an address to the Convention, vindicating the General from the charge of treason. He had long conferences with Paoli at Corte, in which the latter strove, in vain, to detach the young man from his political views. They parted enemies. Napoleon remained some time in Corte after the breach with France; then, finding his personal security menaced, he made for Ajaccio.* Paoli's mountaineers were on his track. In the Alpine village of Bocognano, at the entrance of the great forest of Vizzavona, they beset the house in which he was lodged; and he is said to have escaped by descending from a window on the shoulders of some faithful partisans. He got away from Ajaccio with difficulty, after hiding a night in a cave near the Cappella de' Grechi. The family followed in a day or two, taking bye paths across the mountain torrents and through the *macchie*. 'Madame Letitia held the pretty little Pauline by the hand; Fesch took care of Elise and Louis. Before them marched a troop of partisans from Bastelica (Costa, their leader, is mentioned in Napoleon's will), behind them the men of Bocognano, armed with musket and pistol.' They embarked at Capitello on the Gulf; and Madame Mère landed her young brood of future sovereigns safely in France. Napoleon assisted a short time longer in the last struggle of the Republicans,

* In some accounts this adventure is said to have occurred to Napoleon in an endeavour to join the French party at Bastia.

and then followed his mother to the continent, to pursue his destiny. The property of his family was sacked and plundered by the reactionist mob.

Napoleon and Paoli had thus mutual wrongs to dwell on; but the Emperor seems soon to have forgotten his old Corsican enmities. It was only in the last decline of life that the memories of these early days rose vividly before him, as the dust and smoke of many an intervening battle-field subsided. His boyish admiration for the single hero of his little country then revived. He felt the reality of that lofty virtue, the visionary nothingness of those provincial quarrels, once so warmly embraced, which had risen like shadows between him and its possessor. His eulogies of Paoli are well known, and as discriminating as sincere. 'Il combattait, gouvernait, avec une sagacité, un tact, que je n'ai vu qu'à lui.* Paoli, on the other hand, when in his second retreat in England, could not disguise the interest which he took in the fortunes of his young compatriot; and is said to have offended the Allies by his enthusiasm for the First Consul. If he entertained a spite against any of the Buonapartes, it was Lucien—

* Napoleon, like a true Corsican, particularly prized the dexterity exhibited by Paoli as a guerilla chief. On one occassion (he told Las Casas) he had himself sent a clever emissary, disguised as a beggar, to convey some intelligence. This man was arrested by Paoli's gendarmes, but they could make nothing of him, and brought him to the general. 'How?' said he. 'Un misérable qui court les champs pour demander de l'aumône? C'est un émissaire. Allez, cherchez; il a quelque message.—Impossible; nous avons tenu ses vêtemens fil à fil; nous avons tout désassemblé.—Sa mission est donc verbale, car il en a une; cherchez, questionnez encore.—Nous avons tout épuisé. —Qu'a-t-il sur lui?—Une petite gourde.—Cassez-la.—On le fit. On trouva les commissions: Paoli n'était pas un facile homme à surprendre.' Lamberg says that he seldom carried on written correspondence. He would send a messenger to the person from whom he wanted intelligence. 'Describe particularly the objects in his room, and let me know.' The messenger would report: There was a cap, stick, snuff-box, in such and such a position. That was the answer.

quel bricconcello, as he called him ; and Lucien paid him off in his Memoirs, which contain nearly all the ill-natured things which could be said on his account.

The Republicans held out against the Paolists but a short time in the field, and were soon confined within the walls of Bastia and Calvi. Their defeat was signalised by the usual excesses of revolutionary crises ; and Paoli was accused, seemingly not without reason, of looking on too passively. In the meantime, it became necessary to take a decided part between France and England. Independence was now out of the question. Paoli's early admiration for British institutions had lost nothing of its strength from twenty years of residence under their safeguard. He willingly acceded to the proposal of the Consulta that he should enter into negotiations for the purpose of placing the island under British protection ; and its sovereignty was provisionally accepted by George III. in April, 1794.

Bastia held out a month longer ; and capitulated to England after a gallant resistance, well known to us from its connection with the life of Nelson. That of Calvi was still more protracted. Hundreds of island refugees assembled at Marseilles, Toulon, and the neighbourhood, to add to the fierceness of the Republican party in those quarters, and to wait their own time of vengeance.

Among the families expelled from Bastia on this occasion were the Viterbi, to whose history a peculiar tragic interest attaches, though belonging to a later period than we are now concerned with. The Viterbi were blood enemies of the Frediani, who had embraced the English side. Many violent deeds on both parts signalised their enmity, and each used the political success of its party for the oppression of the other. After the restoration of 1814, Luc' Antonio Viterbi, a man of education and

talent, but fierce and determined character, who had been at one time *accusateur public* at Bastia, was sentenced to death for complicity in the murder of a Frediani. The evidence was doubtful, but pressed against him with hereditary malignity; the Cour Royale of Bastia, after a trial of fifteen days, sentenced him to the guillotine. He appealed to the Court of Cassation, but resolved to starve himself to death in the interval, to avoid the ignominy of a public execution. He kept a journal of his sufferings for more than twenty days: one of the strangest records in existence of the power of the human mind under such circumstances. Its authenticity has been doubted, but it is credited in the island. He could not resist the violence of thirst, and relieved himself on several occasions by swallowing great quantities of water from the pitcher left purposely in his prison: this prolonged his existence and his agonies. Mr. Benson, who published the journal in the appendix to his work on Corsica, represents him as having ultimately succeeded in his determination; but the belief on the spot is that he was finally despatched by poison obtained from his relations. He left behind him some poetical remains, chiefly written in prison, of no mean power in their kind. The following exhortation to his infant son to revenge him on the First President of the Cour Royale, may serve as a specimen, and indicate also the difficulties which impede justice in Corsica:

Scanna l' iniquo capo, e fa man bassa
Sull' infame progenie, e i sanguinosi
Corpi tutti in un cumulo rammassa;
Guardarli e seppellirli alcun non osi:
Ma sien di pasto, pei spietati esempio,
Ai crocidanti augei nero-piumosi.

Corsica was thought, in 1794, a valuable acquisition by the English, and obtained from Mr. Pitt, in order to satisfy the inhabitants, a constitution of extreme and

almost democratic liberalism. The sovereign was to be represented by a viceroy. Foreign writers regard it as a great fault on the part of the English Government that this post was not immediately conferred on Paoli, and attribute it to the sinister intrigues of Pozzo-di-borgo, the principal agent in effecting the union. There was, no doubt, a good deal to be said on the other side, in favour of appointing an impartial and eminent foreigner, in lieu of a native who, though adored by part of his fellow citizens, was detested by the remainder: and Sir Gilbert Elliot, afterwards the first Lord Minto, was made viceroy. But, after all, this was not the bold or magnanimous line of policy: and it failed. Pozzo-di-borgo became President of the Council. When Paoli presented to Elliot the wild-looking, bright-eyed, lanky, gipsy-like youth, Elliot, it is said, could not refrain from asking, 'Is *that* your President of the Council?' 'Yes,' replied Paoli, 'and I answer for him as a man equally fit to conduct a government and to keep goats in the mountains, or to dislodge an enemy *à coups de carabine*.' It is less easy to believe—though the anecdote does savour of the General's vein—that Elliot said to him some time later (when pressed to discharge his president, as he finally did), 'I hear nothing but complaints of Pozzo-di-borgo: remember that I took him on your recommendation as a capable man.' 'Yes,' said Paoli, 'I gave him you as one gives a razor, with which a barber shaves a beard, and a monkey cuts a throat.'

But such a man as Paoli, if too powerful for viceroyalty, was still more dangerous in retreat. He could not conceal his deep dissatisfaction at the turn things were taking under the new government, and the evils wrought among his countrymen, as he believed, by English guineas and Pozzo-di-borgo's intrigues. 'Cette idée,' he says in a letter, 'me poursuit comme un remords. Les républicains

sèment la terreur sous leurs pas, les Anglais la corruption.' His name became once more—and with no co-operation of his own—a rallying point for the various factions discontented with the government, the Jacobins uniting for the nonce with his own 'Royalists' against the British. This state of things could not last long. On the advice of Elliot, Paoli was invited to England once more by a complimentary letter from the king. He hesitated long before obeying, and called a meeting of his friends at Morosaglia to counsel and support him. Arrighi describes him standing at a window with a spyglass in his hand, and calling to the veteran captain of his guard, Jean-Charles Saliceti, 'Are they coming? How are they dressed? What have they on their heads?' 'They wear foreign hats and foreign-cut coats.' 'So much the worse—so much the worse,' murmured the old man. These were not his faithful mountaineers, the men of the cowl and capote. He had no taste for recommencing the construction of a party at seventy, with such materials. He bade a lingering adieu to the chestnut-covered mountains that surround his paternal village, and on October 11, 1795, left for the last time the shores of Corsica.

The cause of England certainly gained no advantage by his retirement. The only name which commanded respect being removed, things went from bad to worse. The English complained of Corsican deceit, the Corsicans seemed to have no motive but that of making the most in a pecuniary way of a connection obviously so precarious. A year after Paoli's retirement, Buonaparte, having conquered Lombardy, sent Antonio Gentili with a small force against Corsica. The precipitation with which the Anglo-Corsican Government broke up was unexampled. It was an universal *sauve-qui-peut*. The French power was re-established in a few days. Gentili proclaimed a formal

amnesty, but popular fury made, as usual, its exceptions, and the family of Paoli was one. Clement was dead; he had lived to see his brother's return, and to rejoin him; and now lay interred in his own convent of Morosaglia. An aged sister was left; she was summoned before the authorities at Bastia. She refused to go: 'If the French would depute some one to kill her in the house of her ancestors,' she said, 'she would meet her fate becomingly.' She was left to die in peace.

Pozzo-di-borgo had already gone to London, and had commenced that career of diplomatic activity which afterwards led him so far. In the service of England, Austria, Russia, in exile, disgrace, and power alike, he made the downfal of Napoleon the one constant aim of his existence, meddled in every intrigue of every coalition, patiently took up the threads of one negotiation after another as they were cut by the sword, and carried into the great struggle of European politics the untiring inveteracy of his native vendetta. Napoleon once demanded his extradition, and Alexander assented; but the diplomatist remembered the fate of Patkul, and escaped to London. He stood opposed to his great enemy at Waterloo, and witnessed that unequalled rout with all the satisfaction of gratified hatred. 'It was not I who killed him,' he said, after Napoleon's embarcation for Saint Helena, 'but I have thrown the last shovelful of earth on his head.' Yet he, too, full of years and outward honours, was doomed to feel the Nemesis of a life which has outlasted its single object. He died, in much weariness of soul and comparative disgrace, in 1842. One of his nephews, of the same name, who inherited much of his great property, was murdered near Ajaccio a few years back by private enemies.*

* 'He was the dispenser of the charities given by the count, his uncle,

Of Paoli himself little remains to be said. He survived more than ten years the period of his last retirement, enjoyed even to the last the full possession of his faculties, and continued to take a deep interest in the political events which were passing around him. His pension had been raised by the English Government to 2,000*l.* a year. There are those living (1855) who yet remember his house in the Edgeware Road, and the cheerful society of the venerable man. The MS. memorandum of one who visited him in 1803, speaks of his vivacity of gesture and the variety of expression of his countenance, his frank address and polished manners, and his eloquent communicativeness respecting his own career, in terms recalling the description of Boswell forty years before. He died on February 5, 1807, and was buried in Old Saint Pancras Churchyard, then the ordinary place of sepulture of distinguished Roman Catholics: his friends raised him a monument in Westminster Abbey, among the memorials of the great men of the island which adopted him, and which he loved next to his own.

If this slight sketch of him contains little but panegyric, it is not for want of authority for depreciation; he was the object of hostile criticism enough from writers of the

and had made himself hated on account of injustice in the distribution. I was told, also, that he had seduced a girl, and hesitated about paying the high rate of compensation demanded by the family. The injured parties resolved on his death. As he was driving in his carriage one day from his villa to Ajaccio, they surrounded it, and cried to him, "Nephew of Carl' Andrea Pozzo-di-borgo, step out!" He came out and confronted them boldly. They effected their purpose in cold blood, in full day and on the highroad, as if it had been an act of justice against a malefactor. Their shots did not kill him on the spot. The murderers placed him in the carriage, and told the coachman to drive back, that the nephew of Carl' Andrea might die in his bed. Then they fled into the "macchie," where, after some time they were killed in a conflict with gendarmes.'—Gregorovius, *Corsica*, ii. 164.

French party, both in his life and since; but we must adopt Herr Klose's defence:—

Scarcely anything is said of Paoli in my present publication which is not to his honour: but this arises simply from the circumstance, that I have found in him and his actions scarcely anything which was not praiseworthy: and even his weaknesses —and weaknesses he must have had—have escaped my careful inquiries, unless we are to regard as his weak side the ease with which he allowed himself to be led away, more than once, by an active imagination and zealous patriotism, into deceitful hopes, and through those hopes into some inconsistencies of conduct.'

And so his country has judged of him:—

The remembrance of Paoli, says Gregorovius, is sacred among the people. Napoleon fills the heart of the Corsican with pride, for he was his brother; but if you mention Paoli to him, his eye lights up like that of a son to whom one names an honourable departed father. It is impossible that any man can be more thoroughly reverenced and loved after his death than Pasquale Paoli: and if posthumous fame is a second life, *then* does this greatest man of Corsica and of Italy in the eighteenth century live a thousandfold in the heart of every Corsican, from the aged man who knew him to the child on whose soul his great example is impressed. There is no greater name than that of Father of his country. Flattery has often abused it and made it ridiculous: in the land of the Corsicans I felt that it might be a truth.

There remains but little personal memorial of him except his letters, of which many have been preserved, and one or two indifferent pictures. Monuments to their great men were little appreciated among the Corsicans of the old time; they preferred that their deeds should be preserved by the singularly tenacious memory of the people. Paoli himself largely shared in this feeling. When the Legislature under the British Government applied for his bust to place in their hall of meeting, he

consented, not only with reluctance, but with a sort of haughtiness, reminding them of his own fixed principle, that such honours, if they must needs be paid at all, should be paid after death only;—a principle which received full illustration when the same bust was dragged round the hall in contumely by Gentili's republicans. But the French fashion has prevailed in recent times, and the people of his native canton of Rostino have erected to him (1854) a bronze statue, in the new Place of his romantic little metropolis Corte. It is not ill imagined. The General stands in the sort of half-military costume which he wore, with broad-skirted coat, and *bottes à revers*, in act as if about to address an assembly. The execution, it must be confessed, falls somewhat short of the conception, and the hero has rather the air of a 'bourgeois endimanché.' But it is the pride of that secluded district, far and near; and among the many sturdy, wild-looking mountain figures which you may observe around it, indolently gazing for hours, you will find scarce a man who will not recount to you, with more or less of detail, the main outlines of the life of the great Generale e Gobernatore della Corsica, who expelled the Genoese and the French, raised his country to independence, led its sons to battle as a chosen champion, governed and judged it as a chosen sovereign, and left the savings of his poverty to educate its children.

VOLTAIRE, ROUSSEAU, AND GÖTHE.*

On August 28, 1849, and the following days, Germany celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the birth of her greatest writer. All the literary capitals of that land of literature vied with each other in inventing ceremonial observances for the national jubilee. In accordance with the prevailing musical tendencies of the people, operatic representations formed the leading features of the several festivals. The dramatic *chefs d'œuvre* of the poet were produced with every accompaniment which modern skill in music and decoration could supply; his lyrics—solemn, festive, and satirical—were performed in the most brilliant manner by mixed choruses of professionals and amateurs: Schumann, Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and the other living or recent composers of Germany, furnished their sweetest strains for the great occasion. All the literary and philosophical celebrities of the day contributed their quota of odes, speeches, and sentiments. The veteran Alexander von Humboldt officiated as Coryphæus at Berlin, and led the way in an address full of his own brilliant generalisations, of which the most characteristic specimen that we can find is a comparison

* Most of this essay appeared originally in the *Edinburgh Review* in the form of a critique on some works produced by the Göthe Jubilee of 1849 Since then Mr. Lewes's masterly life of that author has appeared, and has had a great effect in forming and modifying English opinion respecting him. But after reflection, I have ventured on republishing my own views notwithstanding.

of the lives of men of genius to 'the appearance of those everlasting lights of celestial space of which the greater orbs are sometimes dispersed like sporadic existences in the measureless ocean, sometimes united in brilliant groups.' Nor were the proper attractions wanting for the inferior orders of the cultivated world. There were triumphal arches, fountains, scenic decorations, transparencies of Göthe surrounded by every attribute of allegory —Göthe as 'Dichterkind' on a griffin, Göthe as 'Dichterjüngling' on a Pegasus—dinners, polkas, illuminations, and fireworks.

Yet it seems that the celebration, everywhere alike, was regarded as a failure. No corresponding inspiration was kindled in the audiences by the laborious enthusiasm of the stage-managers. The multitude listened, dull, spiritless, and uninterested; or, at best, they applauded the music, and gazed on the show, as they might on any other occasion; but without any notice of the peculiar significance of the day. The Fates themselves appeared to take a pleasure in mocking the solemnity. It was marred everywhere by cross accidents. At Berlin the contractor for the banquet miscalculated the number of his guests, and the assembled votaries had to endure four mortal hours of a dinner which was little better than nominal, the intervals between the speeches not being duly enlivened by courses of more substantial diet. At Weimar, so long the poet's residence, his own family refused to take any part in the business; owing, it was said, to some quarrel with the municipality about the property in his relics. At Frankfort, his birthplace, the burghers were insolvent, and out of humour; the populace savage and sore from the recent chastisement of their neighbour radicals of Baden by the Prussian bayonets. They voted the whole affair a piece of aristocratic impertinence; and when the managers got up a

nocturnal serenade in front of the old house of the Göthes, the mob interrupted it, and put the performers to flight with a chorus of 'Katzenmusik.'

No doubt the period at which the jubilee fell was an unfortunate one. Men's minds, reeking with political excitement, were little disposed to take interest in the payment of a somewhat pedantic homage to mere literary greatness. The failure of so many cherished schemes of German freedom and union had engendered among the more enthusiastic a spirit of fierce disappointment, which was ready enough to vent itself in bitterness against the memory of the idols of the last generation. The attacks of Börne and his school had, moreover, indisposed the sentiments of many of the younger class towards Göthe. The cherished author of the higher cultivated circles had been represented, with very little reason, as opposed to the political rights of the lower orders; and, with a good deal more, as having laboured to repress that spirit of hopeful activity out of which alone political reforms could arise. His reputation, in short, had become a kind of battle-field between democrats and conservatives; and the former, although for the moment the defeated party, were as yet the loudest. But, beyond all these temporary obstacles to the success of the commemoration, it cannot be denied that a sense of unreality, a blank dissatisfaction, weighed on minds capable of calmer and more elevated judgment. The worship which was once paid, sincerely if blindly, to the living man, had become, they felt, mere conventional idolatry of the dead. Göthe was no longer what he had been, nor was his Germany the same. It was not the fame of the 'Artist' which was in question: that was established. In that character, 'nothing could touch him further;' the Book of Fate had closed on the page which recorded his name. But Göthe

had been much more than this to Germany. For many years he had been regarded as the first practical philosopher of his day—the Liberator of the age from prejudice and barbarism:—the great Teacher, from whom men were to learn how to direct their energies aright, how to achieve that perfect balance or harmony of the faculties and passions in which he placed the supreme good of his system. It was in this capacity that he had been reverenced with an enthusiasm unparalleled in modern days, and which nothing but its honesty preserved from absolute ridicule. Each of his greater works had been overlaid with multiplied gloss and commentary, in which critics vied with each other in extracting from their subject the greatest amount of recondite learning. Every trivial saying which he chose, after his half-solemn half-mystifying fashion, to propound as oracular, had been treasured and expanded as a relic of inspiration. Where was all this glory now? Where was the vaunted 'world-philosophy' of the accomplished Epicurean? Had it not become as vain and wearisome as the systems of those former schools which it had been held to supersede? Was not there a painful suspicion that much of the weakness and degeneracy of the higher classes—much of their impotence to resist the torrent of those false principles and exaggerated sentiments in which they had long ceased to share—was owing to the enervating influence of doctrines once admired as exalting man to the ethereal serenity of angelic natures?

All these were unsettled questions at best. The world had not yet arrived at that point in its progress from which it might survey with judicial clearness the character of the mighty deceased; and his spirit, evoked untimely from its recent grave for this solemnity, was viewed by numbers as a spectre of questionable shape—

a crowned phantom, the legitimacy of whose title was still under just debate.

The time has assuredly not arrived for a full appreciation of Göthe. The peculiar spirit of that age in which his mind was formed as yet clings too much to our generation, to render us truly competent and impartial judges. But the time *has* perhaps arrived, when it behoves us to question ourselves as to the results of that long and brilliant career on modern society. It is time to examine what Göthe has done for us, what is the nature and tendency of the train of thought which he has left behind him, what school he has founded, what is the general relation of his philosophy on those which preceded it, and its bearing on those which are yet to come. These, no doubt, may seem questions of more immediate importance in Germany, and on the Continent generally, than for our solitary and self-sufficing society. But the contagion of a genius so searching as his is to be kept out by no quarantine of English prejudices and indifference. The subject is not disposed of by the mere statement that English people read little of Göthe; if, indeed, the fact be so. They read him at second or third hand; they meet with some portion of his spirit alike in the abstruser speculations of modern religion and ethical philosophy, and in the common literature of the day. No one can well over-estimate the influence which a single mind, possessed of great original powers, and turning them in a popular direction, exercises in our day of rapid interchange of thought; or the speed with which that influence is conveyed, by a thousand ramifying channels, to the very extremities of the educated community.

And this must be the apology for foreigners, like ourselves, when we venture to pass criticisms on great names like his, apparently so far removed from our judgments

by peculiarities of language and habits of thought. It is an apology which conveys at the same time a far higher compliment than any which literary flattery could devise. When we are told that we cannot understand Göthe, our answer is, that he has made himself understood. Line upon line, precept upon precept, his writings have forced their way into our own literature, and he is as much one of the fathers of the present educated generation of Englishmen as our own Gibbon, or Johnson, or Wordsworth. We are, therefore, not only entitled, but bound, to examine and to judge of him, and to say for ourselves, with whatever consciousness of uncertainty in our judgments, what is the nature and extent of this power which is at work among us, and how far its operation is for good or for evil.

That Göthe's writings do involve a peculiar view of life, its duties, and its objects—that he has furnished mankind, not only with new subjects of thought, but with new ways of thinking and feeling—is declared at once by his multitudinous admirers, and by the determined band of opponents who in later years have been raised up against him in his own country. And we must still further trespass on the reader's indulgence for somewhat antiquated criticism, if, in order to estimate still more fully the position from which he started, the ground which he traversed, and the direction which he has given to those who are to continue the race, we go still further back, and concern ourselves awhile with celebrities still more out of date. For as three great names—Voltaire, Rousseau, and Göthe—represent, in succession, the different phases of the social philosophy of an entire century, so the three owners of the names are connected, not solely by the law of literary dependence, but by those of reaction and contrast. It is impossible in any degree

to understand the functions exercised by Göthe in the European commonwealth, without taking into view those performed by his two predecessors; not merely because his mind was of course in great measure formed by theirs, but also because his philosophy is just what was looked for by a generation which, like his, had been taught by Voltaire and Rousseau, and had become dissatisfied with its teachers—partly a complement of their doctrines, partly a protest against them.

It scarcely seems necessary to go higher than to Voltaire in tracing, for popular purposes, the parentage of modern continental philosophy. For his most extraordinary gift was that of assimilating, combining, and reproducing the thoughts of others; so that, with little originality of his own, he was able to pass off his second-hand inspiration as genuine. Clear, subtle, daring, with every quality but depth, he obtained all that sway over the public mind which is seldom acquired by the real originators of thought—too conscious, in general, of the inadequacy of their own judgments to be able to impose them with the tone of a sovereign. Few indeed looked through Voltaire, at Bayle and Pascal, who stood behind him. He seemed to France, and Europe in general, to occupy the extremity of the visible horizon—the father of authorship—the oracle alike of politics, philosophy, and literature—the living 'We' of journalism before journalism had acquired its present substantial existence. He deserves, therefore, to rank as the first of the great priests of the modern creed of Negation. There were poets before Homer, and sceptics before Voltaire; and it may be a profitable as well as curious research to enquire after both: but for us, whose object is only to trace in some degree the course of popular thought and writing in later days, Voltaire is the beginning of all things.

To many, indeed, the examination of peculiarities in his character seems superfluous. Voltaire was an infidel and an arch-teacher of infidelity; and as such to be cast aside with one general mark of reprobation. But we would ask those who imagine that the mere fact of his infidelity dispenses with all serious enquiry into his tenets and motives, by implying utter perversity and worthlessness of judgment, what else they would have had him, with such a mind and such an education, but an infidel? He was endowed with a resolute spirit and a penetrating genius: he could not have remained among the nameless millions who live and die in nominal belief. Was he to be a zealous Romanist of his own time and country? Was he to acquiesce in the religion *à la* Maintenon which was in fashion in his young years, that lowest and worst of hypocrisies—when coarse, deliberate vice, unexcused by passion, was not only varnished over by outward decency, but actually intruded among religious observances, with the respectful acquiescence, at least, of the prelates and saints of an age which the Duc de Noailles, a Christian writer, is not ashamed to indicate, in his recent 'Life of Madame de Maintenon,' as a model for ours? Would they have had him reverence Christianity under the cardinal's hat of Dubois, or Alberoni, or Fleury? or in the wretched series of low intrigues, craven tempers, and obscure ambitions, which characterised the last years of the company of Jesuits before their dissolution? Was he to join one half of the sincere believers of Paris in persecuting the other half, in the affair of the Jansenists? or was he to take part with the martyrs in their one-sided orthodoxy, mingled as it was with credulity of the most contemptible order? All this was impossible. There was, no doubt, an alternative. There was then, in France, as there has

been, and ever is, in Christian countries of whatever persuasion, the small company of God's chosen servants—of those to whom it is given to extract truth even from the midst of bewildering errors—of those who are rarely known to the world, and can but seldom even know and recognise each other in it. But to say of any one that he was not a member of this invisible Church is scarcely a reproach; and between this and unbelief there was no resting-place for a mind like Voltaire's, and in his day.

The open and literal character of his unbelief, wherein he differs from all other really great men, was a consequence of a certain necessity both of his moral and intellectual nature. He could never utter half his thought. If he could have done so, he might have avoided his thirty years of exile, or have spent them under the shadow of royalty at Berlin. And his thought went always directly to its point. When once the apparent logical truth was reached, he had no conception of the possibility of error from too wide generalisation in the premises, and entertained the greatest contempt for all who suggested it. It was utterly impossible that he should frame for himself any of those more or less hazy atmospheres of mixed sentiment and reasoning—mixed faith and incredulity—in which so many minds of a different, perhaps a superior order, have been and are involved. In attacking the letter of the Bible, he had no doubt whatever that he was dealing direct blows at the foundation of all revealed religion. His reasoning on the one side was as concise as the popular reasoning of that day, and of ours, on the other. There is a revelation from God, says the common syllogism: therefore every word of the Bible is true in its literal sense. Much of the Bible is demonstrably false in its literal sense, says Voltaire, therefore there is no revealed religion. His judgment needed

no further proof than this: his conscience never awakened to the void which so many feel whose judgment has been led astray. He had no shrinking whatever from the abyss of negation, which opens on most men when revealed truth is discarded. It was filled up to his perfect satisfaction by natural religion. There was no doubt, no mystery, about his God of Nature. A few trivial deductions from design and contrivance—a few probabilities turned into axioms—were quite enough to satisfy him. It might be said of him, as Heine says of his offspring, the 'Genevese School:' 'They made of the Deity an able artist, who has constructed the world much as their fathers manufactured watches.' The being of God was, in his view, if not quite as strictly demonstrated as the falsehood of the Bible, at least firmly established on the basis of convenience; and an Atheist was nearly as absurd a person as a priest. Whatever may have been his occasional fits of complaisance towards thorough-going friends who outstripped him in their unbelief, his own judgment always repudiated Atheism. He also dreaded it. 'If,' said he, in 1765, 'the world were ever to be governed by Atheists, we might as well be under the empire of those infernal beings who are represented to us as savagely tormenting their victims.'

But Voltaire is commonly called an immoral as well as an irreligious writer; and the saying is true of course, but not true in the sense, or to the extent, usually intended. Immoral he was, as a writer, as far as an imagination as lively as it was depraved, great regardlessness of truth, much jealousy and much arrogance, and these all obtruded on the world with an utter absence of self-restraint, could make him. But immoral in the sense of an impugner of the laws of morality he was not: herein, again, differing from the great men who followed him. He never attacked those laws directly: never indirectly on purpose, whatever

may have been the effect of his reckless ridicule. On the contrary, he upheld them, even ostentatiously, as the foundations of his system, which had only the defect, quite imperceptible to his eyes, of containing nothing on which the foundations themselves might rest. It was enough for him that the excessive incommodiousness of a world without morality was demonstrable. 'The Supreme Intelligence which has formed us willed that there should be justice on the earth, in order that we might be able to live on it a certain number of years.' 'La morale vient de Dieu, comme la lumière.' Thou shalt not do murder, like the Dominicans; nor be ambitious, like the Jesuits; nor licentious, like the Capuchins: such were his daily edicts. Why not? Because the God of Nature has willed it; and I, Voltaire, am his prophet: and if you preach aught to the contrary, you are a Lamétrie, a 'Velche,' a barbarian.

The same hard clearness in his outlines of thought equally distinguishes Voltaire in other points, in which he comes closely within range of the thoughts and feelings of his readers. His very egotism is of this description. It is as superficial as his ethics and his religion. Egotism, which is the greatest attraction of other leading writers with whom he is commonly compared and contrasted, in him only provokes our propensity to ridicule. He is no self-anatomiser. He never dreams of bringing before you the man Voltaire, with his intimate thoughts and sympathies. He introduces you to Voltaire the historian, the tragedian, the literary oracle of his age. He drapes himself, and poses before you in every variety of attitude: but you never for a moment imagine yourself Voltaire, or enter with him into that deep communion of spirit which turns books into living men. His whole life was representation, and he never seems to have conceived life under any other aspect. And this is the reason

why, unlike almost all other great men, he is perhaps less himself in his epistolary writings than anywhere else. Nothing makes the reader less intimate with Voltaire than his letters. They have spirit enough, but no body. They disclose nothing, because their author had no secrets, and put his soul, such as it was, quite as much into his Philosophical Dictionary, or his fugitive criticisms, as into his closest correspondence. It was an odd compliment paid by an Austrian princess to Voltaire's familiar verses, that, addressed as they often are to the highest correspondents, and playing with the most delicate subjects, she never detected an expression in them contrary to etiquette.

So, again, with regard to his political philosophy, if such it can be termed. He, who may be more justly called the chief precursor of the French revolution than any other man, not only exhibited himself in general as exempt from revolutionary tendencies (in politics, taken apart from religion), but evidently felt at some times fear, at other times considerable contempt, for those whose aspirations for change disturbed his equanimity. His flatteries of kings and courts may have been insincere enough: but he never flattered 'the people' at all. He seldom speaks of republics in any other way than by dwelling on the excesses of democracy. 'He was not the man,' says Louis Blanc, 'to expect the salvation of the people from a political and social revolution. As for changing totally and profoundly the material conditions of the state and of society, it was a possibility of which he did not dream; and he only turned his attention in that direction at all towards the end of his career, when Diderot, d'Holbach, and Raynal, were beginning to make themselves heard. In the 6,950 letters which compose his correspondence, as well as in most of his works, the

reader is struck with the general absence of political preoccupations.' If he had an utopia of his own, it was one in which wise and tolerant kings should govern communities, each having a philosopher or two, by way of director, at his elbow. 'Like Luther and Calvin,' he preached at once revolt against the spiritual and submission to the temporal authority. And, it must be added—and this is the chief cause of complaint which writers of the school of Louis Blanc have against him—he was in politics an 'individualist' in the highest degree. He certainly formed to himself no idea of political or social happiness, except through the action of individuals, free to compete with and check one another. If any scheme of socialism had been evolved out of the brains of the thinkers of his day—Rousseau's bold but vague tendencies that way can hardly be reckoned as such—it would be easy to conceive the storm of ridicule which it would have elicited from the egotist philosopher of Ferney. To sum up his character as a politician, he was too well satisfied with the world, such as he found it, its comfortable inequalities and amusing basenesses, to wish for a change: and when his sagacity foresaw that this might come too rapidly, he shrank from the prospect. There cannot be a better instance of this than the charming little apologue, 'Le Voyage de la Raison,' one of the very last of his works (1774). Reason and her daughter Truth, encouraged by the promising aspect of affairs under so many reforming sovereigns, have come out of their well to make a tour through Europe. They visit France last. They find all the French eagerly anticipating reforms in the state: remission of taxes, uniformity of jurisprudence, abolition of priestly celibacy, of torture, confiscation, and so forth. Truth is enchanted, and proposes to Reason to take record of all these things: 'but I will

write nothing down, mother, except under your dictation.' Reason answers, 'Daughter, you know well that I too wish for all these things, and for a good deal besides. But matters like these demand time and reflection. I have been always satisfied when, in my troubles, I have obtained some part of the relief I wished for. To-day I am only too happy. Do you remember the period when almost all the kings of the earth, being in profound peace, amused themselves with playing at riddles, and when the beautiful queen of Sheba came to propound puzzles to Solomon?' 'Yes, mother: those were pleasant times, but they did not last.' 'Well,' replies her mother, 'these are much better times. The only object then was to display a little wit; and I see that, for the last ten or twelve years, Europe has now been applying herself to acquire those arts and those necessary virtues which soften the bitterness of life. It seems, in a general way, as if all the world had come to an agreement to think more solidly than had been the fashion for some tens of centuries. . . . . Well, daughter, let us enjoy this fine season; let us stay here if it continues: *if storms come on, let us get back into our well.*'

But yet the extremely multiform character of this 'Proteus of men's talents' must needs make us pause before we ascribe to him too confidently any consistent course of thought. Except where he was really and savagely in earnest, as in his warfare against priests, it is never easy to ascertain, in him, whether the features which he may chance to wear are those of the man or of the mask. Was he in earnest when he flattered kings, and mocked at the talk of equality among men, or when his usually cold and measured muse burst into the most inspired tribute to political freedom which the language of his country affords:—

Mon lac est le premier! C'est sur ces bords heureux
Qu'habite des humains la Déesse éternelle,
L'âme des grands travaux, l'objet des nobles vœux,
Que tout mortel *embrasse, ou désire, ou rappelle,*
Qui vit dans tous les cœurs, et dont le nom sacré
Dans les cours des tyrans est à bas adoré :
La Liberté! J'ai vu cette Déesse altière
Descendre de Morat en habit de guerrière,
Les mains teintes du sang des fiers Autrichiens,
Et de Charles-le-Téméraire . . . .

Had he the mask on, or not, when he penned those powerful verses? We, for our part, believe that he had not; and that they contain the covert protest of a mind far too clear-sighted and experienced in the lessons of history to be hoodwinked on the real merits of the question, against the slavish doctrines which expediency, and the habit of flattering the powerful, and the desire to keep aloof from the vulgar company of ordinary demagogues, had induced him usually to adopt.

Such was Voltaire in some of his most salient features, and being such, it may be matter of surprise with some that his influence should have been not only so extensive in his own day, but so permanent with later generations. Qualities of style, and the other faculties of the 'artist,' will not account for this. His wit, unrivalled as it is, might maintain his popularity, but could not perpetuate his empire. The unequalled conversational beauty of his style, by which the reader is carried, as in a pleasant journey on an easy road, over, or past, all the difficulties at which deeper reasoning would stumble, is also a quality rather to excite pleasure than to ensure admiration. Nor has the good which Voltaire really worked in his own time much to do with his present position. As an assailant of some past abuses he may be entitled to gratitude; but so are the impugners of witchcraft, and other respected but forgotten benefactors. We must therefore seek for the

real ground of his supremacy elsewhere; and we find it in the close adaptation of his philosophy to the requirements of a large portion of mankind. How many are there—and especially men whose business makes them much conversant with the world, statesmen, men of business, and the like—to whose minds scepticism like that of Voltaire is not only a natural element, but one in which they feel contented, and out of which they seek not for escape! Dogmatism has no attractions for them; but mysticism is even more adverse to their dispositions. The first will not satisfy their shrewd and cautious natures; but the second always produces on them the effect of imbecility, or cheatery. They find the world full of problems, and compel themselves to take the first and simplest practical solution. 'Il faut prendre un parti' (the motto of Voltaire's latest defence of natural religion, 1772) is the principle on which they adopt their creeds: but criticism, not faith, is their natural element. They have a clear perception, if not a keen sense, of moral right and wrong; and none of the sophistry by which minds of a different class seek daily to obscure it has any effect upon them. Such men are true Voltairians; and it matters not whether they are sceptics in the ordinary sense of the word, or whether they have deliberately chosen a religion, rather by an act of the will than of the intellect—rather as a thing to be received than believed. While such men exist, and have, as they must have, a marked share in the conduct of the affairs of mankind, their great master, whether his influence be felt direct or at second-hand, will remain one of the literary sovereigns of the world.

But such minds will always constitute a minority, however important a one, among thinking and feeling men. The multitude of those to whom faith is a necessity is

much greater. It would far exceed the present purpose to examine, how the Voltairian influence required and called into existence by inevitable reaction a counter-balancing power; and how this was furnished by a spirit of a very different character, one far inferior in those points wherein Voltaire's supremacy lay, but as infinitely superior in others, and great above all in his own weaknesses:—one too who resembled Voltaire at least in this, that he adopted and attracted, and effaced by the splendour of his own genius, the converging tendencies of many minds anterior to his own. With none of Voltaire's advantages—low in origin, coarse in tastes, repulsing the intimacy and outraging the self-opinion of literary folks, wayward in heart and understanding to a degree which amounted to unquestionable insanity—Rousseau swayed the world by two prevailing qualities. He was the great poet of the universal passion—love. He was the great prophet of the doctrine most universally seductive to the human intellect—the perfectibility of man. He introduced man to a new guide—a guide who might serve either as a substitute for revelation or a companion to it; teaching, that every man was indeed a law unto himself. If not absolutely the first to proclaim this doctrine, he was the first to clothe it sometimes with the seductive graces of refined voluptuousness, sometimes with the still more powerful attractions of asceticism and self-denial, borrowed from a severer creed; oftener still, with the charms of philanthropy. This was, in truth, as has been often observed, a consummation for which the world had been long preparing. The practical sense of man's corruption through original sin, the moving principle of so many religious reformations, had long been dying away. Rome had preserved it dogmatically; but mingled as it was in the view of Romanists with the tenets of a denounced and

unpopular school, it was daily more and more lost sight of in their general teaching. Polite Calvinism was thrusting it into the background as fanatical, the Church of England as methodistical. The principles of Rousseau had at the utmost to break down, or rather to sap, the fence of a few traditionary dogmas, and appeared to numbers of unsuspicious believers fit to take their place side by side with such diluted Christianity as they possessed.

Accordingly, the influence of the 'Gospel of Rousseau,' as it has been called with greater force than is generally contained in a mere sarcasm, spread with electric rapidity over Europe and America. It became at once the sole religion of multitudes, the subsidiary religion of multitudes more. Christianity itself—that is, the Christianity of the world—seemed, as we have said, to embrace and admit it; much as Christianity had in early times appeared to admit the popular infusion of Platonism; less, no doubt, in England than elsewhere; but to an extent we seldom realise, even among our own insulated and unsentimental people. If it entered most powerfully into the new Catholicism of the Stolbergs, Schlegel, and the rest, on the Continent; if it penetrated among the Pietists of Protestant Germany, where, as Göthe himself says, 'as soon as the belief in good works and their merit ceased, sentimentalism took its place;' it was not less distinctly traceable in the tendencies of many popular religionists among ourselves. It insinuated itself among the Quakers and Unitarians; it made way even among the children of Knox and Cameron; nay, the very names of our Howards and Wilberforces, of which Religion is so justly proud, cannot be altogether disengaged from the ties of partial allegiance to that of Rousseau. Anglicanism alone—strong in its calmness, perhaps its coldness—seems to

have rejected the specious importation almost wholly, and from the beginning.

The time of that intermixture has nearly passed by. The two streams, apparently commingled for a period, have run themselves clear again. The adherents of Revelation, taught by the brief duration and shameful fall of that palace of self-righteousness and vain-glory which Rousseau and his followers raised, have returned in great measure under the severer discipline of ancient belief. Among all the conflicts of modern religious schools, this, at least, seems to us discernible, notwithstanding some recent and partial appearances to the contrary, that the sense of the corruption of human nature, the strong Anti-Pelagian view of man and the world, however various the shapes which its conclusions may assume among Catholics and Protestants, gains ground, and becomes more and more characteristic; that the sects and shades of thinkers which hold by the more indulgent doctrine, become more and more distinctly marked off from the body of believers and thrown into affinity with those who reject Revelation. But the system of Rousseau, though no longer the reigning one either in philosophy or religion, is still, perhaps, the most generally popular of all. Examine throughout Europe the life of courts and cities, the most commonly read literature of the day, the received social theories of the middle classes, and the feelings of women in particular, and wherever strict religious views do not prevail, it will be found that the ordinary substitute is still the 'Gospel of Rousseau.'

And, to pass from the subject of his philosophical or religious to that of his political influence, the doctrine of human perfectibility lay at the foundation of his views on this as well as on kindred subjects. Opposite in this, as in all other phases of mind, to Voltaire, his thoughts

had a prevailing political bias. The regeneration of states, through changes in their institutions, was the subject of his daily dreams. Alone of great contemporary writers—by the intuition of genius, say his admirers—he clearly discerned the coming revolution many years beforehand.*

* 'You rely on the existing order of society, without suspecting that this order is subject to inevitable revolutions, and that it is impossible for you to foresee or to prevent that which may concern your own children. The great becomes small, the poor becomes rich, the monarch becomes a subject; are changes of lot so uncommon, that you may reckon on being exempt from them? We are approaching the state of crisis, and the era of revolution. . . . I hold it impossible that the great monarchies of Europe can last much longer: all of them have been brilliant, and what is brilliant is near its decline. I have reasons more particular than this maxim for entertaining my opinion: but this is not the place for recording them, and every one may perceive them only too well.'—*Emile, Book III. text and note.*

It would be not an unprofitable task to collect and analyse the so-called prophecies of the French Revolution, to which the wise men of the eighteenth century gave utterance. They were in truth very few; men's eyes saw very indistinctly what was so near at hand. Voltaire's soothsayings are too numerous, and too reckless, to be worth much: but on one occasion he forecast the Revolution almost as plainly as Rousseau himself.

'Everything that I see is full of the seeds of a revolution which will infallibly happen, and which I shall not have the pleasure of witnessing. The French arrive at everything late, but they arrive at last. Light has now been propagated so rapidly from one point to another, that there will be an explosion on the first occasion: and then there will be a pretty disturbance! (un beau tapage). Happy are the young; they will see fine things.'—*Letter to the Marquis de Chauvelin, April 2*, 1764.

Among Englishmen, Lord Chesterfield is commonly cited as a seer in reference to the same event: but his famous saying, 'I foresee that, before the end of this century, the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been,' does not amount to much when taken with the context. He had been reading pieces relative to the dispute between the French king and the parliament, and was dreaming of parliamentary resistance on 'what we call here Revolution principles.'—*Letter to his Son, April* 13, 1752.

A more curious prophecy—but omitting the Revolution, which he missed—is that hazarded, partly in jest but more in earnest, by a clever thinker among the minor philosophers, the Abbé Galiani, in 1771, 'Sur l'état qu' aura l'Europe dans cent ans d'ici.'

'The general result is, that in a hundred years we shall resemble the Chinese much more than we do at present. There will be two very distinct religions, that of the great, and that of the people: the latter will be divided

And it is plain enough that, as he founded his hopes of this regeneration on his belief in the fundamental excellence of man's nature, which required only good institutions and good education—and these rather negative than positive, to strip away the crust of abuses which has grown around him, and reduce him more nearly to the 'state of nature'—so he deemed that, in their improved state, men would learn to perform their work in life as brothers through co-operation, not as rivals through competition. In this sense, and to this extent, he is very justly claimed as the originator of modern socialism. He did not, indeed, endeavour to plant it as a full-grown tree, an experiment in which so many have absurdly failed. But he deposited its seeds deep in that fermenting soil of France; seeds watered since by the blood and tears of three generations; of which the real germination, for good or for evil, has yet to take place.

To compare the influence exercised by these two on

into three or four sects, living on good terms together. Priests and monks will be more numerous than now, moderately rich, ignored, and peaceable. The Pope will be only an illustrious bishop, not a prince: they will have pared away his States, bit by bit. There will be many troops on foot, and very little war. The soldiers will manœuvre admirably on parade: but soldiers and officers will be neither great nor brave: they will wear plenty of lace, and that is all. The fortresses will fall into ruin, and the walls of towns will be turned everywhere into handsome promenades with alleys of trees. The chief sovereign of Europe will be the Prince of the Tartars: that is to say, he who will possess Poland, Russia, and Prussia, and command in the Baltic and the Black Sea. For the people of the North will always be less cowardly than those of the South. The other sovereigns will be mastered by the policy of this predominant Cabinet. England will become divided from Europe, as Japan has from China. She will unite herself with her America, of which she will possess the greater part, and command the trade of the rest. There will be despotism everywhere; but despotism without cruelty or bloodshed: the despotism of chicane, founded always on the interpretation of old laws, and on the cunning devices of the tribunals and the lawyers: and this despotism will only attack the income of individuals. Happy the millionnaires, who will then be our mandarins.'

European thought would be an endless task. So far as Englishmen may venture to pass judgment on such a point, we should say that, in a mere literary point of view, the influence of Voltaire had been almost wholly for good, that of Rousseau simply mischievous. Nor is this difficult to account for. The best points of Voltaire were precisely those in which it was most easy to follow him. His wit was eminently national, and differed only in degree from that possessed by numbers of his compatriots. His clearness of expression, his critical acuteness, and the charms of his narrative, are all qualities in which he leaves a model more or less easily imitable. And accordingly most of the better class of French historical and philosophical works, written since Voltaire's day, savours of Voltaire in every line. Rousseau, on the contrary, is a writer from whom the Horatian phrase—*exemplar vitiis imitabile*—appears to have been invented. His worst points are those most easily seized, and most tempting to the imitator. His peculiar genius, which redeems them, is unapproachable. Men and women of lively but shallow fancy, ready rhetorical talent, and a superficial warmth of feeling, catch and exaggerate the tone of Rousseau with fatal facility; and thus are produced the popular sentimental writers whose fashion culminates, declines, and vanishes almost within a generation—the Saint Pierres, Chateaubriands, Lamartines, and the like.

But if we turn from the world of letters to that of life, as exhibited in modern political history, we shall meet with a very different result. Among those whose mental character and culture carry us back to Voltaire, we shall find many distinguished men; but occupiers in general of second-rate, though eminent situations. This is the school which furnishes states and society with such leaders as Condorcet, Talleyrand, Metternich, Thiers, Cavour; but

the real masters of men, those who have moved millions by the force of a contagious enthusiasm, have always had a touch of the spirit of Rousseau: such men as Mirabeau, Robespierre, Napoleon, Nelson, Garibaldi—however startling the juxta-position may appear.

As, in the history of a single human life, relaxation of energies is sure to follow their unnatural tension; as, with men of intellectual character, a youth of enthusiasm, full of strong purposes and exaggerated impulses, is commonly followed by a gradual disenchantment, until the care of self and its interests seems to become the only reality; as such men learn to smile at their past delusions; to look with an indulgence, half contemptuous and half tender, on their younger companions who are possessed with those longings of which they have proved the vanity; as they gradually retreat from one advanced position to another, until understanding, and wit, and cultivated sensibilities, and all the powers which once 'wandered through eternity;' are tamed and disciplined to the household business of smoothing their owner's progress through the troubles of the world: such were the changes which came over the philosophical mind of Europe when Rousseau was dethroned, with the fall of his extravagant child, the Republic. Thenceforward the spirit which he had aroused passed to the outer multitude of thinkers and readers, the ordinary preservers of the last by-gone fashion. Among the more advanced class, the pretensions of his imitators were received only with ridicule. Something new was wanted. Voltaire had exhausted for the time intellectual scepticism, and Rousseau sentiment. Voltaire had mocked at ordinary human nature; Rousseau had deified it. What was left, for those who had witnessed the decline of both, except the philosophy which turns from the unsolved enigmas of man's general nature and destinies

to the cultivation of self; which strives to eliminate, as far as possible, the various impulses which lead to extravagance; which passes by religion with a bow, and philanthropy with a sneer, and teaches men that the real aim of his existence in this world is refined enjoyment of it? When the time for a new religion has arrived, a prophet has never been wanting to place himself at the head of it; and that eminence, in the present instance, was reserved for Göthe.

Göthe was born in 1749, consequently ten years earlier than Schiller and the others whom we commonly regard as his contemporaries. The habit of attaching himself more closely to younger men was one of his characteristics, as we shall see presently; and this circumstance, together with others, tends to make us forget his natural age, and rank him lower down in his century than his proper place. Nor is the distinction without importance; for Göthe being ten years older than his companions of whom we speak, received the full tide of the irruption of Rousseau into Germany in a soberer and less impressionable mood than they. His early youth passed away under the dominion of Voltaire; and he has recorded in his conversations with Eckermann the deep impression which the philosophy of that school made on him. He says himself that he resisted its influence successfully. It is probable that he was scarcely so much exposed to its contagion as he imagined. There were Teutonic faculties and deficiencies about him with which Voltairianism was incompatible: too much real depth of thought and feeling; an appetite for mysticism, though rather intellectual than of the heart: a wonderful penetration into the mental condition of other men, and power of seeing with others' eyes, such as few Frenchmen ever possessed, and Voltairian Frenchmen least of all: a deficiency, we

cannot but add, in the quality of wit—whatever his countrymen may think of the matter—most strange in a mind so richly furnished with other gifts. We are apt, therefore, on the whole, to interpret those other passages in which he attributes so much of his own mental cultivation to Voltaire, as savouring a little of the common perversity of men of genius in judging of themselves; the same which made Byron vilipend the romantic school, and pronounce himself the follower of Pope; a slight affectation of contemning the qualities in which they excel, and praising those in which they fall short. Thus far, however, is true, that some results of Encyclopedic teaching, combined with some natural coldness of disposition, and with a certain pride in superiority to mere enthusiasm, such as that of Schiller, enabled Göthe to resist the pressure of the 'Sturm und Drang Zeit,' and the more powerful seductions of the Theophilanthropic social philosophy, which made conquest of Germany in the years immediately preceding the French Revolution.

At a later period, Göthe's literary and personal friendship with Schiller became one of the warmest feelings of a heart not much addicted to expansive sympathies, at least with the masculine division of humankind. Yet it is difficult to suppose that his admiration of the younger poet as an author, however sincere, was of any very high order. As a man of the world and a courtier, Göthe had always something of a Byronic contempt for mere men of letters; and Schiller was one of the most childlike of the species. Both as a critic and keen observer of life, he was thoroughly alive to the unreality of Schiller's poetical world, and the defects of dramatic studies elaborated from books, not from life. Moreover, the impartial judge must plainly admit that there was no sympathy in Göthe's heart with that singular purity of

feeling, that unsuspecting romance of character, which, with the unsophisticated and uncritical, is Schiller's greatest charm.

In fact, the connection of Göthe with Schiller is one of the passages in the elder poet's life which we dwell on at once with pleasure and regret. Nothing can be more attractive than the honest admiration of the established favourite for the rising one—the elder brother's fondness with which he at once cautions him against error, and defends him against attacks—while poor Schiller, though made a little sore sometimes by his accomplished friend's social distinction, court favour, and 2,000 thalers a year, yet remained on the whole true and loyal to him. Schiller's popularity for a time eclipsed Göthe's; yet appears to have been as thoroughly enjoyed by Göthe as if it had been his own. The early death of the former alone put an end to a literary friendship which, under the circumstances, may almost be termed unexampled.

And yet all the time we feel a painful consciousness that the men were divided from each other by a 'monstrous gulf,' in Schiller's own words; a more 'dreary gulf' than that of literary jealousy. We do not speak of mere inequality of powers, although Schiller's place, as it appears to us, is at best only an elevated one among the Di minores of literature; Göthe's, perhaps, a low one in the scanty list of the superior Divinities; but from the lowest of these last to the highest of the second-rates, the distance is greater than

> From the centre thrice to the utmost pole.

But their moral aims and instincts were wholly opposite. It may be said emphatically of Schiller, that he was the only great writer of a cultivated age who ever dared to burst through the restraints which worldly philosophy

casts around us, and to appeal freely and without reserve to the common sympathies of the honest part of man's nature—the love of the beautiful, the love of glory, virtue, patriotism, devotion—all the impulses with which we sympathise in the young, even when our own hearts have become chilled by advancing years, our judgment warped by long familiarity with the habitual sarcasm and irony of the cultivated world. 'Virginibus puerisque' is the fitting epigraph of all the works of his maturer age; and he had courage enough to show men that, in order to appreciate and enjoy him, they must become as children, and put on afresh the natural simplicity which they had cast aside as the garment of their boyhood. And he succeeded, with more than mere literary success. 'The mighty charm of his song not only touched the imaginations of men, but also their consciences.' He made, indeed, no durable impression on his age; the glow excited by his popularity was faint and transient: yet, such as it was, it seemed for a moment to produce a superficial thaw on the ice of a thousand years, and to bring men back to the times of which we dream rather than read, when genius, and virtue, and crime itself, wore the colouring of romance.

To Göthe all this transparent singleness of enthusiasm was as foreign as to his own Mephistopheles. Even in his best moods, his feeling for it was only that of an artist for a beautiful model. His disposition was not, indeed, mocking, nor had he the turn for burlesque and ridicule; his efforts in this line being among the least happy of his compositions. But he had attained a higher degree in the science of negation than Mephistopheles himself. He had attained to that profounder sophistry by which men, instead of acting the common part of devils' advocates, to pull down ordinary sainthood, create artifi-

cial virtues out of the weaknesses of humanity, and canonise saints of a new and questionable order. He studied by preference the foibles and shortcomings of his fellow-mortals; varnished them over with the brilliancy of style and sentiment; and, while professing all respect for ordinary doctrines and ethics, sought to prove that the real religion of man's heart, and the real end of his existence, lie in the refined cultivation of the mind and affections, and in subjecting all irregular impulses to a course of disciplined self-indulgence.

To Göthe, therefore, Schiller's heroes and heroines were mere unrealities—creatures of the poet's fancy. Schiller, he saw, was no observer of nature, and never depicted either human life or things external as he found them. He was conscious, on the other hand, of his own powers of observing both. And this fundamental difference between their two habits of mind appears to us to be what he originally meant to express by the phrase, that 'Schiller's genius was "subjective," his own "objective."' A phrase which had also some apparent foundation in Schiller's Kantian notions; and which Göthe's supremacy has absolutely imposed on German criticism, until the epithets 'objective,' 'many-sided,' and such like Teutonicisms, have become almost as inseparably attached to the name of Göthe, as 'judicious' to that of Hooker, or 'venerable' to that of Bede. It is a bold thing to controvert such received canons; but less bold than it would be if Göthe himself had not been the original propounder of them—Göthe, who, like many others, was never so little infallible as when he judged of himself. We cannot but think that if the two epithets had been reversed, they would more accurately have described the two personages.

That Schiller never reproduced Nature is true; but he

never reproduced himself. He saw Nature at second-hand —through books. He studied the classics till he raised for himself a new Olympus, with all its starry deities. He studied history until its characters arose before his fancy like living beings, only in that glorified state in which—

> Strength was gigantic, valour high,
> And wisdom soared beyond the sky.

All his creations, therefore, were drawn from an imaginary world; unless Wallenstein, who has more of compound human nature like our own than the others, be made an exception; but still it was a world wholly external to himself. His characters may be brilliant phantoms, if you will, but assuredly they are not so many Schillers. Schiller's personality scarcely enters more into his poetry than Shakspeare's or Scott's.

We believe, on the other hand, that those who are in earnest in their love of Göthe, will generally agree with us as to the great source of his power; namely, that it is strictly subjective, in the most intelligible sense of that word. It has its origin in that strong predominance of the egotistical and self-analytic tendencies, which at once tempted and enabled him to transfer his own personality to the characters with which his imagination was dealing, and to call forth, in doing so, the corresponding egotism of the reader. If Göthe's situations are often dramatic, his characters are seldom so. When called on to exhibit energy or passion, they are apt to respond either with weakness or ranting. It is with the incomplete, the vague, the purposeless in human nature, that he seems by preference to concern himself; and for this very reason he addresses himself directly to the large majority of the educated classes of mankind. What Shakspeare has done with one or two characters only, and as an exception, Göthe

does with all those in which his genius delights itself. Truly did Hazlitt remark, that the charm of the character of Hamlet lies neither in dramatic power, nor in external resemblance to Nature, but in the strange manner in which its every working corresponds with our own,—'It is we who are Hamlet.' How thoroughly this saying is applicable to Göthe, every day's additional study of his works will reveal to his admirer. None of his best remembered impersonations have the force of will, the power of action, which are commonly exhibited by dramatic artists in their leading characters. They are capricious, dreamy, and for the most part even unimpassioned creatures,—acted upon, rather than acting, meditating on life rather than taking part in it. But they are ourselves. It is the reader who is Faust, who is (or was, alas!) Werter—who is the real Wilhelm Meister. And it is impossible not to feel that the reason why the poet succeeds in so wonderful a manner in thus delineating us to ourselves, is because the features are in reality drawn less from observation than from self-inspection; that he has brought forth the secrets of his own heart in order to elicit those of ours, and to make us conscious of a thousand hidden tendencies and feelings in ourselves of which we had only a dim perception, until they were thus evoked by the representation of their shadows.*

This main characteristic of Göthe's genius is obvious enough. It is not so easy to detect (but the examination well repays itself) the singular manner in which it mingles with, and gives completeness and strength to, the other

* Mr. Lewes—though he adopts to the full the common language of criticism about Göthe's 'objectivity'—goes still farther, and tells us that in the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, the poet 'has represented himself under the two different masks of the impulsive Edward, and the reasonable strong-willed Captain. These characters are drawn from the life—drawn from himself.' If so, where is the 'objectivity'?

powers which he so largely possessed. No one denies him the faculty of observation, both of human nature and also of the external world. And yet, even with respect to the latter, and much more the former, his observation is comparatively cold—his description inanimate—unless he can, in a manner, project himself into them, and insinuate his own heart and mind into his analysis of those of others—his own way of perceiving Nature into his portraits of Nature herself. According to his own confession, and the researches of his admirers, there is scarcely one of his stories of life which is not founded on real incident. Those inserted in Wilhelm Meister are said to be all examples. Power of inventing a plot he seems to have had little or none. His way was either to take one from books, or, still more commonly, from actual occurrences. Characters which struck him, and adventures of which he was cognisant personally or from hearsay, make up the staple of his narratives. And yet he rarely appears to be painting character simply, and as external to himself. Take certain circumstances of life, certain qualities of mind and heart, to form an imaginary person—how would the individual Göthe think and feel, were he that person? This seems to be the invariable problem which he sets himself to solve. Nay, we must apply the same test even to his descriptions of outward nature and events, if we wish to appreciate them thoroughly. The forests of the Harz, the gorgeous cloud-land of the high Alps in winter, the lakes of Lombardy, the bay of Naples, the march of an invading army, the vicissitudes of a siege—few have represented these in word-painting with greater skill and fidelity. But the pictures lose the greater part of their charm unless the reader has made himself familiar with the mind of the author, and can see them with the eyes of Göthe

himself, and partake in his sensations. Wieland saw this thoroughly, when the herd of German critics were praising Göthe's supposed 'objectivity' and 'realism.' 'The specialty' (says he, speaking of the 'Swiss Travels') 'which here, as in almost all his works, distinguishes him from Homer and Shakspeare, is that the "I," the "Ille Ego," glimmers through everywhere, although without ostentation and with consummate delicacy.' Göthe himself was, at the bottom, no less aware of it. It was (no doubt) a real perception of this leading peculiarity of his own genius, though he often affected to disguise it from himself and others, which made him sometimes recognise that the bulk of his writings were in truth addressed to particular classes only. 'My works,' he said to Eckermann, 'never can be popular: they are not written for the multitude, but only for individual men whose pursuits and aims are like my own.'

A curious exemplification of this leading peculiarity will be found in the history of the composition of the 'Sorrows of Werter,' about which many stories have been told; but the latest and most authentic seems to be given by Herr Dünzer in his 'Studies on the works of Göthe.' After Göthe's disappointment of the heart in the matter of his fair Alsatian, Friederike, he fell into one of those states of tender melancholy, in which a youth of twenty-three generally resorts to the society of the first fair sympathiser whom he can find, purely for friendly consolation. Such a comforter he soon found in a somewhat *bourgeoise* young lady, whose paternal appellation now appears to have been Miss Charlotte Buff. To her he confided his sorrows, and from her he exacted sympathy and advice, at such unwarrantable length, that poor Charlotte, who had no objection to a bit of romance, provided it ended in the orthodox form of a proposal,

grew tired, and entered into a prosaic engagement with a very matter-of-fact friend of both parties, Christian Kestner. The discovery of this treason made Göthe quite certain that he was actually in love with the lady to whom he had never chosen to communicate his feelings, and threw him into all the despair of rejected and betrayed attachment. Just at this crisis of his history happened the tragic adventure of young Jerusalem—him of the buff waistcoat and yellow breeches—whose fatal passion is recounted in the 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' The two events combined—his own disappointment and Jerusalem's—engendered the 'Sorrows of Werter.' Werter is Jerusalem and Göthe at once; he wears the costume, he undergoes the sufferings, he talks in many instances the very language (borrowed from his posthumous papers) of that too fascinating foreign-office clerk; but he is throughout what Göthe would have been, had he been Jerusalem; the imaginary transposition of the poet into the perplexities and distresses of his acquaintance. And thus a work which, let critics speak of it as they may, has excited the fancy and controlled the hearts of numbers of mankind, is spun out of the brain of a poet from materials which consist simply of his own heart and imagination, placed in circumstances of idealised truth; for 'Jerusalem' seems, after all, to have been only a young attaché of considerable solemnity and self-respect,—his flame, the real Charlotte—according to the testimony of the Prince de Ligne,—was not worth knowing; and her *double*, Charlotte Kestner, *née* Buff, must have been little better, judging from the cold manner in which Göthe speaks of her, whom he occasionally met in after life.*

* See Dünzer, p. 89, &c. It seems that Herr Kestner was not particularly pleased with the part of the philosophic husband assigned to him in

But if the real tendency of Göthe's genius was thus thoroughly subjective or egotistical, so much the less was he a dramatist in the peculiar sense of the word. Portraiture of character, independent of self, he has really

'Werter,' and that Göthe was forced to retouch the character considerably in the second edition, without succeeding in thoroughly pacifying him; but Göthe was by this time deep in his new passion for the fashionable Frankfort belle, Miss Schönmann, and 'Werter' had become weariness and vexation to him. It must have been with some malicious pleasure in mystifying his admirers, that Göthe emerged from the gloom of 'Werter' into the graceful pleasantry of his various poems to 'Lili:' such as those exquisite lines in which he complains of her tyranny in drawing him from the dreamy voluptuousness of a poet's study into her favourite evening parties:—

Warum ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich,
Ach! in jene Pracht?
War ich guter Junge nicht so selig
In der öden Nacht?

Heimlich in mein Zimmerchen verschlossen
Lag im Mondenschein,
Ganz von seinem Schauerlicht durchflossen,
Und ich dämmert' ein.

Bin ich's noch, den du bei so viel Lichtern
An den Spieltisch hältst?
Oft so unerträglichen Gesichtern
Gegenüber stellst? &c. &c.

For the benefit of the unlearned reader Mr. Lewes's translation is added: a tolerable attempt at an impossible task.

Wherefore so resistlessly dost draw me
Into scenes so bright?
Had I not enough to soothe and charm me
In the lonely night?

Homely in my little room secluded,
While the moon's bright beams
In a shimmering light fell softly on me
As I lay in dreams.

Can it be, I sit at yonder table
Gay with cards and lights,
Forced to meet intolerable people
Because 'tis she invites?

This is the song which Göthe heard poor Lili singing, the last time he wandered up and down under her window after their parting.

little enough. This the reader can best appreciate by reflecting how few of the secondary figures in Göthe's plays or novels he can realise to himself, or regard with the smallest interest. The only exception of which we are aware proves the rule in the strongest possible manner. He is said to be particularly successful in the delineation of a certain class of female characters, in which he has met with many imitators; beings whose attraction lies in their simple and trustful dependence on man as a superior,—Mignon, Clara, Margaret. But the true charm of these imaginary beings lies less in themselves than in their relation to us—in the feelings of protection and supremacy to which they appeal—in the flattery they administer to masculine vanity and self-glorification.

We will only add, in order to dispose of an objection to our view which might be taken, that it is by no means inconsistent with what has been already said, to recognise Göthe's great excellence in one peculiarly dramatic point, —that accuracy of keeping which represents everything as seen and felt by the party introduced, not as seen and felt by the describer. It is, in fact, not difficult to detect the real connection between this quality and that strong personality which we have already attributed to him. It was precisely because Göthe projected so much of himself into the characters and scenes of his writings, that he made the events described develope themselves always from the point of view of his own *dramatis personæ*, never as they would be perceived by a third party observing from without. This is a point on which great objective talent—great power of picturesque description, for instance,—is apt to lead its possessor astray, unless balanced by predominant egotism. A criticism of Göthe's on a passage of Walter Scott, though it relates in terms only to a matter of pictorial effect, will

illustrate our general meaning also. It has reference to the scene in 'Ivanhoe,' where the Jew of York enters Cedric's hall. The costume of the Jew is minutely described, and, among the rest, the dress of his legs and feet. Now this, says Göthe, is wrong; for you are to suppose yourself in the position of Cedric and his guests: they are sitting at a table, with lights; and by persons so placed the details of the lower limbs of one who enters the room are not remarked, and, in fact, are hardly distinguishable. A similar instance of forgetfulness, more glaring because the narrative is thrown into the first person, occurs in 'Mazeppa.'

> The sky was cold, and dull, and gray,
> And a low breeze crept moaning by;
> I could have answered with a sigh.

The breeze was perceptible enough to Byron's muse, no doubt; but how could it possibly be felt by a man carried through the air, at full gallop, on horseback? And errors of the same class, in relation to things of more importance than pictorial effect—the development of thought or passion—will constantly be found in writers of the highest order of what is commonly called dramatic power. The poet is substituted for his subject. We should be surprised at meeting with such instances in Göthe. Not only are they contrary to his careful touch, but he transforms himself for the time far too completely into the person whom he introduces—whether as an agent or a mere observer—to forget that imaginary existence which has become his own.

In thus endeavouring to delineate some of the strongest literary characteristics of this great writer, we are conscious of having made a long digression from our immediate purpose, which was to regard him as a social philosopher, and with reference to his moral influence on

the European mind. But, in truth, the one subject bears materially and directly on the other. If we have laboured, perhaps at unnecessary length, to show that an intense and refined egotism was among the principal elements of Göthe's literary genius, it was in order to illustrate his philosophic character; with the view of showing how his very excellences, considered from the point of view of literary art, fitted him for the distinction of being the ablest and most successful of modern teachers in the school of Epicurus. Nor were the peculiarities of his temper and habits different from what his writings would lead the reader to anticipate. His whole history shows how abundantly he practised what he preached; how Self was the single divinity worshipped by him, with a refined and chastened worship, no doubt, during his long eighty years of life and activity.

'Göthe,' says Menzel, with much the same meaning as ours, 'adhered, in his writings, to nature; to the nearest nature; to his own. His own nature stood in exactest harmony with that which had become the reigning character of the modern world. He was the clearest mirror of modern life, in his own life as well as in his poetry. He needed only to delineate himself in order to delineate the modern world, its turn of sentiment, its inclinations, its worth, and its worthlessness. . . . . The talent of outward life, the arts of convenience, ease, and refinement, daintiness of enjoyment, were his talismen in reality, and, again, appeared to him the worthiest object as of poetry; inasmuch as he only mirrored the advantages which his own life and person represented.'

Menzel's splenetic tone and coarse inflation of style have detracted from the real value of his criticisms; but the justice of this sentence will scarcely admit of dispute. Not that Göthe was a selfish man in the vulgar sense.

His disposition was, in the main, amiable and tolerant, and widely different in these respects from that of his French predecessors, with whom we have associated him. He was averse from giving pain, as well as peculiarly averse from encountering it himself. But all this was consistent in him, as it is in many others, with habits of mental self-indulgence carried even to the extreme. From his youth upward, he loved to live in an atmosphere of his own, and found himself most at his ease in the company of those whose position, in respect of age, talents, or sex, induced them to look up to him as a superior. He remarks, in his own memoirs, on the peculiarity which led him to surround himself with younger dependents, often to his ultimate inconvenience, since they became burdens to him, as Mignon did to Wilhelm. Nor was this unconnected with a manner of affected importance and superiority which, notwithstanding his popularity, always placed a kind of barrier between him and men of his own age and social position. Kestner remarked of him when only twenty-four: 'Göthe is a genius; yet he has in his disposition a great deal which may make him a disagreeable man. But among children and women he is always well received.' Farther acquaintance with life, and a strong determination to succeed in the world, modified to a considerable extent these peculiarities of his youth; and he was never so popular or so successful, personally, as during the years which intervened between his establishment at Weimar and his Italian journey (1775—1787). Those were happy years. Few poets have ever enjoyed so much of life. There was all the excitement of winning his way into the favour, the confidence, the intimate friendship, of the young Grand Duke and Duchess. There was the easy rivalry with the other literary heroes of the time, whom

he could beat at their own weapons as an author, while in all the qualities which ensure social success he was incomparably their superior. There was the gentle round of court life, as practised by the free and easy sovereigns of that day who had thrown aside German etiquette;—the life to which Catherine now and then imperially condescended, which poor Marie Antoinette tasted with timid and stealthy delight, but in which the potentates of Weimar might revel without fear of strangling or decapitation;—hunting parties, gipsy excursions, serenades, picnics, theatricals, from January to December. There was just the show of state business for him, as the Grand Duke's intimate privy-councillor, which might serve either as a diversion from courtly dissipation, or an excuse for it. There was all that refinement of the social circle which Göthe praised so highly; a little, perhaps, in the spirit of a *parvenu*, but also with a poet's admiration for external elegance and beauty: which he carried to a strange extent, according to his disciple, Varnhagen von Ense, who remarks that in later life Göthe's principal associates were all tall and handsome men, like himself, and that he had a decided antipathy to plain people. There was, above all, full leisure for the development of his growing genius, and his surpassing mental activity: while his bodily and mental health alike profited by the opportunity.

But this enjoyment palled upon him from its very excess, and also from the want of what Byron called, 'something craggy to break upon;'—some one powerful and engrossing occupation of the mind. For his literary pursuits were up to this time singularly broken and inconsequent. When the world of Weimar was conquered—when his own position was fairly attained, and there was no longer any object to be gained by exerting himself to please others—the tendency to insulation came back upon him

with redoubled force. The restraints of Weimar life, the ties of society and office, became intolerable. It was in order to get rid of them at once and definitively, that he planned and executed his Italian journey, in that strange manner which he has himself related so well; partly also (we suppose we must add, since the publication of his correspondence with Frau von Stein) to break through the trammels of one of those tender friendships, of ante-diluvian prolixity, in which the *literati* of the last century were apt to involve themselves.

From very early youth, the desire to see Italy had been incessantly present to Göthe's mind—a desire of which the eagerness amounted to pain. No man has described so well what no one ever felt more acutely—that indefinable, unconquerable sentiment, which seems an original passion in many minds—that yearning after change of place—that attraction towards the distant and unseen, which envelopes foreign scenery in hues of imaginary brightness. This feeling had thrilled incessantly within the heart of the youthful poet, exciting the same wild longings which his own Faust expresses, when wandering forth, a wearied student, from his closet, to feel the influence of the sunset, and imagine himself journeying to new lands in the train of the departed luminary—

> For matter aids not with corporeal wings
> The Spirit's swift imaginings:
> Yet to each soul that restless pulse is given,
> That voice which beckons onwards and away,
> When o'er our heads, lost in the blue of heaven,
> The lark entunes her thrilling lay;
> When sweeping o'er the piny brake
> The eagle's mighty pinions strain,
> And o'er flat heath and marshy lake
> Speeds to his home the banded crane.

And it was exalted and dignified, with respect to Italy, by the desire to behold the source of nearly all which makes life ideal. In the days before railways had put

an end to all this chapter of romance, there was never a student with a soul in the slightest degree elevated above the mere routine of classical instruction, in whose mind at one period or another of his life the wish to visit the shores of the Mediterranean, and to worship the spirit of the past in its holiest shrine, the City of the Soul, had not amounted to an importunate longing. But among the greater number of those who were not early enabled to fulfil their wish, the cares and manifold distractions of the world gradually deadened the edge of this peculiar sentiment, until its acuteness survived in recollection only. It was, on the contrary, a singularity in Göthe's mind, that in him the enthusiasm of youth retained all its freshness at a time of life when most look back upon it as a loss past recalling, and others, who still possess, are rather apt to conceal it, from habitual fear of ridicule. Perhaps, too, the quiet and almost collegiate character of the little circle in which he lived tended to keep alive these juvenile feelings, which are so soon stifled among the bustle of more active society. He felt and wrote like a schoolboy when, at the age of seven-and-thirty, his long-cherished hope of seeing Italy was at last on the point of fulfilment. He longed, like his own Mignon, after the land of the orange and myrtle; he counted the degrees of latitude as he advanced, and fancied that every southern breeze brought with it the airs of a more favoured climate. 'God be thanked,' he writes from Venice, 'that I am enabled once more to love all which I have valued from my earliest youth. How happy I feel myself in venturing once more to approach the classical authors! For I may now unburden my mind, and acknowledge my own weakness. For many years I have not dared to look into any Latin writer, or to contemplate anything which renewed the idea of Italy in my mind. If such an impression was

produced by accident, it caused me the most acute suffering. Herder often used to taunt me with learning all my Latin out of Spinoza, for he had remarked that this was the only Latin book which I read: he did not know how sedulously I was obliged to guard myself from the ancients; how I took refuge from the very anguish of my spirit in those abstruse generalities. Had I not taken the resolution which I am now fulfilling, I must have gone to utter ruin: to such maturity had the desire to see these objects with my own eyes arrived in my mind. Historical knowledge availed me nothing: the things themselves stood only at a hand's-breadth from me, but parted by an impenetrable wall. And now the impression which they produce on me is scarcely as if I saw them for the first time, but rather as if I were revisiting them.' 'At last,' he writes a few weeks later from Rome, 'I have reached the capital of the world! . . . . . The desire to arrive at Rome was so great, increased so strongly with every moment, that all attempt at delay was vain, and I remained only three hours in Florence. Now I am here and at rest—tranquillised, as it seems, for the rest of my life. For it may well be said that a new life dawns within us, when we see that with our eyes as a whole which we knew before only by fragments and by rote. All the dreams of my youth I now behold in actual life: the first copperplate prints which I remember (my father had the views of Rome hanging in an ante-chamber) are now become a reality, and all which I have long known in pictures and etchings, prints and woodcuts, plaster and cork, stands collected before me. Wherever I go, I fall in with some acquaintance in a new world: it is all as I had imagined it, and yet all new. Even the same I can say of my own observations and ideas. I have had no absolutely new thoughts—have found nothing entirely

strange; but my old ideas are become so pronounced, so lively, so connected, that they may pass for new ones. When Pygmalion's Elisa, whom he had fashioned to the fullest resemblance of his wish, and to whom he had given as much truth and existence as the artist can, at length came before him and exclaimed, "I am she!" how different was the living creature from the sculptured stone!' Naples affected him, if possible, still more powerfully. 'When I attempt to write words, pictures only will present themselves to my mind; the fruitful land, the free ocean, the vapoury islands, the smoking mountain; and I do not find within myself the organs wherewith to reproduce all this in description. I have seen much and thought much more: the world opens itself farther and farther, and all which I have long known becomes now, for the first time, truly mine. How early man knows; how late he is enabled to use his knowledge! . . . . . And yet the world is but a simple wheel, similar to itself in every point of its revolution, and appearing to us so strange and multiform only because we are ourselves carried round with it.'

This journey was, in many respects, the turning-point of his life. For him, as for most men, the river Lethe flowed on the other side of the Alps. He forgot his former sense and being on the farther shore. During his eighteen months in Italy, he satisfied one great want of his existence, by the acquisition of a permanent object; for it was then he conceived, or at least matured, those peculiar views of natural philosophy which occupied him so much and so happily during the remainder of his days. But how far his genius gained in its higher qualities by the change which it then underwent is a question on which critics are widely at issue. Meantime, however this may be, it is certain that the habits which he acquired tended

in no degree to efface the moral weaknesses of his character. Freed from the restraints imposed on him by the usages of the Weimar literary republic, and left much to himself, or to the company of one or two artists and travellers, he relapsed into habits of self-contemplation and self-worship, until they became unconquerable. Even one of his greatest admirers, Chancellor von Müller (the author of 'Göthe in seiner praktischen Wirksamkeit'), is forced to confess that he came back from Italy a man altered for the worse; colder, less expansive, more self-important. Nor did he ever get rid of these defects, and return to the more attractive self of his earlier days, notwithstanding the beneficial results produced on his nature for a time, as already said, by contact with that of Schiller: a nature assuredly far more generous and unworldly than Göthe's own, although the latter has chosen to say, with that singular affectation, or paradoxical turn, which so often disconcerts his readers:—'Schiller had far more knowledge of the world and tact than I had!' It must be added that he went there the *cavalier servente* of the sentimental Frau von Stein, and returned to be the slave of the plump and burlesque Christiane Vulpius, who turned her fastidious lover into a Benedict at last.

On the later years of Göthe's life we confess that, for our own parts, we dwell with little pleasure. We do not complain of his biographers, when they naturally dilate on the glories of his venerable old age,—his exalted position as the living oracle of German intelligence,—the honour, love, obedience, and troops of friends that waited on him to the last. All this is externally true; and yet, to us, his friends, with a few grand exceptions, seem chiefly to have belonged to the class of flatterers, Boswells, and 'correspondents of leading literary journals;' his oracular dignity to have degenerated into a trick of mysteriousness,

involving the most trivial commonplaces in solemn affectation of importance; and the chief pleasure of his life to have lain in the conduct of semi-sentimental correspondences with women for whom he cared not an iota, but whom it was his delight to lead on, by flattering mutually their vanity and his own, until the consummation was reached of involving them in something like a romantic passion for the great unapproachable.

It is a true remark of Menzel's—and connected with much that we have said above—that in almost all Göthe's works that peculiar view of the relations between the sexes, under which man is the courted party, and woman the submissive worshipper, is brought out in the principal characters. Whether, in the odd vicissitudes of the world, the element introduced by chivalry into these relations has expended itself, and later refinement is likely to bring us back from adoring Gloriana and Angelica, to being adored by Chryseis and Briseis, we will not undertake to foretell; though the popularity of such writers as Göthe and Byron would certainly seem to point that way.* His 'Faust,' 'Egmont,' 'Edward' in the Wahlverwandtschaften, 'Wilhelm Meister,' are all either condescending divinities or mere male coquettes; and his most attractive female characters seem all to belong to poor Helena's sect:—

> Thus, Indian-like,
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The Sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
> But knows of him no more.

Nay, the curious reader may even remark, in connection with this subject, on the fondness of his heroines, par-

* It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that this was written before the later productions of Tennyson had attained their enormous popularity. Their first and most obvious peculiarity is the careful delineation and high exaltation of the female character, and the reduction of the masculine to insignificance. And the same is the leading characteristic of popular modern fiction.

ticularly in 'Wilhelm Meister,' for assuming male attire—a topic on which Varnhagen von Ense has a luculent dissertation, showing that it is connected with some of the deepest historical meanings of the eighteenth century, the Reformation, and the Revolution; but which may also be, in part, an expression of the same prevailing view of the female nature as imitative and dependent. And we may pursue the same pervading thread of imagination in the most dramatic specimens of Göthe's ballad poetry, such as the 'Bride of Corinth,' and the 'God and the Bayadere.'

Such, in some of the more important points of his character, was the man for whom Destiny had reserved so marked a place, in an age when the fiercest passions and wildest enthusiasm were at work in the European world, recasting its social institutions and remodelling the temper of its inhabitants. 'The greatest men,' saith the fair blue-stocking of the Wahlverwandtschaften, Ottilia, in her Diary, 'are always connected with their age through some one weakness.' If this can be predicated of Göthe, his weakness rather lay in an intense desire to shrink from its violent emotions—to combat in himself all tendency to share in its passions—to let the storm pass by, and avoid meddling with those who attempted to direct it. And this it is, more than any other quality, which has rendered him unpopular, through a not unjust reaction, with great part of the generation which has succeeded his own. It is felt that he owed a corresponding debt to the country which worshipped him, and that he died without discharging it. It was not through mere accident or the force of mere scholastic causes, that the sect of the Epicureans prevailed at Rome during the last agitated century of its Republic, while Stoicism became the reigning intellectual fashion under the empire. For refined and cultivated minds, when looking for shelter from the evils

of the times in a world of their own, naturally try to make that world as unlike as possible to the external one. They seek refuge in philosophic self-indulgence from the furious passions and exaggerated sentiments of an age of civil turmoil; while, on the same principle of contrast, they court, at least in imagination, the excitements of ascetic virtue, amidst the corrupt stagnation of despotism. To preserve the tranquillity of Epicurus in the busy political times on which he had fallen, was Göthe's constan and patient endeavour. The French Revolution came to disturb the dreams of art and imaginative science, in which his Italian sojourn had lapped him. He had no sympathy with its principles, and hated its agents. But to call out another enthusiasm to oppose it was utterly alien from his feelings. His trumpet sounded, indeed, a note of defiance—but a very faint one—in Herman and Dorothea. But what is the moral of the poem, as summed up in the energetic lines which close it? Seek stedfastness during days of political trial in self-reliance, and take good care of your property :—

> Desto fester sey bei der allgemeinen Erschüttrung,
> Dorothea, der Muth. Wir wollen halten und dauern,
> Fest uns halten, und fest der schönen Güter Besitzthum.

But when the tumult of revolution had ended in military supremacy, and Germany lay prostrate under the armed might of its conqueror, then it was, in the hour of his country's greatest need, that he most deeply disappointed the hopes of the ardent and pure-minded portion of its people. Not a generous sentiment escaped him; hardly even an exhortation to high-minded endurance. Keep to yourselves, was the answer of the oracle to inquiring millions; let the evil days pass by; use whatever of æsthetic and social enjoyment the victor has left you. Even the oppressions which the gallant German spirit of his intimate friend, the Grand

Duke of Weimar, had to endure from Napoleon, called forth from him scarcely a feeble spark of indignation. In his 'Tag und Jahres Hefte,' his skeleton memoirs of his life during all this period, there is a studied abstinence from all allusion to political events; an affectedly exclusive attention to the trivial vicissitudes of the stage and criticism at Weimar. He never concealed his admiration for the tyrant himself, whom he professed to venerate as one of the 'Dämonische Männer,'—the Genii of the earth, and encouraged a kind of worship of Napoleon in his own family;—Napoleon, who had done him the honour of suggesting some corrections in a forthcoming edition of Werter!—'How could I have taken up arms without hate?' was his defence of himself to Eckermann, 'and I never hated the French. How could I, to whom nothing is of importance except cultivation and barbarism, hate one of the most cultivated nations in the world, and one to which I owe so large a portion of my own development!' It is really a relief to reflect on the revulsion which followed—on the sense of weariness and self-abasement with which the poet must have come forward in 1815, as the old hack laureate of Germany, to dedicate odes of courtly patriotism to the Allied Sovereigns, and compliment the nation on the 'waking of Epimenides.'

Such Göthe remained during the less violent but more deeply seated disturbances of political society in his later years. We are not among those who quarrel with him for not having been a democrat, or a German-Unionist, from 1815 to 1830—reproaches which, however popular some years ago, have since lost some of their force, at least with thinking men. Nor do we think it necessary to assume the indignation with which German liberalism regarded his conduct in the matter of the prosecution of Oken, the editor of the Isis, and his opposition to the

freedom of the press. In this, as on the occasion of Fichte's expulsion from Weimar in 1798, Göthe, probably, did no more than his official duty, although he certainly seems to have done it with no reluctance. His real offence consisted, not in adopting this or that class of opinions, but in repressing all political faith whatever; in encouraging, as far as in him lay, men of thoughtful disposition to keep aloof from all public movement as unworthy of them, or, at best, to substitute for political activity a kind of dilettante meddling with the organisation of labour—(a notion, by the way, into which entered a good deal of Socialism, according to Göthe's particular manner of conceiving it, which he had learnt from Rousseau); and in teaching them to consider this, as well as all other concerns, far subordinate to the grand object of developing their own powers of enjoyment, and so turning up the soil of the heart and intellect as to enable it to receive to the best advantage all the genial influences of life. It was the popularity of this doctrine, more, perhaps, than any other cause, which kept back talent and honesty from state affairs, handed over in 1848 the multitudes of the German population exclusively to the control of fanatical or interested demagogues, and leaves the country even now without the formation of any strong and massive public opinion, between democracy on one hand and bayonets on the other.

Göthe's unpatriotic spirit has been severely commented on in later times by his enemies, and scarcely defended by his admirers. Nothing but the amiable simplicity of a biographer could find in it an overflow of feeling, too big to vent itself in words, or could extend the same apology to his coldness on subjects of religion and ethics. 'In the depths of his heart,' says Dünzer, 'there pulsated the warmest feelings for a free, united, and powerful Germany.

That he did not display this sentiment ostentatiously to the world, but kept it close within himself, as fearing to desecrate it by any publicity, is to be explained by the same reservedness of disposition which hindered him from giving outward expression to all his other holiest feelings —belief in God, hope of immortality, love of his wife— whence malicious misunderstanding has often enough been pleased to deny him these feelings altogether; and in particular his profound respect for the sanctity of the connubial tie; as to which (to the astonishment of Oberhofprediger Reinhard) he held the severest principles.'

It is not, however, in respect of his connexion with the mere political movements of the time that Göthe has to render before the tribunal of posterity a serious account for the good and evil use made of his extraordinary genius. His is a far heavier responsibility. It is on the interior relations of society, and on the moral progress of man, that the peculiar and fatal characteristic of his philosophy, the deification of Self, has had far more extensive and enduring effect. No one well acquainted with his writings, and uninfluenced by that strong delusion which he contrived to throw round those who entered within his Castle of Indolence, can be misled by the deceitful show of virtuous feeling with which he invests the merest selfishness; the Pantheistic colouring which he gives to the merest irreligion; or his own pompous assertions of his virtuous tendencies, and declamations on the beauty of those ethical laws of which he was, consciously or not, sapping the very foundations. What is 'Wilhelm Meister,' —purposeless, unmeaning as it is as a simple work of art, a collection of stories ill strung together by a disjointed narrative, and of dramatis personæ without plot or action— this 'menagerie of tame animals,' as Niebuhr called it— but an elaborate exposition of the vanity of all aspirations

of the soul beyond itself: a long lecture on the duty of cultivated and rational enjoyment, of subjecting every irregular impulse to the grand object of harmoniously blending sensual and intellectual delights in the nicest proportions? 'Wilhelm Meister' (such was the oracle which Göthe delivered to Eckermann) 'is a most incalculable production! I myself can scarcely be said to have the key! The critic seeks a central point, which is in truth hard to find!' Others, guided by very simple instincts, thought they 'found the key' without difficulty. Some religious men (Leopold Stolberg, and Göthe's own brother-in-law, Schlosser) were weak enough to deem it worthy of an Auto-da-Fé; Stolberg, however, excepting from the flames the sixth book, which he bound by itself as a manual of Pietism. Other admirers of the poet have taken similar pains to find out a moral tendency in the 'Wahlverwandtschaften;' Göthe himself was pleased to say (to the astonishment of others besides Oberhofprediger Reinhard), that it was an 'act of homage to the sanctity of the conjugal tie;' but sounder-hearted readers will probably pronounce with the literary historian Vilmar, that its leading thought merely is, that 'subordination to duty is mental disease, obedience to sentiment is mental health;' a 'leading thought,' of which, since Göthe's death, eminent female writers, both French and German, have been the chief propounders.

From such moral absurdities as these, when thus exhibited as mere fragments of a system, many honest minds will turn away, not only with aversion, but without even that kind of interest which bolder profligacy inspires. But to judge of the real power of Göthe in this respect, the reader must be familiar with his writings in general, and impregnated with that peculiar sympathy which genius such as his will, in the long run, elicit in

those who become penetrated with it. Then it will be felt that of all false religions his is the most subtle, the most tempting, the most attractive, from its very approximation to the truth. It flatters the evil nature of men, not, primarily, through appeals to his passion, or his intellect, or his generous feelings, but that which is dearer than either—his pride: the pride of conquest, to be achieved over himself and the world alike: the pride of exclusiveness, like that felt by the initiated of those ancient mysteries from which the dull in mind and the feeble in courage were contemptuously excluded; the pride of becoming, in imagination, as a God, knowing good and evil.

Your victory, says this philosophy to its catechumen, must first be over yourself. You are beset by the temptations of the world and the flesh, the lust of the eye and the pride of life. These are not of themselves evil; nor is the utmost enjoyment of them in itself inconsistent with that transcendent tranquillity, the chief good and object of our earthly pilgrimage. All evil lies in the opposition between our own natures, imperfect as we are in our perceptions, capricious in our longings, unreasonable in our expectations, and that orderly reality which, under manifold appearances of contradiction, prevails in things without.

Denn alle Kraft dringt vorwärts in die Weite,
Zu leben und zu wirken hier und dort:
Dagegen engt und hemmt von jeder Seite
Der Strom der Welt und reisst uns mit sich fort.
In diesem innern Sturm und äussern Streite
Vernimmt der Mensch ein schwer verstanden Wort:
Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet,
Befreit der Mensch sich, der sich überwindet.*

* For all Power presses forward into the distance, to live and to work here and there: on the other hand, the stream of the world constrains and presses us in on either side, and tears us along with it. In this internal storm and

Sobriety, watchfulness, discipline, above all a thorough understanding of ourselves, a knowledge of what we can do and wherein we must fall short of our aims—these are the true means of victory which Nature has placed within the reach of all. But few there are who learn to use them. Few are they who, like the candidates for knighthood of old, can endure the long hours of fasting and prayer within the nightly chapel, though morning is to welcome them to all the bright and joyous activity of their new vocation.

But this once achieved, the world is thine. Thine are all the blandishments of sense; for thou canst use without abusing them. Thine the gratifications of the intellect; for thou knowest the limits of its functions, and canst therefore enjoy its fullest exercise, without that blank disappointment which the sense of unsatisfied aims brings to less chastised minds. Thine the delights of sentiment, by whatever name it be called—love, enthusiasm, generosity; nay, the sterner pleasures of asceticism and self-discipline; for thou canst separate the true from the seeming, the reality of the sentiment from the falsehood of the idolatry which underlies it, and canst savour the one without chewing the bitter ashes of the other. All that Pagan philosophies have imagined of their sages and adepts, all that esoteric Christian sects have held of the spiritually emancipated—all these things in their inmost sense are true of thee. Thus fortified, life will be to thee one uninterrupted career of advance and of progressive happiness; and as for death, who must come at last—

> O selig der, dem er im Siegesglanze
> Die blutigen Lorbeern um die Schläfe windet,
> Den er, nach rasch durchrastem Tanze,
> In eines Mädchens Armen findet!

external conflict, Man learns a saying hard to comprehend: From the power which binds fast all creation, that man liberates himself who conquers himself.

But happier than either, he who passes, fully prepared and fearless, into that state of existence which, unless our deepest sympathies deceive us, can but afford the wise a sphere for widening exertion and more comprehensive enjoyment.

This, we are well aware, is a very imperfect exposition of the general tendency of Göthe's view of life; yet we think that most readers—most English readers at all events—will accept it as not an unjust one; and the more so in proportion to their familiarity with the author. And, if so, they will assuredly agree with us, that genius of the highest order was never employed in developing a system more seductive to human weakness, nor one which more forcibly reminds us of the ominous words with which Bunyan concludes his allegory:—'Then saw I that there is a way to Hell even from the gates of Heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction.'

And its effects have been proportionally great. Considering the sphere of Göthe's operations from a mere literary point of view, it can, indeed, scarcely be said that he has formed a school of imitators, like his predecessors Voltaire and Rousseau. As a poet his followers of note have not been numerous nor (with the exception of Rückert) very successful. His peculiar tone as a novelist seems, as we have already remarked, to have been chiefly caught by female writers; and we have no wish on the present occasion to break lances with the admirers of sundry countesses and citoyennes, who enjoy a very respectable amount of popularity. But in his more important functions as a moral philosopher there can be no doubt that his labours have fructified abundantly, and that his eclecticism, if such it may be called, is continuing to make its conquests at the expense of the mechanical Deism, and the unreal but generous Sentimentalism, of a former generation.

That there has been a great reaction against it is also true; but the reaction of bitterness, of wild and impotent disappointment, not of sound faith or solid principle. The school of Börne is quite as destitute of either as that of Göthe himself. Nay, some of the latter's successors and antagonists have endeavoured to place humanity, if possible, on a still lower stage than he did. He only taught us, at the worst, to cherish and cultivate those middle impulses of our nature which seem to occupy a doubtful place between the divine and the bestial; some of these seem bent on persuading us that our grossest animal appetites are equally sacred with any other portions of our deified selves.

From such a chaos as this—the hitherto final result from a century's labour of those great sovereigns who have thus successively reigned in moral philosophy and literature—the mind turns anxiously towards a future which must assuredly arrive, although as yet there are no signs of its approach. The pride of false system must be thoroughly mortified, ingenious sophistry must have exhausted its last shifts, disappointed aspirations after superhuman greatness must have ended in utter self-abasement, before men will deign to retrace their steps, and submit to the humiliating but inevitable palinode, 'Incende quod adorasti, adora quod incendisti.' Many a revolution, social and political, must first pass over the European world. In religion, in ethics, in mental science, men's minds must long continue to oscillate, as they do now, between the most abject superstitions and the wildest infidelities, and find scanty resting-place in the intervals. So it must be, until some single or collective voice speaking with authority shall rouse them once more, by selecting all that is true in modern moral philosophy, and incorporating it with the one leading

principle of man's relation to God—not as a portion to a whole, a fraction of spirit to some great Anima Mundi in which it originates, but as creature to Creator, subject to Sovereign, responsible agent to his Master, weak and imperfect nature to Him who can purify and exalt it.

A FEW WORDS ON JUNIUS AND ON MARAT.

THE 'secret of Junius' has been kept until, like over-ripe wines, the subject has lost its flavour. Languid indeed is the disposition of mind in which any, except a few veterans who still prefer the old post-road to the modern railway, take up an essay or an article professing to throw new light on that wearisome mystery, or to add some hitherto unknown name to the ghostly crowd of candidates for that antiquated prize. And yet there is a deep interest about the inquiry, after all, to those who, from any special cause, are induced to overcome the feeling of satiety which it at first excites, and plunge into the controversy with the energy of their grandfathers. The real force and virulence of those powerful writings, unrivalled then, and scarcely equalled since, let critics say what they may; the strangeness of the fact that none of the quick-sighted, unscrupulous, revengeful men who surrounded Junius at the time of his writing, who brushed past him in the street, drank with him at dinner, sat opposite him in the office, could ever attain to even a probable conjecture of his identity; the irresistible character of the external evidence which fixes the authorship on Francis, contrasted with those startling internal improbabilities which make the Franciscan theory to this day the least popular, although the learned regard it as all but established—the eccentric, repulsive, 'dour' character of Francis himself, and the kind of pertinacious longing

which besets us to know the interior of a man who shuts himself up against his fellow-men in fixed disdain and silence:—these are powerful incentives, and produce an attraction, of which we are sometimes ourselves ashamed, towards the occupation of treading over and over again this often-beaten ground of literary curiosity.

Never have I felt this more strongly, than when accident led me, several years ago, into Leigh and Sotheby's sale-room, when the library of Sir Philip Francis was on view previous to auction. I know not whether any reader will sympathise with me in what I am about to say: but to me there is a solemn and rather oppressive feeling, which attends these exposures of books for sale, where the death is recent, and where the owner and collector was a man of this world, taking an interest in the everyday literature which occupies myself and those around me. There stands his copy of a memoir of some one whom both he and I knew well—he had just had time to read it, as I see by the date, and with interest, as I judge by the pencil marks—in what mysteriously separate relation do he and I now respectively stand towards that common acquaintance? There is his copy of the latest volume of Travels—he had only accompanied the adventurer, I see, as far as the First Cataract—what matters now to him the problem of the source of the Nile? There is his last unbound number of the 'Quarterly'—he had studied it for many a year: at such a page, the paper-cutter rested from its work, the marginal notes ended, the influx of knowledge stopped, the chain of thought was snapped, the mental perceptions darkened. Can it be, that the active mind of our fellow-worker ceased then and there from that continuous exertion of so many years, and become that we wot not of—a living Intelligence, still of ourselves it may be, but removed into another

sphere, with which its habitual region of labour—the cycle in which it moved and had its being—had no connection whatever? Must it be (as Charles Lamb so quaintly expresses it) that 'knowledge now comes to him, if it comes at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading?'

But I do not wish to dally, here and now, with fancies like these. I only introduced the subject, because Sir Philip Francis' library was a good deal calculated to suggest this class of thoughts. He was a great marginal note-maker. He criticised all that came under his eye, and especially what related to political events, even to his latest hour. And—singular enough, yet in accordance with much that we know of him, and with all that we must suppose, if Junius he was—he had avoided keeping up, in this way, his connection with the time in which his sinister anonymous fame was achieved. So far as I remember, his books of the Junian period were little noted. He seemed to have exercised his memory and judgment on the records of Warren Hastings' trial, the French revolution, the revolutionary war—not on those of Wilkes and Chatham.

This, however, is all by the way, and I must crave pardon for the digression. I was reminding the reader that the subsidiary features of the Junian controversy have now become much more interesting than the old question of authorship itself, and that it is an admirable exercise for the intellectual faculties to trace the way in which different lines of reasoning, wholly distinct and yet severally complete, converge towards the 'Franciscan' conclusion.

In one of the early letters of Woodfall's collection, under the signature Bifrons (April 23, 1768, vol. ii. p. 175, of Bohn's edition), the writer, after accusing the Duke of

Grafton of being a 'casuist:' proceeds as follows—'I am not deeply read in authors of that professed title, but I *remember seeing* Busenbaum, Suares, Molina, and a score of other Jesuit books, burnt at Paris, for their sound casuistry, by the hand of the common hangman.'

I shall assume at once that Bifrons was the same writer as Junius. The general reasons for the assumption are familiar to those versed in the controversy. And even were these general grounds of identity less strong than they are, every one would allow that to prove that Francis was Bifrons, would go a long way towards proving him Junius.

A passage so pregnant with suggestion has of course provoked abundant comment: but all of the loosest description. No one seems to have taken the pains to follow out for himself a hint pointing to conclusions of so much importance in the controversy, both negative and affirmative.

Mr. W. H. Smith, the recent editor of the 'Grenville Papers,' thus presses it into the service of his theory, attributing the authorship of Junius to Lord Temple:

'The ceremony here alluded to *probably* took place in or about the year 1732, when the disputes between the King of France and his parliaments, relative to the Jesuits, had arrived at the highest point of acrimony. Several burnings of obnoxious and prohibited books and writings are described by contemporary authorities at this time; and as Lord Temple, then Richard Grenville, was in France, and chiefly at Paris, from the autumn of 1731 to the spring of 1733, he had, consequently, many opportunities of witnessing the ceremonies of the burning of "scores of Jesuitical books" by the common hangman, as described by Junius.' (Introductory Notes relating to the Authorship of Junius, p. cxliv.)

Mr. Smith is scarcely so familiar with the details of French as of English history. No doubt books were publicly burnt in Paris about the time he mentions: but the books were Jansenist, not Jesuit: the letters concerning the Miracles of the deacon Paris, the Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques, and the like—not the works of the Casuists. In 1732, the Jesuits were the executioners: their turn, as victims, came a generation later.

A writer, who endeavours to establish a claim for Lord Lyttelton, is nearer the mark; but unluckily just misses it:—

'We may assume,' says he, 'that this burning took place in 1764, as it was in that year that Choiseul suppressed the Jesuits. Thomas Lyttelton was on the continent during the whole of 1764, and for part of the time resided at Paris.'

The burning of books, so accurately described by Bifrons, took place beyond a doubt, as we shall presently see, on August 7th, 1761. Now this date raises a curious question, which is indicated, but in a very careless manner, by Mr. Wade (in his notes to Junius, Bohn's edition):—

'It may be doubted, indeed, whether Bifrons was an Englishman, or *even* an Irishman; *he certainly could not have been a British subject in* 1761, *unless he was a prisoner of war; for in that year we were at war with France.* But if a prisoner of war, how unlikely that he could be at Paris to witness an *auto-da-fé* of heretical works: he would have been confined in the interior of the kingdom, not left at large to indulge his curiosity in the capital.'

Now, assuming (as all these writers do) that Bifrons-Junius actually saw what he says he saw, how does the circumstance bear on the claims of the several candidates?

What was Lyttelton in August 1761? An Eton boy, enjoying his holidays.

Where was Lord Temple? At Stowe (see the 'Grenville Letters') caballing with Pitt.

Where was Burke? At Battersea, preparing to join Gerard Hamilton in Ireland.

Where were Burke the younger, Lord George Sackville, and the rest of the illustrious persons implicated in some people's suspicions? Not in Paris, we may safely answer, without pursuing our inquiry farther.

But it is undoubtedly possible that Bifrons-Junius, after all, did not himself see the *auto-da-fé* in question: he may have heard of it, or read of it, and may have described himself as an eye-witness, either for effect, or by way of a flourish, or even by way of false lure to throw inquirers off the scent.

It would then only remain to inquire, in what way, by what association of ideas, Bifrons-Junius came to give so circumstantial a description, and in so prominent a manner, of an occurrence which had passed in a time of war almost unmarked by the English public, and which had excited in England but very little attention or interest since?

Now let us see how either supposition bears on the 'Franciscan theory.'

Francis was a very young clerk in Mr. Pitt's department (which answered to the Foreign Office of these days) in 1759. In that year he accompanied Lord Kinnoul on his special mission to Portugal. His Lordship returned in November 1760, with all his staff, and the youthful Francis (in all probability) returned to his desk at the same time.

He was certainly at work in the same office between October 1761, and August 1763; for he says of himself ('Parl. Debates,' xxii. 97), that he 'possessed Lord Egremont's favour in the Secretary of State's Office.'

That nobleman came into office in October 1761, and died in August 1763. In the latter year Francis was removed to the War Office, where he remained until 1772.

Where was he in August 1761?

According to all reasonable presumption, at work in Pitt's department.

And yet Lady Francis, in that biographical account of her husband which was published by Lord Campbell—an account evidently incorrect in some details, yet authentic in leading particulars, as might be expected from a lady's reminiscences of what she heard from an older man—says, '*He was at the Court of France in Louis XV.'s time, when the Jesuits were driven out by Madame de Pompadour.*'

This, it will be at once allowed, is a strange instance of coincidence between Bifrons and the lady. The more striking, because the particulars of disagreement show that the two stories do not come from the same source. But how can we account for either story? How came Francis to be in Paris—if in Paris he was—in time of war?

With a view to solve this question to my own satisfaction, I once consulted the State Paper Office. It happens that during the summer of 1761, Mr. Hans Stanley was in Paris, on a diplomatic mission, to negotiate terms of peace with Choiseul. He failed in that object—folks thought Mr. Pitt never meant he should succeed—and returned home in *September* of that year. His correspondence with Pitt, as Secretary of State, is preserved in the office aforesaid. He seems to have had the ordinary staff of assistants from Pitt's department; but I could not find any record of their names. His despatches are entirely confined to the subject of the negotiation on which he was engaged, *with one exception.* He

seems, for some reason or other, to have taken much interest in the affair of the Jesuits. On August 10, he writes at length on the whole of that matter. To his despatch is annexed a careful *précis*, in Downing Street language, of the history of the Jesuits' quarrel with the parliament: evidently drawn up by one of his subordinates. Enclosed in this *précis* is the original printed *Arrêt de la Cour du Parlement du* 6 *août* 1761, condemning *Molina de Justitiâ et Jure*; *Suares, Defensio Fidei Catholicæ*; *Busenbaum, Theologia Moralis*; and several other books of the same class, to be *lacérés et brûlés en la cour du Palais.* And a MS. note at the foot of the *arrêt* states that the books were burnt on the 7th accordingly.

Thus much, therefore, is all but certain; some member of Mr. Stanley's mission, or other confidential subordinate, was present in the Cour du Palais when that *arrêt* was executed, and reported it to his principal, who reported it to Mr. Pitt: and Francis was at that time a clerk in Pitt's office, which was in constant communication with Stanley's mission. We do not know the names of the individual clerks who were attached to that mission, or passed backwards and forwards between Paris and London in connection with it. But we do know that Francis had been twice employed in a similar way (to accompany General Bligh's expedition to Cherbourg, and Lord Kinnoul's mission to Portugal). Evidently, therefore, he was very likely to be thus employed again. He may then assuredly have witnessed with his own bodily eyes what no Englishman, unconnected with that mission, could well have witnessed—may have stood on the steps of the Palais de Justice, watched the absurd execution taking place in the court-yard below, and treasured up the details as food for his sarcastic spirit; or (to take the other supposition) he may have read at his

desk in the office that curious despatch of Mr. Stanley's; may have retained it in his tenacious memory; and, writing a few years afterwards, may have thought proper, for some of the reasons which I have above suggested, to represent himself as an eye-witness of what he in truth only knew by reading.

All this I once detailed to Macaulay, whose interest in the subject of Junius generally, and of the 'Franciscan' theory in particular, is well known to those who remember his conversation. He had himself contributed two of the most remarkable by-proofs which help to fix the authorship on Francis: the curious mistake of the English War Office clerk, respecting Sir William Draper's Irish pension; the personal hostility of the Francis family towards the Irish Luttrells, which accounts for the bitterness of his attack on such obscure offenders. He was much struck by the argument, and took an eager part in discussing it. But one circumstance (I said) perplexed me, and seemed to interfere with the probabilities of the case. How came Junius, whose excessive fear of detection betrays itself throughout so much of his correspondence, and led him to employ all manner of shifts and devices for the sake of concealment, to give the public, as if in mere bravado, such a key to his identity as this little piece of autobiography affords?

The answer is plain, replied Macaulay on the instant, with one of those electric flashes of rapid perception which seemed in him to pass direct from the brain to the eye. The letter of Bifrons is one of Junius's earliest productions —its date, half a year before the formidable signature of Junius was adopted at all. The first letter signed Junius is dated in November 1768. In April 1768, the writer had neither earned his fame, nor incurred his personal danger. A mere unknown scatterer of abuse, he could

have little or no fear of directing inquiry towards himself.

But (he added) I much prefer your first supposition to your second. It is not only the most picturesque, but it is really the most probable. And unless the contrary can be shown, I shall believe in the actual presence of the writer at the burning of the books. Remember, this explains what otherwise seems inexplicable, Lady Francis's imperfect story, that her husband '*was at the court of France when Madame de Pompadour drove out the Jesuits.*' Depend on it, you have caught Junius in the fact. Francis was *there.*

Francis sailed from England in 1773, and left the soil behind him full charged with those seeds of revolutionary combustion which he, in undesigned concert with many others, had done his best to deposit there. To such a pass had the country been brought by the agitation of preceding years, that it may be doubted whether 1774 would not have witnessed serious popular movements in England, if the revolt of the American colonies, commenced at that very time, had not roused the national spirit and drawn it in another direction. We have seen the youthful aspirant after success in political life, destined to acquire it in so sinister a manner, indulging in 1761 his vein of satirical observation in contemplating the angry conflict of ecclesiastical party spirit in France. In 1774, a young foreigner, still more obscure and insignificant than he, devoted like him to the unremitting exercise in the dark of mixed public and personal malignity, but marked out by fate to play a much greater part in the drama of European revolution, and achieve a much greater preeminence in evil fame, was contemplating as curiously the rapid movement by which English society then seemed to be involved in the political

vortex. Nor was he contemplating it only; he was taking part in it to the best of his ability. Seized himself by the revolutionary mania, he was doing his utmost to inspire the strangers among whom he lived with that dark fanatical passion which afterwards led him so far. The early life of Marat was chiefly spent in this country, and affords problems on which his French biographers have thrown but scanty light, and which may provoke an attempt at investigation.

I will here sum up briefly what is known, or surmised, of the career of Marat in England and Scotland.* I have not the space, nor is it perhaps worth while, to endeavour to discriminate between knowledge and surmise. When his ominous name had acquired such strange significance throughout Europe, it is very possible that it was misused by the anecdote-mongers of the day, and rendered responsible for a series of acts of vulgar criminality on slender evidence of identity, or none at all. My present object is only to endeavour to trace that portion of his career which his own writings partially authenticate—his connection with the 'Wilkite' party in England, at a period when he was still a young man, a poor and nameless Swiss adventurer.

Marat was born at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, in 1744. After attaining the age of manhood, he led what has been described as a 'strange sort of skulking life.' If we are to understand in their most obvious (but rather improbable) sense, certain expressions in his 'Chains of Slavery,' which bears the date of 1774, he had at that time already lived ten years in England. Ten years on the spot, he seems to say, had given him sufficient oppor-

* My authorities for this purpose are chiefly collected from a notice of the subject in Mr. R. Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 55.

tunity to learn the merits and the vices of the British constitution. ('Chaînes de l'Esclavage,' p. 324.)

According to the stories which were in circulation respecting him after his death, he was at Edinburgh, apparently as a French teacher, in 1775. He was also an usher in the academy at Warrington, in which Dr. Priestley was a tutor.* He left Warrington or Edinburgh for Oxford. And he is conjectured to have been the same person with one Le Mair or Le Maître, apprehended in 1776 for a robbery of gold coins committed in a museum in that place. The result of the trial does not seem to have been ascertained. After all which, it should seem—but the dates are confused—he was thought to have taught tambouring at Edinburgh for some years, under the name of John White, to have cheated his creditors, and been imprisoned in that city: which brings down his history nearly to 1787, when we find him in Paris as 'médecin des écuries du Comte d'Artois.'

Add to these more or less doubtful stories, that he appears to have published, while in England, the following works:—1. 'A Philosophical Essay on Man, being an attempt to investigate the principles and laws of the reciprocal influence of the soul and body.' London, 1773. Anonymous, but afterwards published in France with his name, in 1775.

2. A pamphlet entitled 'The Chains of Slavery,' of which more presently.

3. In 1776 (dated from Church Street, Soho), 'An Inquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a singular Disease in the Eye,' by J. P. Marat, M.D.

To return to the second of these works.

* If this be literally true, he must have come early to England; for Priestley left Warrington in 1767.

After the 10th of August, 1792, Marat seized, as his share of the spoils of the day, four of the royal printing presses—a kind of retribution for the many occasions on which his own had been carried off by the police. He also asked the minister Roland for 15,000 francs to enable him to print some manuscripts. On Roland's requesting to see them, he sent, says Madame Roland, 'un fatras de manuscrits dont la seule vue faisait peur ; il y avait un traité des "Chaînes de l'Esclavage;" je ne sais quoi encore marqué à son coin : c'est suffisant pour l'apprécier.' The 'Chaînes de l'Esclavage, par J. P. Marat, Ami du Peuple,' accordingly came out, in the well-known handsome type which had been consecrated to Government purposes. It is a compilation of several distinct pamphlets and fragments, confusedly thrown together, occupying 364 pages: namely,

1. The preface, or 'notice,' containing particulars respecting himself, to which I will advert presently.

2. An 'Adresse aux Électeurs de la Grande Bretagne,' purporting to be the translation of an English document so entitled, and to have appeared before the election of 1774.

3. A short introduction.

4. 'Les Chaînes de l'Esclavage;' a long revolutionary rhapsody of 300 pages, vague and diffuse, but illustrated in the notes, almost throughout, with examples and precedents from English history.

5. Tableau des Vices de la Constitution Anglaise, présenté en août 1789 aux États-Généraux, comme une série d'écueils à éviter dans le gouvernement qu'ils voulaient donner à la France.' Also styled 'Discours adressé aux Anglois le 15 avril 1774.' Preceded, also, by a curious 'Letter to the President of the States-General.' This short pamphlet (30 pages) is on subjects of purely English in-

terest: a Wilkite publication of the ordinary cast, complaining of close boroughs, the abuses of recruiting, of the poor laws, the fees demanded of persons acquitted of misdemeanours, the septennial act, the civil list, jobs, patronages, and general warrants. 'Pour ne pas manquer son but,' he says in a note, 'l'auteur y parle comme s'il fût né Anglois : c'est pour la même raison qu'il a fait traduire son ouvrage.' But it is all but impossible to read it, and not suppose that it was originally written in English by an Englishman, and translated by Marat into French.

6. A short declamatory 'Discours adressé aux Anglois le 1 août 1774.'

Let us now return to the 'Notice' at the head of the work. 'A citizen of the world,' he says of himself, 'at a period when the French as yet had not a country, cherishing that liberty of which I was always the apostle and sometimes the martyr, trembling lest I should see her banished from the whole earth, and anxious to assist in her triumph in an island which appeared to me her last asylum, I resolved to consecrate to her my days and nights. A parliament decried for its venality was approaching its termination; the moment for electing a new one was at hand ; on this all my hopes rested. It was necessary to penetrate the electors with the duty of choosing enlightened and virtuous men.' 'For this purpose,' he says, he determined to publish a work 'in which the evil consequences of tyranny, as deduced from English history, should be fully represented.' 'To devour thirty mortal volumes, to make extracts from them, to adapt them to my work, to *translate* and to print it, was an affair of three months. . . During this period I laboured regularly one and twenty hours a day ; I scarcely allowed myself two for sleep, and in order to keep myself awake, I made such an excessive use of coffee without milk that

it nearly killed me, and injured me more than the excess of work. . . When I had sent it to the publishers, thinking I had nothing more to do than to wait quietly for its success, I fell into a kind of mental annihilation or stupor; all the faculties of my soul were stricken down; I lost my memory and intelligence, and remained thirteen days in this state, from which I was delivered only by the help of music and rest.'

On his recovery, he says, he found to his surprise that his publishers had failed to perform their engagement. He tried others, who put him off in various ways. He offered it to Woodfall (Junius's printer), and then was informed, for the first time, that it was possible that the 'Address to the Electors of Great Britain,' with which it commenced, might be the reason for its non-appearance. The newspapers also refused his advertisements. At last, he says, 'The eagerness of Mr. Becket, the Prince of Wales's bookseller, to get his name erased from the list of subscribers as soon as the work appeared' (should appear, seemingly), 'put me on the right scent. I discovered, too late, that the minister had bought up printer, publishers, and newspapers. I had no difficulty in tracing this to its source.. . . My printer was a Scotchman, attached to Lord North, to whom he transmitted the sheets as they came from the press. . . . Instructed by the example of Wilkes of the outrages which an audacious minister might venture on against me, I had for six weeks a pair of pistols under my pillow, well resolved to receive properly the Government messenger who might come to carry off my papers. He came not: the minister, informed of my character, deemed it best only to employ cunning . . . . Indignant at the difficulties placed in the way of my publication, I adopted the course of sending almost the whole edition, in presents, to the patriotic

clubs of the north of England, which passed for the purest in the kingdom. The copies addressed to them were punctually delivered by the carriers.'

The narrative now gets wilder and wilder. Lord North set spies to watch Marat, bribed his landlord and servant, and intercepted his letters. To put the persecutors off the track, he went over into Holland, and came back to London by the north of England, visiting by the way the clubs to which he had sent his book. He stayed three weeks at Carlisle, Penrith, and Newcastle. Three clubs sent him letters of admission in a golden box, which an emissary of the minister stole; that of Newcastle published a new edition of his work; but the appearance of this edition was delayed by Government at an expense which —a member of Parliament afterwards assured him—did not fall short of 8,000 guineas. It was not allowed to appear until after the elections, and thus the author's intention of influencing them was altogether disconcerted.

He completes this wonderful history by informing his readers that in order to remedy abuses, he, Marat, had proposed in his work to the English to pass four bills as fundamental laws: 1. To merge close boroughs in the adjoining county representation; 2. To take away from the Crown the right of making peers, and confer it on Parliament under certain restrictions; 3. To turn placemen out of Parliament; 4. To render the accounts of the State subject to examination and audit, on the motion of any three members. The appearance of his work (he concludes by saying) caused a general fermentation; it produced a sudden demand for Parliamentary reform, which became, in consequence, 'the favourite toast of the popular clubs.' The third of his proposed measures passed; so, he adds, will the other three in good time.

The reader will probably set down these fragments of

Marat's autobiography as either mere gasconade, or the illusions of a distempered brain. There may be a mixture of both in them : but some truth there certainly is, as will appear from the following facts :—

In Woodfall's paper, the 'Public Advertiser,' May 3, 1774, is announced 'The Chains of Slavery'—'a work wherein the clandestine and villanous attempts of princes to ruin liberty are pointed out, and the dreadful scenes of despotism disclosed.' To which is prefixed, 'An Address to the Electors of Great Britain. In order to draw their timely attention to the choice of proper representatives in the next Parliament.' It is advertised as printed for Almon, Payne, and Richardson and Urquhart; in quarto, price 12*s.*—a large sum for a pamphlet of 200 or 300 pages.

The book is advertised in similar terms in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for May 1774, as printed by *Becket*; and in the 'Scot's Magazine' for the same month. In the latter it is said to be 'executed in a manner that will reflect credit on the author's abilities,' from which notice it would seem as if the writer was known personally or by reputation to his Edinburgh critic.

And yet, notwithstanding all this *luxe* of advertisements, I have never myself discovered a copy of the work in English, nor any notice of it, in any periodical of the time, subsequent to its appearance.

This circumstance certainly points to the conclusion either that the work never appeared at all, or that, if it did, it was subsequently withdrawn, and lends some plausibility at least to the main features of Marat's story, that it was in point of fact suppressed either by the agency of Government or (and more probably) through the caution of printers and publishers.

Woodfall's reasons for such caution are evident enough,

since in the same year (1774) he was once in custody of the Serjeant-at-Arms, for printing in the 'Public Advertiser' Horne Tooke's 'Letter to the Speaker,' and once convicted and fined for allowing a seditious libel on the 'Glorious Revolution of 1688' to appear in the same paper.

On the whole, therefore, I think it is apparent on the evidence that Marat learnt the theory and practice of revolutionary agitation in the Wilkite days in these kingdoms; that, as an obscure foreign adventurer, he was mixed up to some extent in the designs of the concealed democratic party here; and that the story of the intended publication of the 'Chains of Slavery,' to influence public opinion in that direction, is substantially true. But, as above said, I certainly suspect from internal testimony that the concluding piece of the volume, the 'Tableau des Vices de la Constitution Anglaise,' is not his own, but translated from some English original which he happened to have in his possession.

Marat appears to have visited his revolutionary friends on this side of the Channel for the last time in 1790. On May 19 of that year he announces his return in his 'Ami du Peuple,' and informs his readers that he had received the most positive assurances of sympathy in England 'from those clubs by which I had witnessed, in 1776, the despatch of men and money to the assistance of Boston and Philadelphia.' At the same time he started a new journal—'Le Junius Français'—of which, however, only a few numbers appeared.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND JOSEPH DE MAISTRE.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

Franklin. I am glad to have the opportunity of exchanging a few words with a politician so celebrated in his own day—and not very long after mine—as the Count Joseph de Maistre. I reverence in him that rarest of phenomena among the political thinkers both of my time and his—one who had a principle, and throughout his speculations adhered to it. Our respective positions were indeed on the very opposite extremities of the platform: and yet I think, though neither of us is very likely to be convinced by the other, each may learn from the other. That is, if the Count will honour a simple citizen—for whose countrymen, and their constitution, I am afraid he entertained in life not much respect—by exchanging ideas with him in this limbo of ours below.

De Maistre. Monsieur Franklin, the envoy of a great people, and the honoured guest of the Court of France, need not trifle with a very poor Savoyard gentleman by assuming such airs of modesty. But you are indeed mistaken in the sentiments which you attribute to me respecting your country and her institutions. That the theory of popular rights, professed among you, is founded in error, I know full well: but it is not your theory only. Other communities, possessing so-called liberal institutions, profess it, and act upon it, as I have always said, with less of consistency and therefore with inferior success; because they have been always endeavouring to fit on to their trumpery structures, based on mere assumptions or on

mere hazard, something of the majesty and inviolability which appertain solely to that polity which is from on high. You have been ever too steady in your utilitarian faith to fall into this self-contradictory fallacy; or at least until lately: for if the rumours which reach us respecting the strife which now convulses your country are true, some of your statesmen seem to be already invoking the theory of divine right in favour of your fire-new Federation. For the rest, I never preferred absolute to free institutions. I perceived the practical value of self-government as clearly as any republican among you. Every nation (I have said it) has in the long run that government which it deserves. Yours dared nobly, and deserved highly, and earned its reward. I never quarrelled with the superstructure of your political edifice; but I denied, and deny, that it, or any other raised on the theory of popular sovereignty, has a foundation, or can possibly endure beyond a short season. I deny that these popular franchises, of which I by no means undervalue the beneficial effects, can be rested on any secure basis except that of concession from the ruler; for that higher political authority which by the supposition concedes them, can alone restrain the abuse of them. So long as its controlling power is kept out of sight or denied, the world can but witness the recurrence of that dispiriting, never-ending round, of freedom degenerating into licence, and licence begetting tyranny. And surely, if anything of truth reaches us here, the period for the accomplishment of my very unwilling prophecies, as regards your country, seems near at hand.

Franklin. You allowed us, I think, even a much shorter period, when you occupied the prophetical pulpit. If I remember rightly, you expressed yourself ready to wager a thousand to one that our then projected metropolis

would either never be built, or would not be called Washington, or that Congress would never sit there.

De Maistre. Alas! where is the prophet among us who can endure the test of a literal verification of his conjectures respecting events close at hand? Not I, assuredly. I was always too much dazzled by the vividness of that light in which, as I believe, I contemplated the ultimate goal of the course of human society, to have a clear vision of near objects on either side of the road to it. I have always thought that one of the strange notions of the poet Dante* respecting the state of souls in this limbo of ours was applicable, in life, to a class of thinkers to which I myself belonged. We were like those people of imperfect eyesight who see things at a distance in outlines of preternatural sharpness, very imperfectly things near them; and are forced to rely for their knowledge of these latter on the reports of more practical observers than themselves. You, I suspect, belonged to the opposite category: at all events, without pronouncing uncourteously on your power of presaging the distant future, I may be allowed to recognise the singular precision of your judgment as to occurrences soon to happen. But, having prefaced thus much, I stand by my prophecy. The first alternative has substantially come true. Washington has never been built. It is an encampment—not a city in any true sense. It is a mere political fungus spreading on the surface of the soil—not an abiding centre of human enjoyment or industry rooted in it. And—pardon the thought, it is no new one, and uttered in sadness and not in sarcasm—what Washington is among cities, your Republic will prove among polities.

* Noi veggiam come quei ch' ha mala luce,
Le cose, disse, che ne son lontano . . .
Quando s' appressano, o son, tutto è vano
Nostro intelletto, e s' altri non c' apporta,
Nulla sappiam di vostro stato umano.

Franklin. Through what outward phases of political being my beloved country may have to pass, I am certainly not the seer to foretell. But thus much I will confidently anticipate: the substantial advantages which she has won for herself, and taught the rest of the world how to win, will never be lost. Political wisdom may, for aught I know, run back in other things; but not in this. It was her destiny to prove to mankind, that mankind need not be governed by classes, nor for classes; that men in the long run are capable of conducting their own affairs; that there is no hierarchy, whether resting its claims on divine right or on imaginary compacts and surrenders, charters or protocols, in government, whatever there may be in religion. She has taught the world how to get rid of all these impostures: if the world will for a while let them still subsist, in obedience either to a blind fear of revolution or to the sophistries (pardon the expression) of learned men who try to weave their fears and scruples into theories, she at least has shown the better way. Democratic progress is henceforth quite as assured as scientific progress; and men will one day smile as serenely over the reactionary fallacies which impede the first, as over the prejudices which retard the latter. If you must have divine right to base your system, seek it here. I was a versifier in my youth, though you would hardly think it; and I remember well the hold which some rough lines of a rhymster of my day took on my imagination; men laughed at them and him, for he was an Irish Lord, a courtier and a jobber—

> Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
> Create and mark the ruler's right,
> So Nature's laws conclude:
> Then Thine it is, to whom belong
> The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
> Thrice glorious Multitude.

I have learnt since to frame my own model Republic on a lower principle, that of expediency: but the words ring in my ears like the note of a clarion notwithstanding.

De Maistre. If I thought you in earnest, I might be tempted to ask, what is the value of having collective virtue and collective wisdom at the head of affairs, if individual wisdom and virtue are almost invariably either slandered, or bullied, or hustled by mere brute force out of all leading functions in the conduct of those affairs; which is no mere calumny of us monarchists, but the constant complaint of those who live under a democracy, and not the least (unless I am misinformed) of the more intelligent of your countrymen?

Franklin. I will answer you, at all events, in plain earnest. I admit the charge; it was true to some extent in my time; it is no doubt truer now, when democracy has richer prizes to offer to those who will condescend to flatter its weaknesses. But admitting it fully, I am utterly at a loss to understand the importance with which ordinary thinkers invest it. I cannot but think they confound altogether the means with the end. The end is simply that the vast mass of mankind may live happy, contented, industrious, and, above all, progressive. If the preeminence of a few wealthy hereditary statesmen, or a few of the most refined talkers and writers, is necessary towards this end, then I fairly admit that America is in a bad way. But what if this, the only real end of government, is no such deep mystery after all? what if it is really attainable by the efforts in common of a number of not very distinguished people, roughly but effectively trained by their very circumstances, working on and quarrelling on and jobbing on as members of democratic bodies usually do? What does it matter, in that case, if the philosopher

and the millionaire cannot occupy precisely the station to which they conceive themselves entitled? Much to them, doubtless; they naturally bewail their insulation in very touching language, and get a number of congenial spirits to condole with them: and to chorus the common saying, that America is not the country for gentlemen. One is half tempted to wish that she might never become so. But I am not one of those who undervalue the character of the gentleman, or rejoice in its ostracism, if such is its real lot under democracies. I should be glad to see the most cultivated intellects at the head of affairs. Only, if this is incompatible, at least at present, with the possession of self-government by the uncultivated, I would rather lose the first advantage than the second. I believe it to be far better that the million should arise every day to the assured enjoyment of competency and freedom, and the consciousness of assured improvement in their own condition and that of their children, than that the ablest and loftiest minds of the country should have the barren satisfaction of ruling that million as hopeless and grovelling proletaries. You love France, Monsieur De Maistre, and hold her people, political changes notwithstanding, for the leading nation of Europe at all times: in your bold hyperbole, 'The kingdom of France ranks next to the kingdom of Heaven.' I loved her dearly also, under that 'ancien régime' with which I was familiar; partly, because she was the friend of my struggling country (and, for this reason in great measure, I scarcely wished as strongly as a true democrat should for the success of that Revolution of which I saw the commencement); but more for her intrinsic qualities, for the ineffable charm of her high society in which I, an obscure stranger, was received as a guest of honour: for the extraordinary brilliancy of those leading spirits of hers which then gave the step to all the

civilised world. If a community were happy in proportion to the comparative eminence of those who were recognised as its chiefs, assuredly France was at the height of social prosperity. Such men as Quesnay, Turgot, Necker, not only counselled, but controlled more or less, her economical policy. The impulse to the abolition of abuses, the improvement of institutions, was given by the great school of whom Voltaire passes as the nominal head, though not then the most influential among them. And if their tendencies were too precipitate, these were held in check by a Church which, after all that could be said against it, was pure in the main in conduct and elevated in sentiment; by a noblesse whose polish could not be overrated, whose substantial good qualities, the honour, temperance, and philanthropy which distinguished great numbers among them, have hardly received due justice. All this I saw, and admired. But what lay beneath it? 'The effect of this kind of society' (as I said at the time) 'appears to be the depressing multitudes below the savage state, in order that a few may be raised above it.' The France of that day probably held some fifteen millions of human beings, out of her twenty-five millions, whose condition was abject to such a degree that if the well-meaning courtiers and philosophers who argued daily about it had actually realised it by personal knowledge, their very blood would have been chilled within them. These wretches existed on the merest pittance which could keep body and soul together, and maintain that amount of physical strength which could furnish the requisite surplus wealth to the owners of their soil. Their very appearance read an awful lesson to the serious observer. They were dull, suspicious, sullen of aspect. Their occasional gaiety, of which so much was said, was almost a more melancholy spectacle than their misery. Their religion

was a trifling superstition. Their law was the scourge, the torture,* and the wheel. The few among them who possessed abilities sufficient to emerge in any degree from under such a weight of evil, used their wit only to grasp together, and conceal from the eye of the tax-gatherer,† any wretched store which they might contrive to accumulate, and cherished at the bottom of their hearts an unappeasable hatred towards those whose superfluity mocked their nakedness. Their women—as richly endowed at birth with the capacity to charm, as the loveliest sylphs who fluttered at Versailles—were turned, in a few years of their young lives, into mere haglike drudges, from whom the eye of the passer-by turned away. Their children . . . But I need not pursue so repulsive a subject. You know, and Heaven knows, that I do not exaggerate. We are told that the Revolution of which we have spoken has in some degree permanently raised the condition of these

* It is commonly supposed that torture was abolished by Louis XVI.: but this is a mistake. The 'question préparatoire' was got rid of; but the 'question préalable,' the more cruel of the two (to extort the names of accomplices), remained until the Revolution; not indeed with the goodwill of the king, but in consequence of the opposition of the lawyers to reform. As late as 1788, two councillors of the Parliament at Rouen assisted at the torture of a woman, which seems to have lasted several hours. See Berriat Saint Prix' remarkable essay 'Des Tribunaux et de la Procédure au grand Criminel,' 1859. It has been the fashion of late among English writers to represent our criminal jurisprudence of the last century as peculiarly barbarous. Those who read the hideous details contained in this essay, however they may be prejudiced against the memory of the Georges, will acknowledge that our usages were humanity itself compared with what then prevailed in great part of the continent.

† 'Un élu (an official) est venu dans le village où est ma maison de campagne, et m'a dit que cette paroisse devait être fort augmentée à la taille cette année: qu'il y avait remarqué le paysan plus gras qu'ailleurs, *qu'il y avait vu sur le pas des portes des plumages de volaille*; qu'on y faisait donc bonne chère, qu'on y était bien. . . . Voilà ce qui décourage le paysan: voilà ce qui cause les malheurs de la nation: voilà sur quoi pleurerait bien Henri Quatre, s'il vivait encore.'—*Journal du Marq. d'Argenson*, vol. ii. p. 256 (in 1750).

children of the soil: and if so, that is its justification in the eyes of reason and humanity. But much, apparently, still remains to be done; and until these millions are blest with enjoyment for their present, and [what I regard as still more important] hope for the future, does it really avail a single atom that the political writers of France are the clearest of logicians, her statesmen unrivalled in wit and resources, her 'upper ten thousand,' or upper million if you please, the cream of the world? Give me instead the Pennsylvania of my youth, with her people luxuriating in present affluence and in the anticipation of greater, though their election 'tickets' had no better names to show than those of the merest Jonathan and Ezekiel who ever figured on a stump; or give me (if you please) the herdsmen of Lucerne and Uri, or the burghers of a Dutch province; who have succeeded for centuries in conducting their own affairs tolerably well, though they never produced a statesman of whom I have heard, and suffered under a lamentable deficiency of laced coats. To this day, when the French nation, or even the English nation, is spoken of, the mind of the speaker is really fixed, in nine cases out of ten, only on the higher and more cultivated class in each community. When men speak of the American nation, they mean the whole people.

De Maistre. You forget, or you leave out of sight, the two main circumstances which distinguished your position in America from that of the older communities of the world, and have up to this time enabled you to enjoy great material progress, without its being necessary for you to check in any way the development of your equalising institutions. I mean your abundance of fertile land, which rendered political discontent free from danger; and the existence of slavery, which furnished you with a supply of labourers without political claims or rights.

Franklin. As to your first circumstance, I need only point to the condition of eastern Europe in reply. There are vast unoccupied regions there, under the government of Austria and Russia, possessed of great fertility of soil, and a climate substantially as good as that of our Northern States: and whose rulers have been for a century or so enlightened enough to desire immigration, and encourage it by privileges. And yet they cannot succeed. Of the vast overflow which annually takes place from the over-peopled parts of Europe, scarcely a few driblets filter eastward: and these driblets only stagnate in consumptive, unsuccessful colonies, in the forest or the steppe. The rest finds its way chiefly to our shores; and why? Simply, however your politicians may dislike it, from the invincible attraction of freedom: from their preference of a state of things in which every one helps to govern himself in a rough and ready way, to one in which he is governed, and cared for, by princes, nobles, Chambers, doctrinaires, officials, and professors. The remainder of these dumb seekers, who can scarcely name what they want, but the real object of whose inarticulate desires is liberty, proceed to establish themselves under British colonial government. England—monarchical and aristocratic as she vaunts herself—with that thorough practical good sense, which in her seems to accompany a thorough deficiency in logic—while at home she listens with complacency to those who vituperate democracy, allows it to establish itself, absolutely without control, in all the regions under her sway to which her children resort. The first thing an English colonist does is to set up a newspaper, in which he boasts that he is the member of a great empire, the inheritor of an ancient constitution, and not a mere anarchist, nor even as these Americans; and then he proceeds to establish his commonwealth on the

unadorned platform of naked universal suffrage. Sound instinct leads him in that direction, and he easily puts his so-called convictions, which tend the other way, into his pocket. As to the other circumstance, which qualifies, as you say, the character of our democracy, namely, the existence of slavery, I need surely not remind you that it has never existed at all, or never to any such extent as to be of the slightest importance as a social element, in three-fourths of our union. In those portions of which it has become, unhappily, the characteristic institution, it has been ever the greatest obstacle, instead of encouragement, to the fair development of free institutions. I speak not from the experience only of those most miserable events of which we hear, but from that of my own days. Slavery, such as it existed in my country, is an abomination on grounds of religion and morality; but as a mere political institution, an utter mistake. It is a consolation to me, under much consciousness of error in the part I took in human affairs, that my last political efforts, like those of Washington, were devoted to the endeavour to mitigate the effects of that terrible evil, and to prepare the way for its ultimate abolition.

De Maistre. Here, at least, we meet on even ground. My abhorrence of slavery in all forms, but of the slavery of colour in particular, fully equals your own. Whether I am right or wrong in fancying that it has contributed to the ephemeral success of your constitution, doomed whether with or without slavery to speedy decay, is of not much importance. It is at all events historically true, that no free government of antiquity could subsist without slavery, and that (as I have always thought*) the only practical method, in modern society, of preserving republican institutions without it has been opened to us

* See especially the *Soirées de St. Petersbourg.*

through Christianity; that is to say, through the Church. No liberty without obedience and subordination. Either the freedom of the few through the forced obedience of the many, or the freedom of all in combination with the submission of all to that transcendental authority of which the seat is in Church and State enthroned together. And for this reason the Catholic Church has ever been foremost to promote the emancipation of the slave, and the protection of inferior and subjugated races of men, because it alone could do so in perfect consistency and without fear of consequences.

Franklin. If that be so, it is the best thing I ever heard of the Catholic Church. But you must pardon me if, in politics, I cannot help following the guidance of practical experience rather than of theories, however elevated. I never heard, in my day, that the Catholic planter of Louisiana, or of St. Domingo, or of Brazil, was one whit superior to his Protestant fellow-trader in men of the Carolinas or the British Antilles, as regards humanity or justice towards his unfortunate chattels. And, generally, I confess that it is with profound distrust that I hear disputants of any religious creed endeavouring to 'make capital' out of any of the great social evils which afflict mankind, by elaborate attempts at proof, either statistical or sentimental, that their own persuasion makes them a little less bad in those respects than their neighbours. I am afraid a sarcastic writer, who belonged to none, hit the truth more nearly when he said that 'the use and abuse of religion are feeble to stem, they are strong and irresistible to impel, the stream of national manners. But pardon me if I offend you.

De Maistre. 'La vérité, en combattant l'erreur, ne se fâche jamais.' But we shall hardly convince each other on religious questions. Your theology is too progressive

for me. If I remember rightly, you have made attempts towards improving the English liturgy; and the Lord's Prayer.* And, in the way of hatred to slavery, we have nothing to learn from each other. I would rather direct your attention to another subject. You have no doubt in your own mind, of the lawfulness of your resistance to Great Britain. It is one of the first articles of your political creed. You had a right—on popular principles—to separate from the mother country, and to establish an independent commonwealth. You hold that Great Britain had no right to endeavour to retain you in subjection by force. I ought perhaps to apologise for the use of so ambiguous a word as 'right,' and to say that, in your view, Britain was not morally justified in doing so. I want to know to what extent you carry that doctrine. Have portions of your Federation, constituting in the aggregate only a minority, the right to separate themselves from the remainder for such a cause as may seem sufficient to themselves, against the will of the majority? If they have not, in what way do you distinguish their case against the majority from your case against Great Britain? If they have, on what ground can you, representing the majority, claim a right to retain them by force in union with you?

Franklin. I am ready to answer the question to the best of my ability; and yet, I think, it might in some degree clear our ground of controversy, if you were to favour me with your own opinion first, whether we did possess the alleged right of revolt against Britain.

De Maistre. It is an issue upon which, regard being had to the leading principles of my doctrines, it is scarcely necessary for me to give any definite answer. For by the necessity of my logic I am compelled to hold all govern-

* *Life of Franklin by Sparkes*, p. 77.

ments, which reject divine right as their base, as disentitled to enforce obedience on their subjects *jure divino*: and the British government and your own, lay equally under this disability. I know, indeed, that the order of things under which we live must needs be respected by the citizen who fears God; I know that even an arbitrary and a persecuting ruler has serious claims on that submission which the Apostle pointed out as due to the tyrants of Rome. But it is another question (and not one for mere students in divinity, but for politicians of common sense) how far such a submission can be consistently claimed by a government which founds itself, like that of England, avowedly and explicitly, on the will of the people, not on God's law. When your rebellion took place, the state of England had long dissolved its connection with the church, and made alliance instead with the school of Hobbes and Locke. It demanded obedience of you on an absurd theory of virtual representation. And its lawyers were compelled to contend against your lawyers that you were in fact represented in its parliament, and were parishioners, I believe, of Stepney, in the county of Middlesex. It was not only patriotism, but common reason and conscience, that revolted against nonsense like this. And those who directed the affairs of France, and who have been much accused of prostituting the forces of legitimacy to support rebellion, may have had some justification for holding that, if they were lending aid to the establishment of a dangerous precedent in the shape of your new Republic, they were at all events dissolving its connection with a power equally lawless in its origin, and more menacing to themselves in its mode of development, namely, that of your mother country.

Franklin. You remind me of a story which I once heard in England, concerning a worthy Quaker who

lived in a country town there. The Friend was rich and benevolent, and his means were put in frequent requisition for purposes of local charity or usefulness. The townspeople wanted to rebuild their parish church, and a committee was appointed to raise funds. It was agreed that the Quaker could not be asked to subscribe towards an object so contrary to his principles; but then, on the other hand, so true a friend to the town might take it amiss, if he was not at least consulted on a matter of such general interest. So one of their number went and explained to him their project: the old church was to be removed, and such and such steps taken towards the construction of a new one. 'Thee wast right,' said the Quaker, 'in supposing that my principles would not allow me to assist in building a church. But didst thee not say something about pulling down a church? Thee mayst put my name down for a hundred pounds.' You seem to me to attribute to France, in earnest, a motive of action which the Quaker only pretended as an excuse for his munificence. But I presume the real feelings which actuated both her government and her people were, a mixture of jealousy of England, supposed self-interest, and a considerable dash of chivalry—what they are said now to call 'making war for an idea.'

De Maistre. Whatever their motives, both rulers and nation suffered severely enough in the way of retribution. I said that something might be urged for them in the way of apology: I by no means undertook to justify them. I must repeat what I said before. The government of England no doubt founded its demand on you for submission on claims which would bear no strict investigation. It was idle for a king to declare that he reigned by the will of his people, expressed in a 'revolutionary settlement' made not a century earlier, and at the same time to

insist on his moral right to retain an offshoot from that people in unwilling subjection. But, for all that, if rebellion is in itself a sin, not against this or that individual prince, but against God's order in the government of the world, then in that sin France made herself an accomplice. It is the safest view, to say the least of it, that the ruler under whom we individually are placed has divine authority as regards ourselves. The extreme cases which may doubtless justify resistance to him cannot be defined on general principles. If your resistance was grounded on real oppression, such as ought not to be borne, such as may shake the allegiance of a steadfast man; if the elements of self-seeking and personal ambition, of faction and spite, of dishonest desire to repudiate engagements, of the various other bad motives which violently hurry or gradually seduce citizens from the path of civic duty, were either absent from it, or at least not present in preponderating force, then you stand absolved before the tribunal of conscience. Whether this was so or not, must be judged of by men better acquainted with the true springs of action on both sides than I am. But this I must say: while my own convictions keep me aloof from both parties, my sympathies go more naturally with that brave and pertinacious people which was content to encounter half Europe in arms, and to fight till it could fight no longer, rather than abandon any portion of what it was taught to regard as its just inheritance, than with its successful opponents, who did but play, with whatever amount of merit and skill, the vulgar game of revolution. My answer to your question, under all these circumstances, cannot be a very categorical one. But I have good ground for demanding some more peremptory reply from yourself, when I ask again: If England had no right (in the usual sense of that slippery phrase, which will suit our present

purpose) to keep her colonies in subjection against their will, what right can one portion of your Union have at any time to retain another portion in unwilling connection?

Franklin. The ultimate principle on which such questions have to be decided, appears to me to be that of self-defence. A nation is justified in resisting the government; a portion of a community forming a minority is justified in separating itself from the majority; and either is justified in appealing to force for the purpose; when rationally persuaded that it suffers from that government or that connection substantial grievances, and that these can obtain no other redress. When the desire for separation is notoriously deliberate, and no mere popular passion of the hour, the majority are then justified in forcibly resisting it, in one case only; namely, when the separation would diminish their own security, and thus interfere with their prosperity. No mere lust of empire, no mere exultation, however excusable in itself, in the grandeur and extent of a dominion, will authorise the shedding of blood for its maintenance. But the obligation of self-defence authorises it beyond cavil or dispute. When this test is applied, I cannot imagine that there is any great difficulty in assigning respectively their real merits to the great movements of this description which have from time to time agitated portions of the civilised world, or in saying whether it was right or wrong to suppress those movements. I condemn King George's government for their obstinate endeavour to subdue America, because I hold it clear that no real interest of England—neither her safety nor her prosperity—was involved in the maintenance of her American supremacy. I hold the same government to have been perfectly justified in suppressing by force the efforts of Ireland to make herself independent, because England with an independent Ireland, or, to speak more

probably, an Ireland dependent on some other power, would be in a constant and intolerable state of insecurity. And, in like manner, I hold that a majority of American States, in power or number, would be justified in preventing by force the secession of the remainder, on the pure ground of self-defence. For such a disruption, once begun, would all but inevitably proceed until our Republic was split into fragments, not merely to the destruction of its glory and grandeur (objects for which civil war would not on my theory be justifiable), but to the destruction of all safety from foreign aggression, and the hindrance of all development of internal prosperity. No maxim of 'live and let live,' however reasonable under ordinary circumstances, can make it compulsory on the citizens of a commonwealth thus to sacrifice the happiness of themselves and their children to the demand of independence which it may please sections of that commonwealth to put forward. The answer to such demands must be: it is on account of our own highest interests, and not by reason of any ideas we may entertain about your duties or our rights, that we cannot let you go: we acknowledge ourselves bound to treat you with justice, liberality, consideration, to guard as sacred your right to absolutely equal privileges with ourselves under the same government: we esteem ourselves bound by these obligations even more strongly than we otherwise might be, since it is avowedly for our own advantage (though we believe it to include yours also) that we retain you in connection. But we will release neither you nor ourselves from the mutual tie, so long as we are strong enough to maintain it in force. Such are the views which I should have professed and endeavoured to support, had any section of our union sought in my day to establish its independence of the rest. And if the men of a later generation act

solemnly and deliberately on these views, I for one absolve them of blood-guiltiness, and will not stoop to measure the righteousness of their conduct by its success, whatever that may be.

De Maistre. Perhaps I might agree with you, if I could eliminate from the discussion those higher considerations of right and wrong to which you have not once adverted. As it is, the only objections I will now offer to your reasoning are these: it makes the duty of a citizen, which should be so plainly described that he may run who readeth, depend on the opinion which the citizen *himself*, or somebody else for him, may entertain on what is often a very intricate political problem; namely, whether the loss of a member of the community would or would not affect the security of the rest; and, in the next place, it makes every state, or government, or majority, the judge in a cause wherein it is also a party.

Franklin. The last, at all events, an absurdity, if such you choose to term it, which does and must attach to the practical decision of all political questions, until some great international tribunal of arbitration is established; in other words, until all civilised nations are one.

De Maistre. A winding up which appears even more distant than that regeneration of the world through the prevalence of popular institutions which you were lately predicting. Do not suppose, however (to revert to our former subject), that I mean to speak slightingly, or even doubtingly, of the actual advance and probable ascendancy of the democratic element in European communities: the only power in a state, as the Cardinal de Retz said long ago, which is able to perform whatever it thinks it can perform. Ever since faith grew cold, and the only solid pillars of human society, the fundamental maxims of the divine appointment of rulers, and the ex-

istence of rights and franchises only as concessions from those rulers, ceased to have any living influence; the system of political equality has been gaining ground, not merely from its accommodation to many ruling propensities of the human mind, but also because it really affords the only other satisfactory resting-place, even in appearance, for human speculation. No earnest mind, possessed of the lights of the present day, can long amuse itself with these intellectual toys, the theories of social compacts, 'rights transferred and powers reclaimed,' which satisfied the more child-like inquirers of former times; still less with those mere Epicurean notions of the formation of political fabrics by the fortuitous concourse of atoms, and their maintenance by shifts and expedients, which seem to furnish the ordinary stock-in-trade of our modern optimists. Such minds search lower beneath the surface, and find no apparently solid basis except that of absolute equality of political rights and powers between man and man. But along with these convictions they acquire the uneasy and ever-present suspicion, how utterly unsuited institutions constructed on these, the only principles which social atheism has left us, would be to the requirements of modern society. They witness the enormous accumulations of individual wealth; the singular facilities which recent discoveries, both physical and economical, if I may use such a phrase, have afforded to these accumulations; they mark the daily increasing refinement and artificial character of life, the daily increasing strength of the ties of common understanding which seem to bind together the upper few as a class apart from the lower many; and they shrink, appalled, from the idea of entrusting the management of this too delicately-framed texture to the coarse hands of a numerical majority. They have the spectre of Socialism, of a state of things in which competition

will have to give way to cooperation, and the rights and enjoyments of individuals to those of the abstract multitude, continually before their eyes: and they cannot abide the aspect of the phantom which their imagination has raised. They do not see that this ultimate destiny of European communities (if such it be) can be accomplished only under the controlling influence of some authority which may be able to enforce the laws of fraternity by more than human sanction, as the Church alone can do and has done: witness not only the system of the early Christians and of the great monastic communities, but even the rough attempts of the Anabaptists of Germany, and the Shakers of your own country. To this great truth, which sheds such a ray of cheering light on the remotest speculations of the religious thinker, the political sceptics of whom I speak are necessarily blind. They see in democracy the only consistent solution of the social question; and they fear, at the same time, that it would bring to ruin the social fabric itself. Consequently they would find an escape through the adoption of ingenious expedients for coaxing his majesty the Demos into relinquishing a portion of that supremacy with which their theory inevitably invests him; constitutions in which cunningly contrived breaks and delays shall be interposed between the expression of the popular will and its execution; schemes for graduating the number of votes according to property; schemes for the so-called representation of minorities, whereby these may, under certain circumstances, by a dexterous juggle, outvote majorities; and the like; schemes as delusive as an attempt to stay running water by dams of water. The first instance in which electoral statistics fairly showed that the numerical majority was on one side, the constitutional majority on the other, would bring the whole

paper structure to the ground. The ordinary downward progress of democratic institutions may be held long in check by trifling obstacles of established law or usage, submitted to from superstition or feelings akin to it (as in ancient Rome), from reverence, from the strong influence of legal tradition, or from mere habit. But it is impossible that it can be held in check by devices intentionally constructed for the purpose, unless the people are themselves so highly educated, and so penetrated with a sense of the advantages of self-denial, that they will voluntarily curtail the exercise of their own franchise. And, if we can suppose the people educated up to such a pitch of asceticism as to be ready to part with a portion of their power for their own good, then the devices in question would become wholly unnecessary; for a people so advanced would be fit to be trusted with uncontrolled sovereignty. By the very supposition, a community which can make and keep laws restricting the rule of the majority, is one in which the majority may safely rule. All systems of a partial, balanced, restricted democracy (barring, as I have said, those which rest on ancient authority, that is, on some fragment of faith, not on mere reason), are demonstrably either impracticable or useless.

Franklin. I will not pretend to solve the difficulty which you have suggested; but I think I can cap it. The system of government by divine right may rest, for aught I know, on arguable grounds *à priori*. But in practice it could never be maintained (force apart), except among a people who really and honestly believed in divine right: believed, that is (to use the old whig's definition), that the larger part of mankind come into the world bridled and saddled, and the smaller part booted and spurred to ride them. But the people who believed these things in old days, believed them on authority only:

because their fathers, or their church, had taught them so to believe. That is now impossible. One who now-a-days believes in divine right and non-resistance must do so on convictions arrived at for himself, and in deliberate opposition to the general current of the world around him. To reconstruct, therefore, a state on these doctrines, you must first have instructed a community, enlightened for good and evil by modern education, into a thorough and rational belief in them. But when you have trained a community up to this point, it might quite as well be left to govern itself; for it would be a republic of pious philosophers. Although therefore it be but a common-place mode of disputing, I must retort on your theocratic Utopia the sarcasm with which you visit my democratic one: if it were possible, it would be unnecessary.

De Maistre. I never valued the privilege of the last word much in the upper world; and it is of still less importance in the leisure of the shades. Be it so, therefore; it seems that you and I may yet witness many a generation involved in similar profitless disputes, before society shall emerge out of the mists of that narrow valley of bewilderment in which it has hitherto wandered up and down, to the higher grounds on either side, with their purer atmosphere; too pure, as some think, for mere mortals to breathe in.

II.

SKETCHES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1. THE STREETS OF PARIS.
2. A VISIT TO LÜTZEN.
3. A VISIT TO MARSTON MOOR.

THE STREETS OF PARIS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

No city has been so fortunate in its special historians as Paris. It is a consequence of the intense love which Frenchmen have towards their great capital, that writers above the ordinary stamp have taken a pleasure in dwelling on those details of its annals which are generally left to dry and laborious topographers. Paris has passed from the hands of Corrozet, Dom Brice, Sauval, and the rest of her old-fashioned chroniclers, into those of authors who have illustrated her monumental history and actual life, with wit, feeling, and philosophy. Saint Foix is respectable, and sometimes amusing. Mercier, in his two *Tableaux de Paris*, has given a specimen of a singular thinker, not without genius, though strangely deficient in style; and whose pages rivet the reader's attention in spite of himself, unpleasing as both matter and manner often are. Dulaure, no doubt, owed most of his popularity to mere vulgar Jacobinism; yet he, too, is readable, though abundantly superficial. In our own times, Charles Nodier employed his light and elegant pen on sketches of Parisian topography; and the two volumes of M. Lurine contain the contributions of some thirty or forty writers, several of them distinguished, which form a kind of History of Paris by streets, illustrated with woodcuts in the modern style. The work is a

* Part of this essay was originally published as a review of a publication by Louis Lurine, 'Les Rues de Paris,' 1844.

bookseller's speculation, and somewhat carelessly got up—abounding in that diffusion and repetition which its method of composition ensures; yet there is much of talent scattered over its pages, which are full of interest to uncritical readers, and especially to those who have a fondness for the memorable scenes and streets of the great continental metropolis.

It is not, however, to be expected that French writers of the modern school, disciples of Victor Hugo, and worshippers of 'Nôtre-Dame de Paris,' should approach the 'middle-age' part of their subject without drawing amply at second-hand from the stores of a master, whose own inspiration was second-hand at best. Victor Hugo himself, we are bound to confess it, fond as we are of antiquarianism almost in every shape, failed altogether, to our thinking, in overcoming the barrier which existed between the mind of the age he was endeavouring to portray, and his own. His heroine is to us a mere Mignon without poetical soul—his priest and his captain are mere personages of the Ann Radcliffe order, dressed up in the ill-fitting costumes of the fifteenth century—and his only real force is expended on Quasimodo, a creation of some imaginative power, but of the lowest and most material kind. But of his followers, one and all, we are forced to say that their productions leave scarcely any impression on the mind except that of the laborious and undigested cramming which they must have undergone to compose them. We ought to except Paul Lacroix, a writer with antiquarian lore enough to eclipse Walter Scott himself, who, after all, was chiefly distinguished by his extraordinary faculty for realising and assimilating knowledge not very extensive or complete; but then all Lacroix's learning poorly compensates his utter want of imagination, and gross sins against good

taste. One and all, they force us back on our unavailing regret for the loss of the truly great master whose genius created this style of composition;—too superficial, too commonplace, it is now the fashion to say, for these days, when all thought must be profound, and all feeling intense: but how strangely true, how touching, how natural, we only know when we have toiled through the volumes of dreary exaggeration which his successors inflict upon us.

One reason for this want of success may be, that the French have long and thoroughly divorced themselves from the middle ages, and broken off all connection with the distant past. They have to learn its language now, like one of the classical tongues. They have little or none of the lingering feudalism of England and Germany, or the lingering mediæval religion of Spain and Italy. To them the pages of Froissart are no more living records, than those of Thucydides. Now, the very same peculiarities of mental constitution which make Frenchmen such indifferent travellers—which render them so home-keeping by nature, so indisposed to extensive locomotion, so ill at ease when compelled to it, so thoroughly French, whether encountered on the Ganges or the Plata, at Otaheite or on the borders of the Sahara—seem to disqualify them in a similar manner for that kind of intellectual expatriation which is requisite to the historical novelist. They travel on the surface of the past only; they rarely penetrate into its being: their souls are with the present, just as the inner man of the wandering Parisian is ever clinging to the Quais and the Boulevards. It is the condition of their existence. The very faculties which exist in their uttermost perfection in France alone, are cramped and distorted when used in the unnatural labour. No one can tell a story as well as a Frenchman; no stories

are so utterly dull and powerless as those of French historical romances. The very same author who could thrill the inmost heart with the simple adventures of a peasant and a grisette, or a dandy and a 'lioness,' is paralysed when his puppets are termed a knight and a châtelaine. He can only put them through a series of stiff, artificial jerks, instead of graceful motions; and make them compensate for the wretched dulness of the rest of their performance, by sinning and dying in some violent and unnatural attitudes.

Moreover—which is more immediately to the present purpose—though France be the native country of feudalism and chivalry, yet the Paris of the middle ages is not a very interesting city to the imagination. It wants a distinct historical character. It has no monuments of splendid civic aristocracies, like those of Italy; nor of the higher order of burgher-life and independence, like the cities of the Netherlands; no sacred corner, like Westminster, with its overpowering tide of national recollections. It scarcely showed any signs of the turbulent freedom of the old Communes, except once, in the ferocious period of the Burgundian and Armagnac massacres; unless we are to add the time of the League, with its coarse and sanguinary fanaticism. For a city of such antiquity and importance, moreover, it is remarkable how little Paris has, or ever had, to show of the architectural splendour of the ages in question. Except the Sainte Chapelle, no first-rate specimen of ecclesiastical architecture, as far as we are aware, ever existed there; none, at least, of Parisian origin and character. Nôtre-Dame is after all a poor specimen of the art of the glorious fourteenth century. The absence of steeples and pinnacles in the distant view of Paris—the peculiar features of most old northern cities—is very noticeable; nor were they

ever much more numerous than at present. Nor are we believers in the tales which Parisian antiquaries very pardonably credit, of the ancient splendour and wealth of their capital. We have little faith in the 275,000 inhabitants whom Dureau de la Malle crowds within its narrow circuit in the reign of Philip le Bel: and scarcely believe in the 40,000 well-armed soldiers whom it turned out, if we listen to Monstrelet, in the middle of the famines and miseries of the fifteenth century. Compared with other famous towns of Europe, for the seven long centuries after Charlemagne, it must apparently have been a poor and gloomy city; not incorrectly represented, perhaps, by such wretched outskirts as the Faubourg Saint Marcel in later times, by which Candide entered it, and 'thought himself in the most miserable village of Westphalia;' which banished all Alfieri's illusions, and seems to have left so indelible a first-impression on the wayward Italian, that he could notice nothing in the French capital but the poverty of the public buildings, and the *bruttissime faccie delle donne.* Its slow and often interrupted improvements seem to have been generally the results of royal command, ill-obeyed—rarely of civic or national spirit. There was no pavement until the royal stomach of Philip Augustus was turned, as he looked out of his window in the Cité, by the odours proceeding from a wagon ploughing up the mud of the streets; and the mandate which issued thereupon must have been slowly executed, for years elapsed before the perambulation of the streets by pigs was forbidden, when a son of Loüis le Gros had been thrown from his horse by one of these untoward animals. Things, moreover, must soon have fallen back to their ancient condition; for the modern pavement of the Cité is said to be six feet above the level of that of Philip Augustus. From Philip le Bel, who

built the first quay, down to Napoleon, who completed the double line within which the waters of the Seine are imprisoned, the chroniclers scarcely mention one popular name, among the long series of monarchs to whom Paris owes these indispensable constructions.

We are conscious of only one exception to the generally unattractive character of the annals of ancient Paris: it is to be found in the history of its venerable University—rich in strange events as well as striking characters. The University was a nation of itself, with all the spirit and independence of a nation: it was the great corporation of learning and instruction; and, by whatever names its existence has been preserved, however great the changes in the subject-matter of its employment, it remains the same nation still. The Priesthood of learning was and is a caste apart—the only surviving caste of modern days. More or less influencing the world around, more or less elevated and prosperous, it has ever been true, in the main, to its vocation—ever proud and self-dependent. The ancient University, the Sorbonne—nay, the Jesuit colleges—often remodelled and interfered with, never were the slaves of Kings or Popes, but sometimes their masters. And it so happens that the venerable quarter of the Pays Latin, still peopled by students, retains at the present day more of tradition, more perhaps of substantial antiquity, than all the rest put together. You may see at the Collège de Dainville, the very window—or that which has passed for centuries as such—from which the body of Peter Ramus, murdered for denying the infallibility of the Pope and Aristotle, was thrown on the pavement below. Hard by stands the old Collège des Cholets, where Buridan, that sage of equivocal reputation, rescued from his sack and the Seine, maintained for a whole day the thesis that it was lawful to slay a Queen of France. The neighbour-

hood of the Sorbonne contains the Collège or Hôtel de Cluny; not historically celebrated, but the most beautiful specimen of Gothic art extant in Paris. It was utterly unknown and neglected for ages. Dom Germain Brice only says of it, that 'it is remarkable for nothing but its solidity; and such is the arrangement of its rooms, that great alterations must be made if it was necessary to render it suitable for the modern fashions;' and of the neighbouring chapel he adds that, 'Gothic as it is, it produces a certain recreation, by disposing the eyes to remark the difference between the gross and rustic style of building of past ages, and the correct and studied manner of these latter times.' David had his studio close by the Hôtel de Cluny—and never caught one breath of its inspiration to correct his proud classical coldness. It is now preserved with the utmost care, as a museum of *moyen-age* antiquities; every grotesque ornament is worth its weight in silver; yet it may be doubted whether, in this tide of fashion, the old hostel is much more really appreciated than it was by Brice and David.

But if the earlier history of Paris is thus comparatively scanty in topics of interest, the era which commences with the revival of letters makes abundant compensation by the wealth of its recollections. Paris is emphatically the centre of light, intelligence, society, and refined life; and its historian begins to breathe his proper atmosphere, as soon as he has issued from the gloomy and stifling air of the middle ages. Then the great city began to expand her arms, and embrace the spacious demesnes, royal and noble, which had hitherto lain idle without her gates. Then the edifices erected within those demesnes began to change their character; and instead of her castles of the olden time—the heaviest of all castles, with their cylindrical towers and extinguisher roofs—arose all the diversified

splendour of the *Renaissance.* The sixteenth century, of which we have scarcely any memorials left in London, is the date of many of the most remarkable buildings of Paris; the Tuileries, part of the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, and many churches and still surviving hotels. Others, of greater magnificence, have passed away;—such as the Hôtel de la Reine, built by Catherine de Medicis on the site of the present Halle aux Blés, perhaps the finest private building of its age: its elegant tower alone remains. The sixteenth century began by emancipating kings and their dwellings from the constraint of feudalism; and was, at least in Northern Europe, peculiarly the era of palaces and courts. It ended by achieving a greater work, and laying the foundations of modern domestic society;—the great embellishment of life, and highest of its cultivated pleasures. And as France was the first in the career of social refinement, and set the example to all other nations in this department of civilisation, so the history of Paris becomes of universal interest, as soon as the age of modern society opens, at the conclusion of the wars of religion, and accession of Henry IV.

If the reader would obtain a view of the spot which may almost be called the cradle of social civilisation—if he would at a single glance realise, to a certain extent, the external world of that delightful era of chivalry and literature, wit, buffoonery, extravagance, and imagination, which is portrayed in the French Memoirs of the seventeenth century—he should travel in a direction in which, probably, not one in a thousand of our countrymen in Paris ever bends his steps, and, leaving the squalid bustle of the Rue Saint Antoine, turn by a narrow street into the Place Royale. The aspect of its solemn old houses—so stately and gentlemanlike in their decay, so well preserved in their exterior, their silent rows so strangely contrasting

with the busy and dirty region in their vicinity—will strike forcibly the imagination, even of one unacquainted with their history. They seem like palaces abandoned for a season, not tenantless—waiting for the return of their noble and courtly owners, gone on a far journey. But much more powerfully will it affect the visitor, if he knows even superficially the history of the spot; and is aware that the first existence of fashionable city life—of society such as he sees it among the better classes of any capital in Europe—may be traced back to those now deserted habitations. This is the light in which they have been viewed by Jules Janin, in his contribution to the work before us; for, allowing for the flutter and affectation of style which belongs to the prince of *Feuilletonists*, there is both feeling and truth in his description.

Believe me, even to the lightest, and, apparently, most frivolous dispositions, it is a melancholy task to search under these cold ashes for the few sparks which they still cover: it is a melancholy task, after the lapse of two generations so full of life—the life of wit, grace, genius, beauty, and courage—to pass over the same spot, now abandoned to nameless old men, to children, to invalids—to every thing which is silence, oblivion, repose. When you walk on these sounding flagstones, the noise of your steps terrifies you, and you turn round your head to see if some one of the heroes of old days is not following you—La Trémouille, Lavardin, Condé, Lauzun, Benserade. In the midst of this darkness and silence, you ask yourself, why have not the people of M. de la Rochefoucauld, of Gabrielle d'Estrées, and Madame de Montespan, lighted their torches to show the way to the carriage or the sedan of their mistress? Hush! from whence came that sound of music and *petits violons*? It came from the Rue du Parc; and this crowd of eager-looking citizens, whither are they going? They are following the invitation of their friend Molière; they are hastening to the Comedy, the new source of excitement which attracts them: they are bound for the Hôtel Carnavalet, where *Georges Dandin* is acted to-night. And all

the great hotels which I see here, of which the gates are closed and silent—and all these lofty windows, where no one shows himself except some servant-girl in rags—how were they called heretofore? These were the Hôtel Sully, the Hôtel Videix, the Hôtel d'Aligre, the Hôtel de Rohan, the Hôtel Rotrou, the Hôtel Gueménée—noble dwellings turned into ill-furnished lodgings, against which the cobbler of the corner, and the public scribe, have reared their squalid stalls! What may these aristocratic walls think of seeing themselves thus decayed, silent, disdained! What stillness in these saloons, once so animated with powerful conversation! What sadness on these gilt ceilings, all charged with loves and with emblems! What incessant change—what ultimate wretchedness! And does it not need some courage, once more be it said, to trace out all the remembrances of this fair spot, in which lived, and thought aloud, the rarest wits, the noblest geniuses, the most delightful satirists, the most excellent characters of that singular age which preceded so closely, as if to foreshadow it, all the French seventeenth century; great names before which every one bows with reverence; illustrious frequenters of the Place Royale, and component parts of its history? Nevertheless, this evocation of old times is thus far useful, that it may help to console us for the oblivion and silence which threatens us in turn. When we think of how few years the glory, and renown, and popularity of this world are composed, we end by troubling ourselves a little less about them.' *

* M. Janin, in his brilliant but careless way, seems to place the Hôtel Rambouillet in the Place Royale, which was not the case. There were two hotels of that name. The original town-house of the family was pulled down in 1629; it formed part of the site of the Palais Cardinal (Palais Royal). The later Hotel Rambouillet, the mansion of 'Arthénice,' the rendezvous of Parisian literature and fashion, was originally called the Hôtel Pisani, having belonged to the Marchioness's family. It was situated Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, No. 15, a street long demolished. The curious reader may consult a note of the Baron de Walckenaer, in his *Mémoires sur Madame de Sévigné*, in which this matter is thoroughly sifted. To the list of hotels eminent in the annals of Parisian society, which were situated in or near the Place Royale, may be added the house of the fair Marion de l'Orme, with its interior decorated by Solomon de Caus, who, as his countrymen say, communicated the discovery of the steam-engine to the Marquis of Worcester. Cardinal Richelieu lived at No. 21.

This famous Place Royale, of which the buildings have been a little retouched since Janin thus describes them, occupies the site of the ominous Hôtel des Tournelles, built, or rebuilt, by an Englishman, the regent-duke of Bedford, when the English counted on the permanence of their dominion in France—the scene of the splendour and the crimes of the house of Valois—the site of the tournament where Henry II. received his mortal wound—pulled down in consequence, it is said, of superstitious terrors, by his son Charles IX. The Place Royale was built by Henry IV., and its style of architecture served as the model of our own Covent Garden, as well as many other civic constructions of the same age. Fashion soon selected its magnificent hotels for her abode; from which it has now departed for many generations. We can remember, however, the residence of a minister in the Place Royale under the Restoration: when this solitary memorial of past grandeur ceased, we do not know.

Under the reign of Louis XIII., however, this silent square was the centre of the best society of Paris, and of the world. It is scarcely too much to say, that the distinguishing tone of modern civilisation had its origin in that circle which assembled first round Madame de Rambouillet and her daughter Madame de Montausier, and of which Madame de Sévigné was afterwards the life and ornament, a society which arose, flourished, and decayed in the period of not many years which succeeded the autocracy of Richelieu, and preceded that of Louis XIV., and cannot be well understood without reference both to what preceded and succeeded it.

Cardinal Richelieu, take him for all in all, was perhaps the ablest, if not the greatest of Frenchmen (for Napoleon, it must be recollected, was not a Frenchman by birth); and he was the most essentially French. Capable of the

greatest schemes of statesmanlike ambition, the smallest personal interest or personal pique lay ever more closely at his heart. Even while planning his vast combinations of foreign and domestic policy, the bulk of his time and thought seems to have been occupied with cares of the most trifling description: with amorous and literary enterprises, having nothing but the gratification of vanity for their object: with elaborate devices of mystification and buffoonery, childish rivalries, womanish intrigues, and the tricks of a malicious monkey. He had none of the sympathies, few of the prejudices, of his age. Neither sacred things, nor consecrated impostures, had any empire over him. King, Pope, and Parliament, were to him mere names, representing pieces in the game of politics. Yet the same man was the slave of the paltriest impulses, when his conceit or egotism was piqued. If we read of him one day as guiding the sword of Gustavus, stemming the Romish reaction, founding the absolute monarchy of France; the next day, he figures as on a level with poor Dr. Goldsmith, when he wanted to exhibit his agility in jumping over a stick against a showman's puppet. This is no idle comparison. Brienne has recorded how Mary of Medicis, making sport of her clerical lover, then Bishop of Luçon, persuaded him, by adroit reflections on his skill, to dance a new saraband in her royal boudoir, with castanets in his hands, and in the costume of an Andalusian majo—amidst the suppressed convulsions of laughter of certain spectators posted behind the arras—laughter which Richelieu, when he discovered the trick, never forgot or forgave to his dying day.

But Richelieu was in truth, what Napoleon only affected to be, as vehement and assiduous in the smallest matters as the greatest. When Napoleon dictated from Moscow orders respecting the opera at Paris, it was only for effect;

but Richelieu was really as thoroughly at home and occupied in a green-room intrigue or a literary quarrel, as in adjusting the balance of Europe; for such was the force of his imagination, that to him the immediate subjects which excited his temperament always seemed the most important of any: he would risk a political enmity to raise an ill-natured laugh, and found a mischievous pleasure, to which he was ready to sacrifice honour and interest, in setting afoot a scandalous story respecting some court lady, or blowing up the coals of enmity between a couple of irritable poetasters. When Tallemant des Réaux compiled his collection of reminiscences (about 1657), Richelieu had been some years dead. Yet the prevailing terror of him had scarcely ceased, and his grim spectre seemed still to haunt Parisian society. Many of the stories which Tallemant has to tell of the Cardinal relate to his absurd literary vanity; many to his despotic habits; some to the strange mocking humour which made him more enemies than his political sins; * some to his undoubted, though no doubt much exaggerated, moral profligacy; not a few, it must be added in justice, to his substantial munificence, especially towards literary men. On the one hand, father Joseph, the masked politician, the secret councillor of all the deepest plans of Richelieu's ambition; on the other, Bois Robert, the unfrocked atheist and buffoon—these are the contrasted figures with which that of Richelieu seems inseparably connected. On the whole, great as he was, there is something fundamentally

* His courtiers were always at work to hunt up some ridiculous character on whom the Cardinal might vent his bitter pleasantries. On one occasion they fetched for his amusement a certain Mademoiselle de Gournay, a crazy authoress from the country. She soon perceived the object for which she had been brought. 'You mean to make a fool of the old woman,' she said; 'but laugh, great genius! laugh! it is just that all the world should contribute to your diversion.' The reply procured her a pension.

odious in his character, which makes him one of the most uninteresting great men of history. Like Voltaire, whom he so strikingly resembled in many points of character, he was spiteful, hard-hearted, and cruel. He hated the Queen, who had rejected his impudent suit. He hated all whom she favoured. His political victims were not many, but they were hunted out with peculiarly cold and careful cruelty. He could be generous towards those who had committed offences against him: there is a striking story told by Tallemant des Réaux, who may be believed when he speaks well of any one, of his conduct towards a thievish secretary; but he could not forgive an insult, a jeer, or the slightest mortification to his vanity, or opposition to his projects. His death was felt by France like the relief from a nightmare—from the king to the lowest rhymester of the *ruelles*, all joined in the burden of the couplets which proclaimed it—

Il est parti, il a plié bagage,
Ce cardinal!

But it is remarkable that a man so hateful, so destitute of all faith and all loftiness of purpose, should have left such durable impressions on the world. Scarcely does Paris itself, which is full of his relics—the Palais Royal, the Library, the street which bears his name—speak more plainly of Richelieu, than that fabric of modern European policy, of which he has, scarcely with exaggeration, been termed the founder.

But while Richelieu broke down the feudal power of the nobles on the one hand, his jealous rule prevented the formation of any brilliant court on the other. Nor was the character of Louis XIII. suited to render him the centre of a sparkling circle, or the leader of the fashion of his kingdom. These circumstances, together with the eager appetite which began to be felt for the new delights

of taste and literature, contributed to the formation, for the first and only time in French history, of what may be termed an independent society. For the first and only time, men breathed and moved in circles of their own, and had scope to form their tastes, and exercise their understandings, unfettered by prevailing influences from without. The short interval between the establishment of Richelieu's power and the wars of the Fronde—especially the latter part of it, the 'tems de la bonne Régence, tems où règnait une heureuse abondance,' commemorated with tender recollection by St. Evremond in his old age—was the period when France entered on a career which, continued, would have placed her in substance as well as in seeming at the head of European civilisation. It was an age of bold and independent aspirations; of chivalry, refined by the polish of literature; of literature, as yet vivified in some degree by the unexpired genius of chivalry. Pedantry there might be, but it was almost of a graceful cast, before it had been touched and stiffened by the chilling breath of sarcasm; originality of demeanour, as well as opinion, was still tolerated, and added to the entertainment of the most polished circles. Jesuitism had not yet begun to recover its lost ground; thought was therefore freely interchanged on the highest subjects; and while there was a strong and earnest feeling of religion in the better class of society, it was unusually exempt from the miserable jealousies of fashionable orthodoxy. Corneille, Bossuet, Pascal, were all at home in companies like these, where the playful conversation of the hour alternated—nor was the mixture thought affected or pedantic—with disquisitions on ecclesiastical history, and arguments on the immortality of the soul.

We have no doubt advanced beyond the simplicity of those days. We have found out the ridiculous side of

learning, seriousness, chivalry, enthusiasm of every kind; and ridicule is a quiet, irresistible master of the ceremonies, who noiselessly removes all such unsuitable guests from the conversational circle. But, after all, the philosophy of society, like other branches of practical philosophy, aims at something higher than is ever realised. That the ordinary converse of fashionable drawing-rooms might be made conducive to the high interests of man, and progress of his race; that the sexes might meet on equal terms in the field of grave discussion carried on side by side with gossip and raillery—these were the dreams of a youthful and adventurous age, like the art of flying and the universal language. We know better now; and, amidst all the revivals of old fashions on which modern taste makes experiments, the least likely to be attempted is that of the Hôtel Rambouillet.

It need scarcely be observed, that our description applies only to a small and exclusive, though influential, section of the society of the seventeenth century at Paris; and the evil times, unhappily, prevented the seed sown in the best of these reunions from coming to maturity. The most brilliant epoch of the Hôtel Rambouillet, as has been said, and as Sainte Beuve more fully shows, was from the death of Richelieu to the Fronde (1642–1648). The anarchy of the Fronde was the too natural successor of the freedom of the years immediately preceding. Ordinary history shows only the half romantic and half ludicrous incidents of that period —the caprices of the lady leaders of armed parties, the valour of Condé, the genius of De Retz, and the real vanity and nothingness of the actors, one and all, except Turenne and Mazarin, who came forward turn by turn in the childish struggle. But the Memoirs of the times, while chiefly occupied by these frivolous details, give nevertheless

occasional glimpses of the general decline produced by this civil conflict, and the long Spanish wars which immediately followed it, down to the death of Mazarin (1648–1661). Not that Paris externally suffered. On the contrary, her society was more thronged than ever. Not only was the great city the headquarters, during great part of the struggle, of the princes, who commanded a much more brilliant following than the crown; but it became the refuge of all those who were driven from the provinces by the license of hostilities. It was crowded by the highest clergy—Louis XIV. found thirty bishops in Paris, at one of his earlier levees, a rare sight in a Catholic country—by the provincial noblesse, by all the classes who had anything left to spend. But the tone of that society became lower. The hazards of war, the dangerous and painful realities of the day, had the effect so often witnessed in times of revolution—they stripped life of its romance. The more refined spirits gradually deserted Stoicism for Epicureanism, romance for buffoonery;—always the prevailing taste in periods of civil war, when 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' becomes a practical motto. The sentimental drama was over, the farce had begun. This was the moment of Scarron and burlesque. The reunions of the Hôtel Rambouillet were at an end. The Marquis and Marchioness were dead; the Princess Julie married to the Duc de Montausier, who was engaged in levying war for the crown, and only returned to Paris to become a suitor for court employment, like so many others ruined by the troubles. It was in the salons of the Countess de Suze, Mademoiselle Scudéry and a few other ladies of fantastic wits, that the old lingering Rambouillet modes were maintained, exaggerated, and rendered ludicrous; and there, and not in

the circle of Arthénice,* Molière picked up the models for his play of the *Précieuse Ridicules*; which did not, as critics are in the habit of asserting, demolish a triumphant fashion by its 'unpitying irony.' Comic writers seldom or never perform such execution—their easier task is to catch and appropriate the ridicule of that which is just becoming ridiculous. The poor wits of the Regency—their solemn humour—their long-drawn sentiments—were at a sad discount. Ménage and others wished to leave the country, and find out some region which might better answer to their conceptions of the *Pays du Tendre*, and similar pastoral kingdoms, on the other side of the Atlantic, just then rendered interesting by the discoveries of Champlain and Lasalle.

As for the morals of society, it is difficult to describe the pitch of extravagant license at which they now arrived. The contrast is startling between the apparent prudery still maintained in salons of good company, and the reckless wildness which prevailed out of those guarded doors. Timandre, Cléante, and the other shepherd-heroes of the drawing-room, after passing the day in sighing sentiment, and capping verses, with Clarice and Corisante, would ad-

* The Marquise de Rambouillet was so well known by this fanciful adopted name that Massillon actually employs it in her funeral sermon: 'La mort nous a ravi cette adorable Arthénice,' &c. But there was a mixture of worldly fashion with lofty spirituality in the choicest pulpit eloquence of that age, which has a strange sound to our discriminating ears. Bossuet, in his éloge on the Prince de Condé, compares two generals about to engage in a pitched battle to two men of courage going to fight a duel: 'comme deux braves en champ clos.' It will be remembered that Louis XIII. made the declaration of his passion to Mademoiselle d'Hautefort at a court sermon: and the proceeding was thought extremely gallant. The beauty was seated on the floor with the other maids of honour, in obedience to the very uncomfortable etiquette of the time. The king sent her his own velvet hassock to sit upon. 'Elle reçut ce cadeau avec un air si modeste, si respectueux, et grand tout ensemble,' &c. &c. See the curious contemporary memoir published by Victor Cousin in his biographical work on this lady.

journ to spend the night in orgies, to which the boldest of later days were tea-table recreations. There are sins congenial to high fashion at all times, and probably, with an equal amount of wealth and luxury, always pretty equally prevailing ; but the peculiarity of the seventeenth century in France was, that the ordinary distinction between crime and gentlemanly vice was lost sight of. In the honest originality of the day, sins against one commandment were regarded as scarcely more discreditable, in a social point of view, than sins against another. Of course we are not surprised when we read in the memoirs of the time of a gentlemanly duellist, 'qui tua admirablement bien son monde' (this was the Chevalier d'Albret, who killed the Marquis de Sévigné); nor very much when we are told of the Chevalier de Guise, who 'tua un peu en prince,' that is to say, killed his adversary, the Baron de Lux, while he was alighting from his carriage ; or of the Maréchal de Brézé, who had his valet assassinated at the corner of a wood as they were looking out for game together, and ever afterwards, according to Tallemant, imagined that he saw a white hare running across his room; or of the dashing *voies de fait*, by which ladies of rank sometimes revenged themselves on spies and rivals; such as Madame d'Aiguillon's design to have a bottle of ink broken over the face of Madame de Chaulnes; an effectual receipt, she thought, for demolishing beauty—for the glass cuts, and the ink entering into the wounds is indelible. All these were but relics of the fashionable lynch-law of the middle ages. We speak of vulgar crimes, such as bring the offender within the ordinary grasp of penal law, and yet did not then altogether exclude a person 'comme il faut' from good society. People did not scruple much about associating with those who were notoriously guilty of them, until convicted; or about

paying them proper attention afterwards, until their execution. In the early part of Louis XIII.'s reign the ordinary frolic of the evening was to rob pedestrians, in the dark streets of Paris, of their cloaks. There is a well-known story in Rochefort's Memoirs, of the adroitness of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, at this exercise; and of the ill-luck of some of his comrades, who attempted to hide themselves behind Henry IV.'s statue on the Pont Neuf.* But what Gaston practised in the spirit of aristocratic sport, others perpetrated from simpler motives. The Sieur Desternod avows that, in his poverty, he frequently thought of this resource, but was deterred by fear of capture. Bussy-Rabutin was robbed by two 'filous de

* The Pont-Neuf, the very Paris of Paris, as it was considered in old times—the spot to which every traveller directed his first footsteps, on which the philosopher lingered longest to observe the ways of mankind—where, according to Mercier, a man in search of anyone else was sure to find him in the course of an hour—only obtained its trivial name from the people, who persisted in calling it so. Various names seem to have been intended for it, and it was christened for a short time the 'Pont Saint Germain.' Under this title it figures in a ghost-story of the century, which is worth quoting in order to show the curious way in which such legends propagate themselves, with slight changes of circumstances, from one generation to another.

Many of us have probably read Alexandre Dumas' 'Femme au collier de velours.' But Alexandre Dumas has only taken the tale, without change and without acknowledgment, from Washington Irving's narrative of the 'German student.' And Moore, in his Diary, declares that he, the poet, first told the story to Irving. It may be so; but the original of the legend is much older. Here it is, as told by old Sandys, in the note to his translation of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' book xi.:—

'By a French gentleman I was told a strange accident which befel a brother of his: who saw on Saint Germain's bridge, by the Louvre, a gentlewoman of no mean beauty, sitting on the stones (there laid to finish that worke), and leaning on her elbow with a pensive aspect. According to the French freedom he began to court her; whom she entreated at that time to forbear; yet told him if he would bestow a visit on her at her lodging about eleven of the clock, he should find entertainment agreeable to his quality. He came, she received him; who found her touch too cold for her youth; when the morning discovered unto him a corse by his side, forsaken by the soule the evening before.'

qualité,' by no means 'pour rire,' but in good earnest. Saint Ange, a desperado of some fashion, was condemned to be broken on the wheel, apparently for this offence. 'Many people,' says Tallemant, 'went through curiosity to see him finished (pour le voir faire), for he had a fancy to explain on all occasions, even in common conversation, how he should behave when laid on the St. Andrew's cross; and he used to arrange the chairs in the room to exhibit upon. 'Il ne fit pas pourtant la plus belle fin de pendu qu'on pouvoit faire.' His wife, Madame de Marolles, had his heart embalmed, and a kind of chapelle ardente made for it, with a priest to say prayers in it night and day, and she slept there herself. Coining was not altogether an ungentleman-like or unlady-like accomplishment. In the same veracious author we read of a Breton lady, 'qui faisait de la fausse monnoye,' and of the peculiar spell to which she resorted to find out a good alloy; and of a pair of lovers, reduced by hard necessity 'à faire de la fausse monnoye dans les montagnes vers Narbonne.' Nor must it be supposed that these strange records of the lawless habits of the times rest on no better authority than that of Tallemant and a few memoir writers. Fléchier's often quoted work, 'Les Grand Jours d'Auvergne,' portrays a still more anomalous state of things as subsisting in the distant provinces of the south. It is quite enough for the present purpose to refer to his account of the Marquis de Canillac and his son, both executed in effigy on that occasion. The former was the terror of the country round; he not only insulted, but robbed and imprisoned his neighbours for many years with complete immunity, with the help of his 'twelve apostles,' familiar bravos, 'qui catéchisoient avec l'épée et le baton ceux qui étoient rebelles à sa loi.' The son was a young gentleman of very attractive manners; 'his politeness,' says

Fléchier, 'his generosity, and even his gentleness, are in everyone's mouth. Still there is a stain on his character of which he has never been able to clear himself; though it is true that in Auvergne a man who has only been guilty of one crime may pass for very innocent.' He had only murdered a priest, who had detected him in an intrigue! The English 'bloods' of Charles the Second's reign were timid, as well as gross and clumsy, imitators of the men of fashion of the preceding generation at Paris; for Buckingham and Rochester tried to import, not the improved style which prevailed in France at the date of their experiment, but what they themselves remembered of the rough licentious days of their exile during the Commonwealth; so that in this instance, as usual, England was picking up the cast-off rags of her neighbour's fashions.

The correspondence of Bussy-Rabutin with Madame de Sévigné furnishes a singular instance of the juxtaposition of extremes, common in that age, and the mutual toleration which vice and virtue, dissipation and pedantry, seem to have exercised towards each other. Bussy must have been esteemed a scoundrel, according to the rules of almost any conceivable society. He had outraged a helpless woman by a forcible abduction. It is true he had been deceived as to her inclinations, but this was because he was betrayed by her confessor, whom he had bribed. He was notorious, not so much for his triumphs over his fair acquaintances, as for his propensity for ruining their reputation and exposing them to the world. 'He loved no one,' says St. Evremond, 'and never won the affections of anyone.' He seems to have been shunned for his questionable dealings in transactions of honour among men, almost as much as he was admired for his brilliancy in female circles. He had published an infamous libel, in which he recounted the scandalous histories of most of

the women of his acquaintance. He had laid siege to the honour of his cousin, Madame de Sévigné, for many years. Disappointed in his pursuit, he had slandered her grossly among the rest; yet the princess of letter-writers not only forgives all his sins against herself and mankind, but continues through all her volumes her sentimental correspondence with this contemptible reprobate. Platonism, philosophy, literature, and scandal, are all discussed with perfect good-humour. She enters into all his projects; witness her sympathy with him through one of his lawsuits, which was neither more nor less than a disgraceful attempt to corrupt justice and oppress an innocent party. Much may be allowed for the passion of clanship, which bound the fair prude to the head of all the Rabutins; it has been suggested also, that fear was at the bottom of her forbearance; but, after all, the connection hardly says much, we will not say for the reality, but for the profoundness of her moral and religious feelings. A greater than Bussy, La Rochefoucauld, composed his own memoirs, and allowed them to appear in print anonymously, full of scandalous attacks on the character of his male and female acquaintances. A great outcry was made. The Duke de Saint Simon (the father) went to the publisher's, and wrote with his own hand the words 'here the author lies' opposite a passage reflecting on himself, in every copy he could get hold of. La Rochefoucauld felt compelled by public clamour to disavow the authorship; but nobody believed him, and nobody seems to have thought much the worse of him.

Everyone will remember Charles Lamb's ingenious and not altogether sophistical defence of the characters in the English 'middle comedy' of Congreve and his successors, namely, that no reader takes them, and the fictitious world in which they are placed, for realities; that

they move in an atmosphere of their own, to which we feel the recognised morality of the everyday world to be inappropriate. It is with almost the same feeling that one approaches the Memoirs of the Fronde and the Regency of Anne; the records of the men and women who were the real prototypes of those English profligates from whom Congreve's characters were taken. It is difficult to realise, and still more to describe, the impressions produced by a world in which all seems, at first sight, to have been show and representation. Every man lived, literally, not for himself, but for and in that world. Conventional habits threw into the background substantial interests and passions, and brought forward into exaggerated relief the most unsubstantial frivolities; and the result is, that in the records of those times there seems to be almost as much reality in the last as in the first. The strongest feelings, the profoundest calculations, use the same language, wear the same dress, with the fantastic impulses of fashion. Mortal hate demeans itself just like wounded punctilio; the passion of a life like the gallantry of an hour; the struggle for political supremacy like the rivalry of a game at billiards. Men and women put on their shepherds' hats, and talk couplets or sonnets to each other, with quite as much solemnity as they use in discussing their most important interests. Nay, to speak of more serious matters, ladies and gentlemen set about 'making their salvation,' as if they projected a party to the baths of Bourbon. All seems a pageant; the people masqueraders; or rather, masques with no faces under them; or as if France had been peopled with creatures resembling the Sylphs and Undines who then came into literary fashion,—brilliant and beautiful, with all the outward attributes of humanity, but unprovided with souls.

In nothing is this curiously superficial character of life

more evident, according at least to the notions which prevail in times of steadier thought, than in the accounts which our memoir-writers give us of the high ecclesiastics and other religious characters of the time. We do not speak of the profligate and degraded among them; these may have been not more numerous than at other times; but of those who passed in the world—and doubtless with reason, as the world was quite satirical enough—for men in earnest. The loosest possible notions of dignity and decorum seem to have prevailed even among the more respectable of the order, and to have occasioned no kind of scandal. M. Godeau, Bishop of Vence, was a prelate of high reputation: he was particularly popular among Huguenots who wanted to be converted in a fashionable manner; yet we find him described as a dangler about the Hôtel Rambouillet, and familiarly designated as the 'Princess Julia's dwarf' (Mademoiselle d'Angennes). Gombauld, the poet, was almost a Protestant in opinion, 'Huguenot a brûler,' though in Catholic orders: he had, moreover, fought several duels, two in the same hour—a feat of which he was extremely proud. Yet Godeau, being unable to hold the bishoprics of Grasse and Vence together, wanted to get the former transferred to Gombauld! When we find that bishops and dignitaries held themselves so cheap, we are not surprised that the world treated them with no great reverence; and we are the less scandalised when we read, that a Bishop of Glandêve was put to the torture in Bordeaux for some intrigues in which he had been concerned during the Fronde; or that De Sourdis, Archbishop of Bordeaux, had been twice caned during his prelacy (by the Duke d'Epernon and Marshal de Vitry), and 'pouvoit se vanter d'être le prélat dumonde qui avoit été le plus battu!' if one other bishop were excepted, who, when a

diplomatic chaplain, was reported to have had the bastinado at Constantinople.

Nor were the Protestants of that day—the grandchildren of that ever-memorable race of giants, the Colignis, Daubignés, Lanoues, of whom Niebuhr remarks that France seems to have lost the seed—less remarkable for the easy way in which their rigorous religion generally sat on them, or the singular facility with which they were wont to abandon it when the occasion moved them. Conversion, indeed, was a kind of epidemic among Protestants. It was the only mode of attaining rank and promotion; and this alone was quite sufficient to seduce by degrees the greater part of the Protestant noblesse. 'The religion you have left must necessarily be the best,' said Roquelaure to an officer who had obtained a government by turning Catholic, 'since you have taken change for it!' But even far lighter motives suffered to bring over numbers of the ordinary class; as far lighter motives than principle, or even the point of honour, restrained others from abandoning their creed. The great Turenne, as is well known, remained a Protestant a long time from mere affection for his wife and sister. And in the memoirs of the time, conversions are spoken of in the slightest possible terms, as occurrences of every day, more frequent and causeless than changes of politics. Attachment to a lover or mistress; the wish to get plausibly rid of a husband or wife; the chance of a fortune; the hope of a legacy; family arrangements; family quarrels,—all were reasons sufficient in an age which was characterised, after all, rather by licentiousness and carelessness than by infidelity in a positive sense; for few were so liberal as the wit Des Barreaux, whose old Huguenot uncle left away his property from his branch of the family (being Catholics): 'You,' he said to his pious sisters, 'have at least the satis-

faction of believing that he is damned, but I have not even that consolation.'

We may find some interest, though of a painful kind, in tracing the destinies of the immediate descendants of those leading Huguenot soldiers and statesmen who have been mentioned above. Coligny, son of the Admiral—a man of gallantry about Paris—was slain in a duel by the last Guise, himself a brave but most boyish adventurer all his life. His son, better known as Marshal Châtillon, was the greatest personage of his religion: his name alone would have raised 4,000 armed gentlemen; and his wife was adored by their ministers and devout people—she was called 'the Incomparable' by the Earl of Carlisle. But, says Des Réaux, 'cette femme n'étoit pas si grand' chose qu'on disoit; c'étoit une dévote qui, par affectation, se mettoit toujours à prier Dieu quand il falloit diner: afin qu'on dît, elle est en oraison, et la faut laisser achever.' But the Marshal, though a man of no personal consequence or judgment, was steady, brave, and a good Frenchman. His son, the last Coligny of the direct line, abjured Protestantism, and was killed young at the battle of the Porte Saint Antoine. Of his daughters, one was married by her family perforce to a German prince, to prevent her from changing her religion; the other was the celebrated beauty, Henriette, Countess de la Suze, whose languid poetical graces and sentimental coquetries formed the amusement of Paris for half a century. She too abjured, in order, people said, never to meet her husband again in this world or the next. The particulars of her life must be left to the scandal-mongers of her time; she seems indeed to have studied how best to exemplify the startling maxim which occurs in one of her letters,—'All the duty in the world is not worth so much as a single fault committed through affection!' She died bankrupt in character and

fortune; and so ended the line of the noblest of French patriots. As for the high-principled and chivalrous Lanoue, the comrade in arms of Henry IV., he had a son 'brave comme son père, et vêtu de chamois comme lui. Ces deux hommes étoient toujours à la guerre, et ils ne juroient jamais,' adds Tallemant, with due astonishment. But of the next and last inheritor of the name, it is enough to say that he was called Bras-de-Laine, to distinguish him from his grandsire Bras-de-fer. His sister, the Maréchale de Thémines, was the last survivor of their family. She changed her religion *twice*, and was a lady of high fashion and much adventure into the bargain. As for the Protestant historian D'Aubigné, his son, as all the world knows, was a ruined gambler, whose daughter married a poor hump-backed poet in order to escape from more intolerable poverty, and became consort of the king of France, and the executress of the divine judgments on the people of her own race and religion.

Paris, at this time, it must be remembered, though the greatest city of Europe, yet resembled in many respects what, in the nineteenth century, we should term a large provincial town. Hemmed within its old walls (converted, on the north bank of the Seine, into the present interior Boulevards only in 1668), with their grotesque coronet of windmills, and swelled by all the political causes which at this period drove within its gates the inhabitants of the provinces, the population was numerous beyond all reasonable proportion to the narrow compass in which it was contained; for if some spaces, then encumbered with narrow streets, have since been cleared, as in the neighbourhood of the Louvre, other and much larger spots within the circuit of the Boulevards, now built on, were then the demesnes of convents and palaces. Three great convents—those of the Assumption, the Feuillans, and the

Capucins—occupied the site of the original Rue Rivoli, and streets which branch from it. The site of Mazarin's palace was so extensive, that on one half of it (bought by Louis XIV., and given to the East India Company) the Rue Vivienne and Place de la Bourse are situate. The sanitary condition of the city was as bad as possible ; worse, probably, than in the middle ages ; owing to the greater accumulation of people, and increased height of the houses.* Even the ordinary habit of leaving the city in the summer was interrupted for thirty or forty years in the middle of the seventeenth century ;—at first, from the general insecurity of the country ; afterwards, through habit, and because, in Louis XIV.'s earlier wars, while a portion of good society was absent on the frontier, those who stayed at home preferred remaining in Paris, for the sake of obtaining intelligence ; and no Versailles had as yet arisen to eclipse the capital. The aristocracy of the nation were collected in quarters almost as narrow as those in which the company at a large watering-place now meet each other. Packed closely together in this steaming atmosphere, the higher classes lived and moved in a perpetual fever of society. The fashion of *alcoves* and *ruelles* dates from the beginning of this period. The alcove, as is well known to those who are familiar with old-fashioned domestic architecture, was the space, generally dome-shaped or vaulted, and highly decorated (the word is Arabic, and signifies a vault), at the end of the bed-chamber, forming a kind of second room enclosed in a larger one. Here the bed of the lady was placed, on its *estrade*, or elevated dais, on which, as a throne, she received her morning

* About the year 1660, a medical observer remarked that his brass door-handles, in rooms looking on the street, became covered with verdigris every morning ; which continued until some attempts were made at drainage in the quarter.

visitors. The *ruelles*, or alleys, were the narrow anes left between the estrade and the walls, in which the crowd of visitors assembled ;—filled, from early day to afternoon, in illustrious houses, with a succession of gay cavaliers, prim or saucy men of letters, and soft ecclesiastics. Retirement and privacy were neither sought nor appreciated as luxuries. There are some curious remarks in Saint Simon on the results of the invention of bells in houses ;—a new thing when he wrote, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The want of them in earlier times rendered it almost necessary for a lady to have assistance at hand ; common people had their servants within call, whence arose the familiar and pleasant domestics of Molière ; those of higher rank were waited on by females of birth and education, who were not thought to demean themselves by performing these indispensable offices. Bells had a great share in reducing us to that seclusion—pleasant, but unsocial—in which we now live. The chief promenade of the afternoon was the Cours la Reine, on the south side of the Tuileries' gardens, from which the mechanical public was excluded. Here Marie de Medicis paraded in her globe-shaped *Coche* ; and Bassompierre exhibited the first carriage with glass windows. When 'the great Mademoiselle' was asked what she had regretted most during her political banishment from Paris, she answered—the masquerades, the fair of St. Germain (a kind of fashionable bazaar, which was held in February every year), and the Cours. But Paris, though rich in convent and palace gardens, was at this time very ill-provided with spaces for public recreation. In the hot afternoons, it was no uncommon fashion for gay society to assemble in the Seine, like the company at old-fashioned baths. Evelyn (1651) was startled by the apparition of a bevy of ladies thus publicly bathing, at Conflans, attended

by their cavaliers. Then followed the theatre; the new amusement of the age, and enjoyed with all the zest which novelty lent as yet to the noblest of public diversions —a diversion which not only amused the senses, but opened a new world to the heart and intellect, and which promised greater things than in the subsequent course of events it has performed. Now that the dramatic art is everywhere on the decline—its national existence, it should seem from all history, being necessarily brief—it is difficult to realise the importance which it once possessed, or the essential benefits which, be it said, in spite of all purists, it once rendered to society: and nowhere was this so much felt as in Paris. Much might be said of the effect of the drama as not only an accompaniment, but a cause of increasing refinement in manners; but as to its immediate influence on order and decency in that city, it is sufficient to refer to a saying of M. de Sartines, the minister of police of a later period, that during the three weeks when the theatres were not open, he found it necessary to double the watch. Last came the night, with its train of endless gaiety and extravagance. The fêtes of Mazarin and his contemporaries equalled any similar displays of later days in luxury, while they were unrivalled in wild and grotesque license; the whole soul of society was poured out in the extravagant orgies of the masquerade; while ladies were parading, by day, at the head of armed brigades, female costume was a fashionable evening disguise for gentlemen. Gaston, Duke of Orleans, was celebrated for the grace with which he wore it; and among the strange adventures of the Abbé de Choisy, afterwards a zealous dignitary of the church, who chose for several years to assume that dress in general society, it is perhaps the strangest, that he used to attend, in woman's attire, at the church of St. Médard, and present the *pain bêni* to

his acquaintances.* This fantastic irregularity was finally put a stop to, like so many others, by Louis XIV., as his notions of decorum advanced—when, after many years' solemn devotion to the mysteries of the ballet—after enacting Benserade's gods and demigods, heroes and knights, shepherds and savages, until flattery was fairly exhausted, and could scarcely spin out a couplet more in his honour—the great monarch became slowly alive to the idea that he was laughed at, and abolished the fashion for ever.

In such a state of things (still speaking of the time preceding Louis XIV.'s majority, when there was no recognised, or no powerful Court to discipline manners), there was naturally a great confusion of ranks and classes; nothing had its settled place or precedency. Even the profound distinction between noble and citizen was perhaps less marked than in the better marshalled society of fifty years later. Such a phenomenon as Madame Pilou, the wife of a procureur, who had succeeded in obtaining the confidence and favour of the highest ladies in the realm, and set a kind of fashion in the metropolis, was remarkable in Tallemant's time, but would perhaps have been impossible half a century afterwards. Every evening reunited this mixed society in ladies' apartments for conversation, varying from the most transcendent pedantry to the lowest merriment, buffoonery, and *jeux de société*, until Mazarin brought in cards, which rapidly swallowed up all

* 'Ne nous plaignons jamais des mœurs de notre tems, quand nous lisons le récit de celles qu'on n'interdisait pas absolument à l'abbé de Choisy. Il put, pendant des mois ou des années, s'établir dans le faubourg St. Marceau, y prendre maison, carrosse, avoir un banc à la paroisse, y suivre les offices avec honneur, être même un jour prié de faire en cérémonie la quêteuse, et tout cela sous l'habit et le nom de la comtesse de Sancy, bien qu'on soupçonnât fort ce qu'il était réellement Il ne fut admonesté par l'autorité ecclésiastique supérieure qu'à la dernière extrémité.' (Sainte-Beuve, Causeries.)

minor follies. Dancing was the order of the evening, when 'les vingt-quatre violons,' the fiddlers of the royal establishment, the Strauss or Jullien band of their epoch, were to be procured; and a busy life they must have had of it. Few grandees, like Mademoiselle de Montpensier, kept their own 'violons.' And what dancing! The art lost half its spirit and attraction, when the graceful fashion of the seventeenth century—that of the lady choosing her partner—came to an end. But not only its spirit, but its high importance and dignity, were as yet unabated. We are misled by our own modern notions, when we marvel at Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor; or at Elizabeth, for being smitten with his attractive movements; or at the venerable fashions of our Inns of Court, when 'the ancient reader, the music being begun, called to him the master of the revels; and at the second call, the ancient, with his white staff, advanced forward, and began to lead the measures, followed first by the barristers, and then the gentlemen under the bar, all according to their several antiquities;'—a practice, possibly, absurd, but each age has its absurdities. In France, at all events, all the world danced, from the King to the Savoyard with his monkey. We have seen Richelieu's performance with the castanets; but conceive the great and grave Sully indulging in similar exhibitions! Yet, if we may believe Tallemant des Réaux, the custom of his household was, that 'every evening until the death of Henry IV., a certain La Roche, valet-de-chambre to the king, used to play on his lute the dances of the time; and M. de Sully danced by himself, with an extravagant kind of cap on his head, which he generally wore in his cabinet. The spectators were Duret, afterwards Président de Chevry, and La Claville, afterwards Seigneur de Chavigny; who, with some women of indifferent reputation, were in the

habit of buffooning every day with him.' Does not a graver even than Sully—the great Jansenist Abbé Arnauld —recount, with some embarrassment, how he was forced to dance at the court of Modena? 'It is true,' says he, putting the best face on the circumstance, 'that, properly speaking, we did not dance, but only walked in cadence without even taking off our cloaks.'

The extremely close quarters into which the fashionable circles were packed, gave, as has been said, a certain air which we should now call provincial even to this, the finest society of Europe. There were the same sets, jealousies, caprices, cabals, which are found in provincial assemblages. Newspapers were scarcely known; Loret's odd rhyming 'Gazettes of the elegant world' were indeed a kind of versified 'Morning Post,' as minute in their descriptions, but less fresh in intelligence; but their places, as far as scandal and gossip were concerned, seem to have been more amply supplied by the extraordinary custom of the 'couplets' or 'noels,' which circulated from drawing-room to drawing-room. Not an adventure or misadventure could be reported or suspected, of a fair lady or cavalier of honour, but it was immediately tagged into verse, and found its way in this shape first into the hands of the gossips, then into those of the street musicians. Many of these innumerable epigrams have wit and smartness; many more an astonishing effrontery. But no kind of personality was forbidden in an age in which no one dreamt of privacy. Bussy's fancy for hanging the walls of his château with the likenesses of living beauties, with biographical sketches and his own satirical comments by way of inscriptions, was so far from exciting any indignation, that many ladies gave him their own portraits, in the hopes of obtaining a flattering notice. In Boileau's satires, as they at first came out, living individuals, even those accused of

gross offences, were attacked by name,—a license which was abandoned in his later editions, under a severer government and stricter manners.

The absolute all-importance of 'society' seems never to have been so completely recognised; duty, etiquette, decent observance — all were postponed to its calls. When Marshal Bassompierre was dressing for his character in a court ballet, 'on lui vint dire sottement (says Tallemant) que sa mère était morte. "Vous vous trompez," repliqua-t-il. "elle ne sera morte que lorsque le ballet sera fini!"' And Tallemant's own intimates, the fair philosophers of the Hôtel Rambouillet, seem to have considered gaiety as the essential purpose of their existence, quite as seriously as the emptiest coxcomb of their acquaintance. It seems that the Marquis de Rambouillet was very blind, but would not acknowledge it, and therefore always went out to parties, which was a great relief to his family, says Tallemant, as otherwise somebody must have staid at home to take care of him! And the reasons which induced his daughter, the princess of all précieuses, the fair Julia herself, to lay aside at thirty-six her platonic antipathy to marriage, were quite of the same description. 'Je pense pourtant qu'elle considérait aussi que d'une vieille fille elle devenait une nouvelle mariée, et telle jeune femme qui ne lui eût pas cédé, et ne l'eût pas crue, la regarda aussitôt comme une personne de qui elle pouvait apprendre à bien vivre; et puis, comme j'ai déjà remarqué, cela la remettait tout de nouveau dans le monde, et elle aime fort les divertissements!' But, in fact, retreat from the world was impossible, except into a convent; and not even there, under the discipline of some gay abbesses. For even these devotional 'retreats' appear to have partaken pretty largely of the free and

easy character which belonged to other social freaks. When Madame de Sablé thought proper to 'faire son salut,' she removed to the convent of her particular friends, the austere nuns of Port-Royal. Her apartment was close to the choir of their Church, and only a step or two from their 'parloir.' Her reduced establishment was composed of her physician, steward, dame de compagnie, 'an eminent cook,' and some servants: she had, at first, her carriage and horses. And thus, her biographer complacently remarks, she contrived to get up a good deal of society about her, although the famous convent of Port-Royal was situated at the very end of the Faubourg St. Jacques, close to the present site of the Observatoire. How could she have lived without it in a world like hers! People were born in public—married in public, the bride receiving all the world in her alcove the day after the wedding—and died in public. Death was but the last scene of the play, to be performed with a theatrical bow and exit. The young beauty, perishing of dissipation, made her adieus to the world in appropriate costume and sentiments. The worn-out statesman might not turn his face to the wall in peace, but was surrounded by a whole court in full dress, and talked on until his husky accents could no longer convey the last of his smart sayings to the listeners.*

All this wild pageant was soon to close, and a new act of the historical drama to commence. At the conclusion of the Fronde, the several parties threw themselves at the feet of the young Louis XIV., like a set of dancers tired out with their own mad exertions. And the observer cannot fail

* See the well-known print of Mazarin's death-bed, surrounded by ladies at cards. According to Grimm, the Maréchale de Luxembourg and two of her friends played at loto by that of Madame du Deffand till she expired. But at that time the proceeding was at least thought singular.

to draw two very important lessons from the result: the one in favour of the hereditary principle of government; the other showing the conquests which may be achieved by a strong will and decisive temperament, even with the most moderate degree of ability. An usurper might undoubtedly have restored order to France at this crisis, and, by using dexterously her scattered elements of greatness and the turbulent zeal of her people, might have raised her at once to a preponderating rank among the states of Europe. But to effect this he must have possessed the genius of Richelieu, Cromwell, or Napoleon; he must have cemented his authority with the blood and ruin of the noblest families of France; and his power, when once established, would have been personal only, and would have fallen to pieces on his demise, if not earlier demolished by adverse contingencies; for its original foundation would have rested on one principle only —the need of order and stability felt after an age of revolution. But the hereditary prince had for him, in addition to that same need, which rallied round him the statesmen and sound thinkers of the nation and the industrious classes, the strong prestige of the right of succession and the force of politico-religious feeling, securing for him the far more rooted adherence of the body of the people. If power, at this crisis, had fallen into the hands of an imbecile prince, or of a careless and purposeless ruler, the opportunity would have been lost, perhaps for ever; France would soon have fallen back under the dominion of favouritism, or of powerful aristocratic factions. But Louis XIV. was one of those happy accidents which have so often preserved monarchies; he was precisely the man for his hour, and he was nothing more. Without a spark of genius, without shining abilities of any kind, he possessed just the necessary qualities—love of

order; an indefatigable activity of mind and passion for business; sound health and a wonderful digestion; graces of person and demeanour; reasonably good sense, and unimpeachable manners; and, far beyond all these, pride without bounds, which could acknowledge no favourite or master (favourite of the male sex Louis never had any, and even the dominion which the last and wisest of his mistresses exercised over him was partial and incomplete), and that unsubduable will and obstinacy of purpose which have ere now made heroes of less able men than he.

This was the conqueror of the age; the personage who was raised up to trample genius, strength, and individual daring under foot, as if in mockery of their brilliancy. And although the reader of the history of Louis XIV. has his attention powerfully drawn off to the grand spectacle of courts and camps which it exhibits on the surface, it is worth while to trace the under-current of national feeling, especially during the first years of it. This is not very easy to do with respect to an age of which courtiers were the only historians; yet the materials are not altogether wanting; and it is particularly curious to compare the language of the men who witnessed both the first or rising period of his fortunes, and the second, that of their full splendour, when writing at those different eras. It would be a mistake to suppose that the spirit of independence was extinguished easily, or at once, notwithstanding the popularity of Louis, and the unpopularity of the aristocratic disturbers of the peace who had played their gambols for so many years with impunity. On the contrary, it will be seen that the first steps of absolutism were watched with dislike and commented on with sarcasm; that the haughtiness of the king disgusted many of the upper classes; that the stringency of his measures, particularly in the financial department, pressed heavily on many

more. Nor were the sterner murmurs of republicanism altogether wanting. The following sonnet (untruly attributed to Boileau) is a specimen of many similar pieces which circulated in secret from hand to hand in the period in question : —

Ce peuple que jadis Dieu gouvernait lui-même,
Trop las de son bonheur, voulut avoir un Roi.
Hé bien, dit le Seigneur, peuple ingrat et sans foi,
Tu sentiras bientot le poids du diadême.
Celui que je mettrai dans le pouvoir suprême
D'un empire absolu voudra règner sur toi :
Ses seules volontés lui serviront de loi,
Et rien n'assouvira son avarice extrême.
Il cherchera partout mille nouveaux moyens
Pour te ravir l'honneur la liberté, les biens;
Tu te plaindras en vain de tant de violence.
Ce peuple en vit l'effet, il en fut étonné.
Ainsi règne aujourd'hui par les vœux de la France
Ce monarque absolu qu'on nomme Dieu-donné.

Let us carry our eyes thirty years onwards from his accession, and how complete is the change ! The language of independence is absolutely gone ; it had sunk into a dead tongue in less than a generation : the sentiments of patriotism and chivalry which spring from the heart of Corneille are become mere pretty phrases in the mouth of the personages of Racine. Those who disliked the person of Louis XIV., and contemned his abilities, are the loudest among his twenty millions of worshippers. Nothing is visible to indicate to the observer that the brilliant and solid edifice which he contemplates has not lasted for ever, and will not last for ever ; and every Frenchman seems to say of his monarchy, like the townsmen of the city visited by Chidher the Wanderer,—

Die Stadt steht ewig an diesem Ort
Und ewig wird sie bleiben fort.

Whence arises this change, and especially in the sentiments of individual men—of writers who do not seem to

be attempting to deceive us, but to be themselves subjugated by the enchantment? M. de Barante, who has so profoundly analysed this portion of his country's history, shall answer; and there is something in his answer which seems prophetic of other times besides those of Louis.

'C'est que le succès est un grand maître. Pour presque tous les hommes, il est le jugement de Dieu. Lorsqu'on voit réussir ce qu'on a blâmé; lorsqu'on voit durer ce qui avait paru fragile et ruineux; lorsqu'on voit tout se ranger, s'établir, se discipliner tous le joug qu'on avait voulu secouer, on se résigne aussi, et la pensée elle-même obéit, comme la volonté.'

Thus — not all at once, but still with remarkable rapidity, considering the greatness of the evil—chaos was subdued, and the social state of France reduced to a degree of order and outward compactness such as no European community had as yet attained. Take the best era of Louis XIV.—the commencement of the reign of Madame de Maintenon—and compare society as it then existed with that of the days of the Queen-mother and Mazarin, and the first impression will be that of prodigious improvement in every particular. But when we examine more closely we shall see that this improvement consists mainly, almost entirely, in the substitution of definite views and orderly habits for the most perfect negation of purpose and order which ever subsisted in any great country. Take the instance of religion as one of the most prominent. We have seen the strange inconsistencies of the preceding generation. France was ruled in succession by two princes of the church, and yet avowed infidelity was no obstacle to ecclesiastical promotion and favour, as in the case of Boisrobert, or to success and high esteem in society, as in the case of Patru; and the dignitaries of the establishment afforded the oddest ex-

amples of life and manners which France could furnish. In 1680, not only were the ordinary manners of the clergy regular and their conduct free from reproach, but Romanism had assumed in public the most decorous and dignified character (in contradistinction to superstitious) which it has ever exhibited in its long history; while an avowed infidel was a thing banished and proscribed. So in literature, the arts, manners and customs; the change was universal and equable.

One singular instance of it will occur to the reader. In Voltaire's time it was the fashion in France to represent the English as a nation of 'humourists' or originals. And it was doubtless true that the superior independence of our habits at that time allowed greater scope for personal eccentricities; that men had more of individual character here than in France, where the uniform tone given by good society, and the preponderance of court and fashion, had imparted a conventional and commonplace air to the mass of the people. Now, in 1650, the French nation abounded in 'originals.' Individual oddities of manner and conduct—some proceeding from independent ways of thinking, some from mere carelessness—were plentiful. The provinces were not yet emptied of fine old gentlemen, nourished in the seclusion of their greatness, and each riding his favourite hobby with much indifference to Parisian taste. The literary circles swarmed with extravagant poets and paradoxical thinkers; private studies with mad mathematicians and seekers after the philosopher's stone. There were still numbers who preferred to dress, amuse themselves, talk, make love, live and die, according to their own humour. The reader may consult Paul de Musset's amusing series of papers entitled 'Les originaux du Dixseptième Siècle,' which are indeed mainly adapted from Tallemant. Now

Louis XIV. extinguished eccentricity: it was an assumption of liberty which affronted him: and from that day it has been comparatively rare in France.

But the reign of Louis XIV. (from his majority) comprehends two full generations of men. Now the first peculiarity which will strike the observer of its mere chronology is this, that all the really great names which distinguish it are those of men who had attained to early manhood at its commencement; that is, men whose minds were formed in the period of individuality and turbulence, disciplined by the acquired habits of the period of combination and order. It is so in literature, the state, theology, arts, and arms. These were the men who really welcomed the spirit of absolute government as a tutelary angel, to preserve them from license; who ranged themselves in order of their own accord, and did not form mechanical parts of a line dressed by others; who lived under self-discipline, not discipline imperiously imposed on them: the broadest difference which can exist as regards the formation of character, and yet constantly forgotten by superficial observers. The second generation was composed of men who grew up under rule and line; and never were children more inferior to their parents. And thus, as we pursue the history of the most brilliant of monarchs, the seductive phase of despotism gradually disappears, and its dark and repulsive features become prominent. Of the generous flames of former years, that of patriotism goes out first: it expires with Marshal Vauban, not again to become a light in France for a century, until the appearance of Turgot. Theology shrinks into monotonous feebleness after Protestantism has been destroyed, and Jansenism, the more real expression of the piety of the age, persecuted into retirement. Chivalry still burns on in capricious, fitful flashes, but less and less conspicuous and pure as we pass

from Guise to Lauzun, from Lauzun to the Duke de Richelieu. Loyalty itself, the only political virtue of slaves, is extinguished at last; it can endure oppression, slaughter, famine: but it is not proof against the jealousy, the capricious ill-humour, the determined inaccessibility to remonstrance, of a worn-out and unsuccessful despot: and the great Louis was rescued from utter abandonment on his death-bed by nothing but the force of etiquette. And when Saint Simon has conducted us through the last period of decline, we cannot but ask ourselves—what did France gain by the sixty years' experiment of her greatest king, even in those respects in which, if in any, such an experiment should have succeeded? As to the condition of the people, had it not terminated in misery? As to literature, in mediocrity? As to morals, in depravity? As to religion, in mere hypocrisy? Was not the France of the Orleans regency, although more orderly, yet much more corrupt and vicious in heart than the France of the Fronde?

Such were the phenomena of the growth of autocracy under Louis XIV. How far they have been repeated under other phases in later times, future historians of France will have to say. But we must not exaggerate the truth, as Mr. Buckle did when he pronounced that 'the simple fact is that Louis XIV. survived the entire intellect of the French nation' (p. 652). Under that rhetorical phrase there lurks a deception. In the later years of the great monarch, there was no outer development of intellectual greatness. This was absolutely repressed by the jealous spirit of his government. But under the ashes of the old and apparently extinguished volcano the fire of French genius burnt with all its ordinary force, and more than its ordinary concentration. The very repression of its energies added to their strength, as such repression always does when not carried to the rigorous extreme of extinction. In the last

decennium of that reign, especially, the minds of the young were steadily ripening, for good or for evil, so as to be ready to take advantage of the inevitable change, whenever it should occur. The education of Jesuit colleges and a bigoted court was forming young freethinkers and democrats. Food was accumulating under despotism for the mental consumption of a generation licentious in its freedom. The proof of this is to be easily found with a very little attention to dates. It is very certain that, exceptions apart, the intellect of a man is formed, and his fitness for future development ascertained and completed, by the time he has attained the age of twenty or twenty-five at the latest. What he acquires in after life is experience, and the consequent power of making use of his trained faculties. The faculties themselves have been formed before. Now Montesquieu was twenty-five years old when Louis XIV. died; Voltaire, twenty; Saint Simon, forty; and other instances might be added to these, of minds destined to exercise in various ways enormous influence over the subsequent period of development which, in truth, were formed under the period of repression. It is in this way, more perhaps than in any other, that tyranny is its own Nemesis, and sows the dragon's teeth from which its own future destroyers are to spring.

Of this long reign, the first years only were brilliant for the metropolis. While the Spanish war lasted, Paris, as we have seen, held continual festival. But after the peace of the Pyrenees, and the death of Mazarin (1660), the king and court began to remove, first to Fontainebleau, afterwards to St Germain's, and ultimately settled down in the stateliness of Versailles. This great change in the habits of the higher classes was very injurious to Paris considered as a centre of society. The *Marais*, or neighbourhood of the Place Royale, continued long to

be the fashionable quarter. The quays of the left bank, whose architectural embellishment dates chiefly from this reign, became popular as promenades: the world of fashion, for a few years, used to parade up and down the broiling pavement of the Quais des Theatins and Malaquais. Here Molière lived (Quai Conti); and here, for a short time, his troop was established. But the eastern end of the Faubourg Saint Germain was ultimately selected in 1687, after many delays, as the head-quarters of the *Comédie Française*, driven from the Palais Royal by Lully's Opera company, the newest and most successful speculation of the day; for Lully, after fourteen years' directorship, died worth 630,000 livres in gold—a fact almost incredible, and solitary in the annals of managership. Racine has detailed the difficulty which the poor comedians found in lodging themselves, from the opposition of scrupulous clergymen and purse-proud citizens. A troop of robbers could scarcely have been chased from site to site with greater pertinacity than these, the most active promoters of French, and therefore European civilisation. At length they were planted in the Rue des Fossés St. Germain, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie; where Procopio the Sicilian established his *Café*, the grandfather of all *Cafés*, and the ancient rendezvous of the literary and theatrical world; which still exists—furnishing coffee and dominoes to a few students—to testify of the site of the most flourishing and famous of all European theatres: for, taking all things together, the drama has never, in modern times, risen to such importance as within those walls. The theatre was closed in 1770, and is said to be now a restaurant. Marat's last lodging was close by: he had been driven from den to den, almost as assiduously as the poor actors.

It was not until the reign of Louis XV. that the Faubourg Saint Germain became the aristocratic quarter,—a

glory which may now be said to have nearly abandoned those monotonous walls, to irradiate, for the present, the gayer roofs of the Faubourg Saint Honoré, and the still newer quarters to the westward.

In the absence of the court from Paris, the Bourgeoisie and the Professions rose out of comparative insignificance, thus preparing the Revolution from afar; and, first and foremost, the profession of the law. The melancholy quarter of the Ile Saint Louis, which arose out of a building speculation of the seventeenth century, was for a time a favourite resort of second-rate fashion, and legal fashion in particular. It had been a rural *pleasance* belonging to the Chapter of Notre-Dame. In its gardens the last crusade was preached by the Cardinal Legate Nicholas, in 1313, when Philippe de Valois, Edward II. of England, and many lords, both French and English, took the cross—an empty parade, for the spirit of Saint Louis became extinct in the generation which succeeded him. The same gardens were the scene of the famous single combat between the dog of Montargis and the murderer. In 1614, the construction of the quarter was begun; but the litigious propensities of the Chapter ruined three successive sets of adventurers before it was completed. When it rose—smart, white, and uniform—from the muddy waters of the Seine, it attracted at once a portion of the richer classes of the metropolis; for the fear of malaria had not yet begun to remove the habitations of the wealthy from the river borders,—those favourite haunts of earlier times. But it became especially the head-quarters of legal families, by reason of its neighbourhood to the Palais de Justice. The Hôtel Bretonvilliers, planted on the eastern extremity of the isle, where the Seine first divides on entering Paris, is termed by Tallemant des Réaux, in an ecstasy of Cockney admiration, 'the most finely situated building in the

world, after the Seraglio!' The Hôtel Lambert, built for a President of that name, dreary and begrimed as its exterior now appears, contains within a perfect treasury of curiosities for those fond of the details of social life long since departed. Under a succession of rich and fashionable owners, it received nearly all the literature and art of Paris for a century, down to Voltaire and his Marchioness. There is a world of Parisian art half choked in its venerable dust—ceilings by Lebrun and Lesueur (though his finest paintings have been removed); architectural details by Levau, sculptures of François Perier—but all is decayed, and with difficulty preserved from imminent collapse. It stands a vast ruin in a decayed quarter. Dyers and printers seem now the most numerous occupants of the Isle St. Louis; and it wears the singular aspect of a French provincial town of the dullest class, inserted, as it were, bodily into the centre of the turbulent metropolis.

The Orleans Regency saw the birth of the Quarter de la Chausseé d'Antin, of which the four or five well-known streets have more abundant and more various history to record than any similar spot in Europe of the same age. Before 1720, a marshy, uneven, ill-kept-up cross-road, conducted from the Boulevards to the scattered fields of Clichy and Les Porcherons, on the north-west of Paris. It was the popular line of communication with suburbs singularly rich in *guinguettes*, rural taverns, and a variety of retreats abundantly frequented by the fashionable youth of that moral epoch. *On y allait gris, on en revenait ivre.* On Sundays, half the idle population of Paris turned out in the same direction. The fields were especially thronged with parties of the military and their female companions. If there was a marked absence at the evening muster of the Dragons de la Reine or the Gardes-Suisses,

it was only necessary to march a patrol across the common-fields of the Porcherons, and soldiers were gathered in abundance. But, on week-days, more fashionable visitors were supposed to throng the dirty lane from the Porte Gaillon to the same village. Many a squalid hackney-coach was suspected of conveying a load of rank and beauty to some mysterious rendezvous. Many times aristocratic rapiers were crossed against the blades of plebeian intruders in out-of-the-way corners; for, 'tous les vilains,' as St. Simon condescendingly observes, 'n'ont pas toujours peur.' Where the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin now crosses the Rue de Provence stood, in those days, a rickety bridge across the sewer or Ruisseau de Ménilmontant: it was called the Pont d'Arcans. Here it was that the Comte de Fiesque (*le petit bon* of Madame de Sévigné) encountered M. de Tallard, each having a fair friend in his company; but Madame de Lionne and Mademoiselle d'Arquien threw themselves between the combatants like the Sabines of old, and they parted, each exchanging a cursory embrace with the lady who did not belong to him.

In 1720 the municipality was authorised to open a new street along this popular line of road; and the ground on each side was rapidly occupied by suburban hermitages, succeeded in their turn by gay hotels. It has had a greater succession of names than any other in fickle Paris. It was first Rue de la Chaussée Gaillon; then De l'Hôtel Dieu (from passing over some ground belonging to that foundation); then De la Chaussée d'Antin. This name it derived from the Hôtel d'Antin, the celebrated residence of the well-known voluptuary, the Duke de Richelieu; which stood, and still stands (though it seems to be threatened with demolition by the projected Rue de Réaumur), near the southern side of the Boulevard, facing the entrance of the street;—commonly called Pavillon de Hanovre,

because the funds for its construction were said to have been mainly drawn from the pockets of the people of Hanover during the Duke's military occupation of the Electorate. Under this name the street rose and throve; at first as a street of a certain fashion, though of a rather equivocal description; from which position it grew by degrees into the choice seat of commercial opulence and lettered dignity; and ultimately into the head-quarters of the transitory aristocracy of the Empire. Here was the hotel of Madame Montesson, who attained the honour of marrying a Prince of the Blood. Here lived Madame Recamier. It was in the same street that the fair Guimard raised herself an enchanted palace, with the money of her sultan-like adorer the Prince de Soubise. But *le squelette des grâces* was better skilled in ruining princes than enriching herself. She sold her hotel by lottery. It was won by the Countess Dulau, who sold it to Perregaux the banker, for 500,000 francs. Here Perregaux' daughter was married to Marmont; and Perregaux' clerk, Jacques Laffitte, laid the foundation of the fortune which furnished the sinews of war in those memorable days which ruined both Marmont and himself. The glory of the hotel is departed; the bank subsists, but the residence is gone; and we rather think that an apothecary's shop occupies the front of the temple of the hooped and powdered Terpsichore.

In 1791 the street took the name of Mirabeau, who lodged in it, at No. 42. It was from hence that one hundred thousand mourners escorted the corpse of the mighty demagogue to St. Geneviève. In 1793, the memory of Mirabeau was already proscribed; his ashes were banished from the Pantheon; and the street took the name of Mont Blanc, the Republic having recently taken the trouble of annexing Savoy for the first time to its dominions. It was under this name that it shared so largely in the

glories of the Empire. Madame Tallien (afterwards more uneasily lodged as Princess de Chimay, among the dowagers of the Faubourg St. Germain), Cardinal Fesch, and others shed a brief lustre on its annals. Next to Fesch lived Ney, and afterwards Caulaincourt; and next again Sebastiani. But 1815 came, and swept away the name of Mont Blanc, and the fortunes and glories of the age of Napoleon. The street resumed its ante-revolutionary title. It struggled with decaying prosperity against the tide of fashion, which gradually drifted the monied aristocracy into more distant quarters; and, unlike its sister streets of the neighbourhood, 1830 brought it no relief, either in change of name or change of circumstances. Vulgar commerce has invaded it—upstart omnibuses have replaced the equipages of old times—it is become already a modern antique;—the deserted metropolis of M. Scribe, which still seems to the imagination peopled with wealthy financiers, their sentimental ladies and interesting secretaries, magnanimous colonels of the Empire, rich uncles in *ailes de pigeon*, and cravats of the fashion of the Directory, and all the other *dramatis personæ* of that amusing Vaudeville-world which was the delight of our youth.

The streets immediately adjoining partake of the same character; the whole quarter is full of memorials of the very quintessence of recent history. Other districts have monopolised more of aristocratic dignity and dulness: the very life of the world has pulsated in these narrow avenues. Where the street just described abuts to the north on the Rue St. Lazare, stood a well-known tavern, famous in the bacchanalian stanzas of Vadé, and his brother poets, under the name of the cabaret Ramponneau;—celebrated, also, for the visits paid it occasionally by personages scarcely to be expected in a cabaret; where, as some strange rumours say, Madame de Genlis herself, more than once, in frolic-

some disguise, shared in the revelry of lackeys and guardsmen. Close by, enveloped in its discreet shrubbery, stood the Pavillon de Fronsac, another residence of the Marshal Duke of Richelieu, whose name is almost as intimately connected with the history of modern Paris as that of the Cardinal. This pavilion became, under the Consulate, the retreat of the beautiful Creole, Madame Hamelin, —the queen of fashion for a short season; who may be said to have had the honour of cooperating with Napoleon in reducing the wild exuberance of the Republic to decency and order. Under her soft influence, the orgies of Madame Tallien and her contemporaries gave place to the rather stiffly brilliant style of the Napoleonic era. In her reign the contre-danse returned, and the epoch of the waltz began. Although satirists were not wanting—although some coarse rivals insinuated that the fair West Indian disseminated *des miasmes de négresse*, and others would compare her features to those of Rustan, the Emperor's Mameluke—yet her triumph was complete: contractors and marshals—the demigods of the day—Ouvrard, Perregaux, Montholon, Moreau, sighed at her feet; and rumour, for a moment, whispered unutterable things of Cæsar himself: it then died away, and, with its decay, soon ended Madame Hamelin's ephemeral reign. Her pavilion was preserved by its owner, the Duchess of Vicenza, amidst the general demolition which has taken place of the suburban habitations of this quarter; most of which were erected either by ladies of the opera or financiers. 'Tivoli,' once so well known to idlers in Paris, situated close to the northern end of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, was originally the garden of one of these favourites of fortune, the farmer-general La Bouxière, who spent enormous sums on its construction.

The Rue Laffitte, hard by, was originally christened

Rue d'Artois in 1770; in honour of the ill-fated prince whom, after sixty agitated years, Laffitte was to drive from the throne. While the street was still fresh in the glory of its white unmeaning façades, one Cérutti, a Piedmontese, took a lodging in an entresol. He had been a Jesuit; had written in defence of the Jesuits, and made noise enough in their cause to get his book condemned to the flames by the parliament of Paris. But times were altered; disappointments in love and politics had turned the ex-Jesuit into a democrat; and Cérutti soon set up a revolutionary journal—*La Feuille Villageoise.* Mirabeau and Talleyrand were his chief contributors. The journal succeeded; Cérutti pronounced Mirabeau's funeral oration; and these services to the nation secured for him the most evanescent of French honours. The street became 'Rue Cérutti' in lieu of d'Artois. At the end of the street rose the magnificent Hôtel Thélusson—a residence of the Genevese banker, the patron of Necker; whose fortune and less ambitious popularity survived those of his more celebrated junior partner. This was such a palace as might have been built out of Sèvres china, to be inhabited by shepherds and lap-dogs, *à la Louis XV.* In the short interval of wild bacchanalian excitement which followed the downfall of Robespierre—when the violently-repressed habits of a licentious age and people burst furiously forth—it became the head-quarters of the luxury of the day. The Hôtel d'Augny, in the same neighbourhood (afterwards the residence of M. Aguado), had been the scene of the first *Bals à la Victime.* But the *Bals Thélusson* surpassed even the *noctes Neronis jam medias,*—the Luxembourg festivals of Barras. Here was the rendezvous of the *Incroyables* and *Merveilleuses.* While Madame Tallien, the princess of the Luxembourg, affected the Roman style and costume, the rival salon of Madame Thélusson was peopled by

Athéniennes, equally undressed, and less ornamented. But all the wit and talent of the day frequented it, with one remarkable exception—Madame de Staël did not appear there: pride, on one side or the other, banished the daughter of the junior partner from the drawing-room of the widow of his quondam associate.

Here it was that Bonaparte first dreamed of fashionable life. The young, unpolished, but all-observing provincial lieutenant, living in his quiet lodgings of the Rue du Mail, after the *Comité de Salut Public* had turned him out of active employment, upon his refusal to serve in La Vendée, met Madame Beauharnais in this society, on which we may imagine him to have looked with a kind of envious admiration. However this may be, he and his family evinced a marked partiality for the Chaussée d'Antin. After his conquest of the Sections, he removed to a charming little house hard by, in the Rue Chantereine—now, in his honour, Rue de la Victoire—where he lived until the hour arrived for his occupying the palaces of the Bourbons. Murat took the Hôtel Thélusson. Not long after he left it, it fell into the hands of a spirit congenial with his own —an army tailor. M. Berchut had made a fortune by selling uniforms, in days when their first owners seldom had the good luck to wear them out. He invested it in building speculations. He demolished the celebrated hotel, with its arcades, gardens, artificial rocks, and all the recollections that belonged to the spot—and the street became dull and uniform as any of its flat-faced neighbours. But its political destinies were not accomplished. Here lived Jacques Laffitte. Hither, on the 29th July 1830, when the battle was well-nigh decided, flocked the courtiers of his provisional majesty, the populace, who seemed on the eve of a definite reinstatement in his anarchical rights. The sordid intriguer, the waiter on Providence, the timid

capitalist who sought protection rather than promotion, crowded these approaches, now so solitary, with eager advice and covert solicitations. It was a trembling and undignified assemblage; for the result of affairs out of doors yet hung in the balance; the fear of being too late was in ludicrous conflict with that of being too early: at any moment, a few files of infantry might direct their step towards the Rue d'Artois, become the focus of insurrection —and then the game was up. It is due to the worthy banker to say, that he stood firm, as became the representative of the great monied interest in this its crowning struggle against feudality. M. Louis Blanc assures us, that on one occasion the sound of musketry in the neighbourhood actually cleared the hotel of all its visitors: it proved to be only the discharge in the air of a regiment fraternizing with the mob; but Laffitte remained at his post, and profited by the interval to get his sore leg dressed. One by one the guests returned, and complete triumph was announced by an unerring prognostic—the arrival of Talleyrand. Did it occur to the veteran to remember the meetings at his friend Cérutti's, and the *Feuille Villageoise*, and the concoction, forty years before, of the first act of the drama still in course of performance?

But we are trespassing far beyond the bounds of our sober antiquarianism. We have been dreaming of old Paris, in the middle of a world too active and awake to suit with the temper of such reveries. The endeavour to fix the attention on the past has even something painful, and out of place, in full view of a present so busy and changeful as ours. Centuries of stationary ease, or slow advance, seem those in which the spirit of man most fitly addresses itself to look backward, and to indulge in historical inquiry. Now, when we are plainly commencing an era of changes in the fortunes of our race, the speculator

who turns round to contemplate the past vicissitudes of things seems almost like the man who should busy himself in meditating and recounting the dreams of the night, at his entrance on a day of active and brilliant exertion. New Paris, the centre of a great Empire, with its lines of railway connection, will outgrow the limits of the city of our day, even more rapidly than the existing city has swelled beyond the old boundary of the Romans in their palisaded island. The dense centre is being cleared out; whole quarters of the city of Philip le Bel are swept away, to make elbow-room for the new generation; while the displaced mass is spread far and wide over the plains, which seem to invite its dispersion. The fortifications of 1841, constructed on the principle of 'keeping the *outer enceinte* at a distance from the city, properly so called,' will become Boulevards in their turn; and the fashion of some future age will make its promenades of those specimens of the wisdom of the Orleans reign.

Already (1864) the eye of the passer-by, looking from the southern bank of the Seine, sees only a few dozen old houses left opposite him, with their fantastic fronts and forests of chimneys, between the corner of the Louvre and that of the Pont Neuf, as fragments of his beloved old Paris. They will soon disappear, and the river flow between two lines of uniform, self-satisfied-looking-barrack-like fronts, with smooth faces and lofty roofs, types of that monotonous level of character and those centralised institutions—so say the satirists—which have replaced the Gothic variety of the feudal ages, and the romantic splendour of the Renaissance.*

* It is idle work to criticise details where the general result is so magnificent as in the case of modern Paris, such as the lavish architectural profusion of the last ten years have rendered it. The universal applause of the world would rebuke the caviller. Nevertheless, an antiquarian must be permitted

to regret the perpetration of a few sins against sentiment and a few against taste, such as might easily have been avoided, and may perhaps, to a certain extent, yet be remedied.

1. Alexis de Tocqueville, whose fine taste was almost as remarkable a quality as his political sagacity, used to say that a great opportunity was lost when the recent constructions of the Louvre were commenced on their present plan. The old pile consisted of the work of two several ages: that of the Renaissance, of which the finest specimen, perhaps, is to be found in the so-called Galerie d'Apollon and adjacent buildings; and that of Louis XIV. The architect had to select between these two for his model. Unhappily, he chose the latter, and by far the inferior; nor will the modern Louvre, though grand as a whole from a certain massive uniformity, exhibit anything like the almost ideal beauty of detail which might have been achieved if the daring essay of the genius of the sixteenth century had been adopted and embellished by the trained taste of the nineteenth.

2. Another error, as I cannot help considering it, was committed (and similar errors are in course of commission every day in England) when, in the desire to bring some fine monuments of architecture into more conspicuous observation, and more into keeping, as it was supposed, with the enlarged space and increased scale of building around them, the improvers pulled down the masses of building which hemmed them in, and exposed them to the public gaze in open spaces. It was forgotten—it is, as I have said, every day forgotten—that the original builders did not intend them to stand in open spaces. We may be well assured that these men of genius had calculated duly, and made their allowance for the point of proximity at which they intended their elevations to be seen. Look, for instance, at the so-called Colonnade of the Louvre: the beautiful work of the brothers Perrault, the most pleasing perhaps to the eye of all specimens of Parisian architecture, whatever fault the men of precedent may find with it. (See, for the respective shares of those two remarkable men in its execution, a passage in the Causeries du Lundi, vol. v. p. 211.) It is reasonable to suppose that they had in view the effect which it would produce on spectators seeing it from the point from which most of them would naturally see it; that is to say, from the pavement close to the line of houses which then stood opposite; considerably in advance of the present line, and of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Seen at that angle, its proportions were satisfactory to the eye. Now, the view ordinarily obtained of it from the modern 'trottoir' opposite, is at nearly twice the former distance. And the result is that the entablature appears dwarfed and insignificant, and the eye seems to require an addition to the height of the building which would nevertheless spoil it.

So, again, the tower of St. Jacques la Boucherie is a fine specimen of late Gothic; and in former days, as it rose picturesquely from the mass of dark heavy-roofed houses which pressed close against the lower part of it, there was something very imposing in its appearance. It is, of course,

still striking from a distance: but from a distance only. By way of improvement, all the surrounding buildings have been cleared away, and it stands, naked, dismal, and out of place, like a solitary tooth left in an unfurnished jaw, in the middle of its prim little green area. The greatest kindness which could be done to it would be to cover its nudity by piling up masses of masonry against its sides again.

A VISIT TO LÜTZEN.

October 1862.

The Battle of Lützen, 1632, still affords one of the most interesting chapters in military history, notwithstanding all the gigantic additions which the annals of the last and present century have made to it. Though not precisely one of the 'decisive' battles of history, for it occurred just half-way in the period of the Thirty Years' War, yet it was, in truth, the turning point of that contest: up to that day, the event in debate was the annihilation of one party by the other; after it, the terms of separation only. To the soldier it is memorable as the last field in which the old system of tactics—that inherited from the ancients by the men of the 'Renaissance'—was fairly pitted against the modern; for the modern military art may be truly described as a development only of that introduced by Gustavus Adolphus. But it is more famous as the occasion of victory and death to one of the few leading spirits of the world's history—one of the few in whom nobleness of heart and purpose, and preeminence of genius, were so fused together as to constitute the true character of the hero.

It was well, no doubt, for a curious posterity, that an action of this importance occurred in a civilised period, and in the heart of much-enduring and much-writing Germany, the home of '*la nation écrivassière*.' But the result is nevertheless somewhat perplexing. The literature

of Lützen would alone furnish out a small catalogue. The presses throughout Germany, France, and Italy seem to have gone to work simultaneously and immediately on the receipt of the news. 'Flying sheets,' containing professed descriptions of it, swarm in every library. Preachers, Protestant and Catholic, improved the occasion from a thousand pulpits, and every one of them, that could afford it, resolved that the world should not lose the benefit of his pious eloquence. Then the caricaturist and the ballad-monger got hold of it, whose fugitive but sometimes authentic hints must be studied in the bulky republications of modern antiquaries. Nor did the interest cease when the graver class of authors came on the stage. Political historians, religious historians, dynastic historians and genealogists, topographers, biographers, all had something to say on so renowned a catastrophe, and every one was in duty bound to add something new, of fact or speculation, to what had been ascertained by his predecessors. Next, in the last century, followed the herd of German professors and other literates, whose quaint little Latin dissertations in quarto darken so many a question, and deepen so many a paradox. These attached themselves, by predilection, to minute and curious questions of fact or credulous tradition: the mode of the King's death '*de dubiâ cæde Gustavi Adolphi Regis*,' furnished materials for many—and I have the titles of two at least under my eyes, about the king's magic sword: '*de gladio magico, quocum Gustavus Adolphus in prœlio apud Lützen pugnaverit.*' Lastly, the Wallenstein mania, for which Schiller has to answer, produced in our times such a number of biographies of that personage, and of controversial essays on the questionable points of his history, garnished with original correspondence and extracts from archives, that these alone furnish a mass formidable to contemplate.

The writer of these pages must not pretend to anything like an extensive acquaintance with the vast *corpus historicum* of which he has just sketched (and skimmed) the circumference; but he has read enough to find himself bewildered by the utterly irreconcilable accounts of every main feature of the day. It was a stand-up fight, with little of previous manœuvring, fought between midday and sunset, by two armies drawn out in a perfectly open field. 'Daylight and champian,' one would have thought, could 'discover no farther.' And yet this swarm of ingenious penmen have succeeded in obscuring the story with a multitude of contradictions. Almost everything is disputed: the number of the combatants (to the extent of 100 per cent.); the number and arrangement of regiments, and names of their commanders; the hour, place, and circumstances of the King's death; the hour of Pappenheim's arrival on the field (the critical point of the contest); nay, even the important questions, whether Wallenstein was in a litter or on horseback, with his stirrup wrapped up in silk to alleviate the pressure on his gouty limb—a device of Charles V., according to his autobiography; and whether Gustavus's charger was white, 'brown-black,' or 'apple-grey.' Having referred to these contradictions, the writer intends to waive further discussion of them, and to compile the best account he can by comparison of authorities. And he can only recommend to anyone who may be as curious as himself, two measures: the first to procure, if he can, F. E. F. Philippi's 'Death of Gustavus Adolphus,' printed at Leipzig in 1832—it consists only of a hundred pages, and the author was 'Steuer-rath' at Lützen, and had a pair of eyes; the next, to carry Philippi in his pocket, and visit the battle-field, which is easily reached and may be soon explored.

The little town of Lützen lies between several intersecting lines of railroad, and at some distance from each. The ordinary tourists' approach to it is consequently by carriage or omnibus from Leipzig, ten or twelve English miles away. But, for my own part, I walked to it from the station at Corbetha, on the line between Halle and Weimar—a pleasant two hours' stroll, along footpaths and cross-roads, through a land of teeming fertility, alive with the whole population of the neighbourhood busy at their potato harvest. The pedestrian crosses the Saale by a rope-ferry—here a sullen deep stream, cutting its way through strata of diluvial gravel, about the size of the Severn at Worcester; passes the pretty bowery village of Vesta, with its aged lindens; and thence traverses the open plain which extends to the neighbourhood of Leipzig, and in the middle of which Lützen is placed. A rich and joyous-looking expanse of land, studded with villages and tall ungainly church steeples; here and there, bedded in the soil, one of those problematical boulders of dark-red granite which the glaciers transported hither, according to modern belief, from distant Scandinavia, and which now chiefly serve as landmarks: far in the south, the first blue outlines of the Erzgebirge faintly show themselves. Such is the aspect of the vast battle-field of Northern Germany, the scene of the greatest military events of modern history; of which it may be said, with even greater truth than of the plains round Fleurus and Waterloo, that 'not an ear of corn is pure from the blood of men.' For from that elevated station at Corbetha, or, still better, from the old castle tower at Merseburg, the eye embraces at once the site of that ancient victory obtained by Henry the Fowler over the Huns in A.D. 934; of the two battles of Leipzig (or Breitenfeld), in the

Thirty Years' War; of Lützen, of Rossbach,* of Gross-Gorschen, vulgarly called the second battle of Lützen, in 1813; and may identify the church towers of some of those villages which blazed one by one that same year, in the three October days of the 'Battle of the Nations,' when, for the first and last time in authentic history, half a million of men were ranged against each other in a pitched field.

Approaching Lützen on this (western) side, the traveller is able to estimate the optical error which, as we shall presently see, misled the Swedes, and partly disconcerted their plans. The lofty old towers of the church and castle, and the high-pitched roofs, rising in an open field, and on the farther side of a slight depression in the ground, seem much nearer than they really are.

Lützen itself is a thoroughly old-fashioned forgotten-looking little Saxon town, with walls and fosse partially preserved, and the open country on all sides extending close up to them. It has now about 500 houses, and is traditionally believed to have been more considerable in old times; as indeed must have been the case, or else the municipality indulged in a fine spirit of local exaggeration when, in a report dated 1651, they mention that Wallenstein's troops, before the great battle, set fire to the 'suburbs of their city;' represented now by two or three beer-houses only, and one or two farm-granges. Passing the town, and following the road to Leipzig, for about three-quarters of an English mile, the traveller sees on his left something like an obelisk, which his imagination will fix on at once as a monument of the battle, but which is, in truth, only the chimney of an abandoned shaft for

* Those of Jena and Auerstadt, though not actually in sight, may be added from their proximity.

digging peat, here found in large deposits beneath the gravel. But, presently afterwards, he discovers, close on the right hand of the road, the central object of his search —the 'Swede's Stone.' It stands, as we shall see, not exactly on the spot where the king is supposed to have fallen, but within a few yards of it. The stone is a rough porphyritic boulder, of the kind already described; and bears on its northern face, fronting the road, the inscription, 'G. A. 1632.' It is surrounded, after the kindly German fashion, with a little shrubbery and gravel walk, and surmounted by a Gothic arch of cast-iron, placed there some twenty years ago by subscription; executed in very fair taste, but injuring the simplicity of the stern old monument. It was a bold æsthetic thought of his majesty's equerry and fellow-soldier, Jacob Erichson—though carried out with something of the roughness of execution belonging to the age—when he harnessed thirteen boors of the neighbouring village of Meuchen to this stone, which lay at some distance, and made them drag it 'with sweat and tears' to its present site, from whence it looks eternally over the northern plain of Germany towards the hero's own distant Scandinavia. 'Yet this is not the exact spot where the king fell,' adds the narrative (Vulpius, Megalurgia Martisburgica, i. e. the Marvels of Merseburg), 'but their strength was exhausted.'

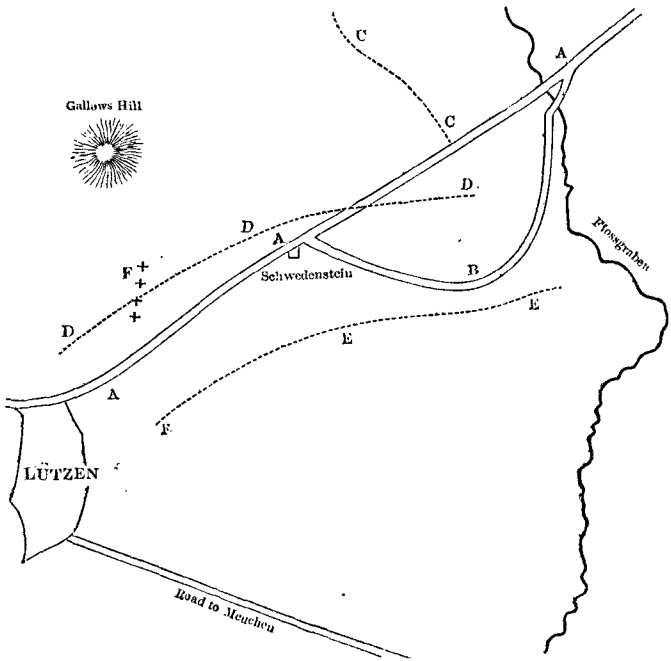
Arrived at the Schwedenstein, the visitor may make himself master of the details of the action with but little difficulty, thanks to the level character of the ground and absence of hedges. No doubt there are ciceroni to be had; but, for my own part, I found that a two-groschen-piece and a shake of the hand, administered to a beautiful nymph of seven, who was out

potato-gathering with her family, sufficed to bring about me enough of her friends and admirers to impart all the information I wanted, and more than I could understand—although the pure Saxon dialect is a civilised one, and comprehensible, with some attention, by one who possesses only the ordinary allowance of book-German.

In order to make the battle intelligible, it is not necessary to weary the reader with much preliminary dissertation. It is enough to remember that in September 1632, Gustavus and Wallenstein, having exhausted the country about Nuremberg, and lost great part of their armies in vainly confronting one another, parted as it were by mutual consent. The Swede moved into Bavaria; the Austrian into Saxony, where his hope was to negotiate with and win over the wavering Elector of that country. Alarmed lest this scheme should succeed, Gustavus retraced his steps with singular rapidity to Nuremberg, and thence through Thuringia to Erfurt, which he occupied at the end of October, just as Wallenstein was reducing Leipzig and its neighbourhood. On November 1, the king arrived at Naumburg, a town on the Saale, offering a commanding position, of which he prepared to avail himself by intrenchment. Wallenstein was then at Weissenfels, a few miles below, on the same river. Satisfied, by this proceeding of the king and by the lateness of the season, that he had no cause to dread immediate attack, he detached Pappenheim with a considerable portion of his army to Halle, in order to open a communication with the country beyond; and himself fell back from Weissenfels to Lützen. Pappenheim was detached on the 4th, and on the same day the king was made aware of it through an intercepted letter.

On the evening of November 4, therefore, matters

stood thus: Wallenstein was at Lützen, covering the approach from the west to Leipzig, with a force variously estimated, but probably not less than 25,000 men; *



A A A	New road to Leipzig.	D D D	Imperialist line.
A B A	Old road to the same.	E E E	Swedish line.
C C	Pappenheim's advance from Halle.	F	The windmills.

Gustavus at Naumburg, sixteen English miles south-west of Lützen as the crow flies, with perhaps an equal number; Pappenheim at Halle, sixteen miles north-west of Lützen,

* Protestants say 40,000; Catholics 20,000. The latter number seems very improbably low. The detachment of Pappenheim to Halle was a gross blunder at best; but we may safely assume that Wallenstein would not have ventured on it in the face of the redoubtable Swede, if his army had been thereby reduced below the number of the latter.

with 15,000 or 20,000; the Saxons at Torgau, forty miles north-east of Lützen, with a force variously estimated at from 8,000 to 16,000. Under these circumstances, there were not wanting timorous councillors to advise the king to outmanœuvre the slow Wallenstein, turn him by the south, and join the Saxons. The king at once rejected the counsel. Had he attempted it, Pappenheim and Wallenstein reuniting might have caught him in a trap; had he escaped this danger, the fidelity of the Elector was doubtful. It was obviously his business to fight Wallenstein at once, before Pappenheim could be recalled from Halle. With Gustavus, to decide and to act were almost simultaneous. He might yet surprise Wallenstein before that leader's force was concentrated after its march from Weissenfels. At midnight of the 4th the king began to move. At ten in the morning the towers of Lützen were in sight. But his intention of giving battle immediately was frustrated, in the first place, by the unexpected resistance of Isolani's Croats and some artillery on the brook at Rippach; next, as Harte avers, by the optical mistake I have already mentioned, which made the Swedes believe themselves nearer Lützen than they really were. Consequently, he could not arrive at his chosen ground, east of Lützen, until too late for action. Had it been otherwise, November 5, old style, would have added one more to its Protestant commemorations, and Wallenstein might have descended to British posterity as a supplementary Guy.

Wallenstein would rather have avoided fighting; but this day's delay gave him time to prepare for the contest, by sending messengers to hurry Pappenheim's return, and by intrenching his position as well as he might. His army was drawn up on a line of about a mile and a half: its right, to the south-west, resting on the town of

Lützen, which was an impediment to his being turned on that flank; his left, north-east, on the western bank of the 'Flossgraben,' a deep drainage ditch and mill-stream (not a canal to float timber, as Mitchell supposes); his front covered by the high-road from Lützen to Leipzig, of which he had deepened both the side ditches, and filled them with musketeers. But it is important to observe (what neither Harte nor Mitchell was aware of, but Philippi distinctly shows) that this high-road did not coincide exactly with the present. It diverged from the straight line of the present highway close to the Schwedenstein, curved to the south, and swept back again into the present road near the point where this crosses the Flossgraben. The country-people still point out the old road, rising in a slight ridge on the corn-fields. The consequence would appear to be, that the two armies, being separated by this winding road, were not drawn up in straight lines, but the Imperialist front slightly concave, the Swedish convex; giving the latter something of that advantage which Marlborough turned to such decisive account at Ramillies. The most salient part of the Swedish line would, on this supposition, have been close to the Schwedenstein.

Wallenstein's position was, however, not a bad one, for an army of equal force acting on the defensive; but his order of battle was inconceivably perverse, even according to contemporary critics. He seems to have been actuated by a resolution to proceed in direct opposition to the lessons which the Swedish victories had taught his profession. He took a step back, towards the tactics of the old Netherland wars. He is said to have conceived that Tilly lost the battle of Leipzig through adopting too loose an order: though Tilly's solid squares of infantry, or

'tercias,' were 2,000 strong. His own foot was drawn up in five such solid squares, of huge dimensions: four in the centre, one on his right, near the windmills. The reader may be spared the involved mathematical calculations on which these were constructed; suffice it to say that, if complete, every such square would consist of 5,000 men, pikemen and musketeers in equal numbers, and would have at the angles small projecting bastion-like formations of musketeers, so as to be shaped exactly like an ordinary quadrangular redoubt. 'The manner in which the armies went to work,' says Colonel Mitchell, 'in the hour of battle, with their mixed masses of spearmen and musketeers, is a difficulty which historians have left undecided, and which, at this distance of time, we are not well able to explain. What were the spearmen doing, exposed, without any power of reaction, to the shots where the musketeers were engaged; and what became of the musketeers when the battle came to push of pike?' Perhaps the difficulty does not so strongly present itself to the imagination of the civilian as of the military writer; at all events, this intermixture was regularly practised in drawing up the infantry of European armies from the invention of the musket down to that of the bayonet. Marshal Saxe, as we know, preferred the pike, thus supported, to the bayonet itself; concerning which 'rickety zigzag,' our own eccentric Colonel exclaims, 'What will be deemed of the military intelligence of an age which could tolerate the tactical puerilities founded on the presumed use of a toy that has been brandished with bombastic fierceness for upwards of a century, and has never yet, in fair and manly fight, inflicted a mortal wound on a single man?'

In thus uniting spearmen with musketeers, Wallenstein

only followed the fashion; but his enormous squares, constructed, no doubt, with a view to resist the dreaded impetuosity of the Swedes, seem to have been condemned even in his own age as pedantic and unwieldy. They formed, in fact, the last appearance, on any modern stage, of the classical and mediæval phalanx; capable, no doubt, of resisting cavalry attacks, but unable to move themselves in attack or pursuit, and exposed to utter destruction when artillery could be brought to bear on them. His own artillery consisted of about eighty heavy pieces, 24 to 48-pounders, as some inform us: it was disposed in front of his troops along the whole line of the road. His cavalry were on the flanks, consisting (as then usual in the Austrian service) of four classes: cuirassiers, as they were termed, but who wore, in addition to the cuirass, the vizored helmet, gorget, brassarts, and cuisses; carbineers, with cuirass and carbine; dragoons, few in number; and light horse, then termed Croats, as in later times Hussars, on the extremities of the line—troops whose special genius lay in the line of plundering, which they executed with a vigour perhaps unequalled in military history. His right wing was strongest, as he expected on the left the almost immediate reinforcement of the Pappenheimers. His front was covered by musketeers in the deepened ditches on both sides of the way.

Notwithstanding all the successes of the Swedes, the spirit of his army ran high. Wallenstein was still to them the unconquerable one, who had baffled, if not defeated, the Swede himself. Gorged with plunder, and made frantic by the promise of more, inflamed with that peculiar pride of mercenaries, who feel themselves for the hour elevated into the masters of princes and governments, they swore (so, at least, said their enemies) that 'if they

did not win the battle, they would drive God out of heaven with their cudgels.'

It might be asked why Gustavus, with his skill as a tactician and his well-trained army, did not outmanœuvre and take in flank Wallenstein's helpless masses, instead of attacking them in front? But the answer is plain. Time was wanting for the purpose. It was necessary for him to gain his victory before Pappenheim came up. Pappenheim was to him what Blucher was to Napoleon at Waterloo; and he had not even a Grouchy to oppose to him. To have turned Wallenstein's right, with Pappenheim coming up on Wallenstein's left, would have been to march head foremost into a snare. There remained only the front attack, and for this, bloody as it must prove, he prepared himself at once.

The king passed the night of the 5th—6th in his carriage, in the open field, west of Lützen. At daybreak he crossed the country behind, or south of, Lützen, and drew up his army in a double line, facing that of Wallenstein, and south of the high-road so often mentioned. In order to effect this, part of his force had to cross the deep 'Flossgraben' which forms a curve from a point south-east of Lützen to the bridge where it is (and was) crossed by the high-road so often named. Here it would seem as if Wallenstein might have checked his adversary by a bold advance; but his defensive tactics rendered this impracticable. The Swedes passed the mill-stream, and their army was drawn up, in 'battalia,' while the morning fog yet concealed the enemy.

The Swedish army was the very opposite of the Austrian. Everything was done to promote rapidity of movement and promptness of execution. The infantry (in the centre) was not, however, formed in line, according to modern ideas: that invention was reserved for the 'old Dessauer,'

as the Germans call him, a century later. The system of Gustavus consisted rather in macadamizing the great blocks of the ancient army into small and compact, but still solid masses, drawn up in general six deep. The front rank was formed by the famous Swedish black, yellow, green, and blue brigades, concerning which the accounts are contradictory, whether they were so denominated from the colour of their casques, or of their jackets. Colonel Mitchell says, 'The blue brigade were composed of British;' but, it is to be feared, without authority. The British, especially the Scots, formed a very important portion of the so-called Swedish army, but they are not particularly mentioned in the accounts of Lützen. The second line, or reserve, was chiefly composed of German infantry. The cavalry were placed on the flanks: Swedes on the right, towards the Flossgraben; Germans on the left, nearest to Lützen. The Swedes seem to have had only two classes of cavalry: cuirassiers, armed with the light cuirass, carbine, and broadsword; dragoons, with musket and sabre. The German horse are described as carrying, in addition to other weapons, a hammer hooked at one end, to drag the enemy off his horse. Platoons of musketry, 100 to 150 strong, were posted between the squadrons; and this is the only rational sense in which we can understand the plan of 'mingling cavalry with infantry,' attributed by some military writers to Gustavus—a plan which, if carried out in any literal sense, could only have had the effect of crippling the movements of the cavalry altogether. The artillery was stationed along the front, and consisted of only twenty heavy pieces, and about eighty of the common Swedish 'flying artillery,' 4-pounders only, we are told.* In like manner, the pikes

* The king's famous 'leathern cannon,' which have puzzled modern tacticians almost as much as they astonished his enemies, do not seem to

of the Swedes were five feet shorter than their antagonists,' and the carbines and muskets lighter. The whole army is variously estimated at from 11,000 to 16,000 infantry, 9,000 to 12,000 cavalry.

Bernard of Saxe Weimar, and Marshal Knyphausen, commanded the Germans. The Swedes were led on by the King in person. A more gallant army never entered into action; and yet its experienced generals remarked with regret, that these were not the same invincible Swedes who had crossed the Baltic and conquered at Leipzig. Battles and marches, detachments and garrisons, and, above all, the camp-fevers of Nuremberg, had thinned the ranks of those veterans, and they were replaced by recruits who had learnt little as yet from their comrades, except their martial ardour.

The heavy fog lasted until eleven in the morning: it may easily be conceived with what impatience the King watched for its disappearance, expecting Pappenheim on his right flank every hour. Meanwhile, morning prayer was held, and the King rode along the line to encourage his men. With the Thucydidean speeches which sundry historians put in the mouths of both generals, it is unnecessary to trouble the reader. It is more to the purpose to note that the Swedes sang Luther's Hymn, and that other, well known in Lutheran Germany, which begins—

Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein,
Fear not, thou little chosen band,

of which the words are traditionally said to be Gustavus's own.

At eleven in the morning the heavy fog dissipated, and each army beheld the faces of the other. The artillery began to play, but seemingly with no great effect. Wal-

have been used at Lützen. Probably the invention never got beyond the character of an experiment.

lenstein's cannon, we are told, were pointed too high, and harmed the Swedes but little. The Swedish were doubtless better served, but it is singular that so little is said of the havoc which they might be expected to have made in Wallenstein's helpless quadrangles. At length the Swedish infantry charged in the centre. They forced their way across the ditches and the road, broke by the suddenness of their attack two of Wallenstein's squares, and endangered a third, when the cuirassiers of Wallenstein's right wing charged in support of their infantry; the Swedes wavered, were driven back across the road, and a battery of seven cannon, immediately east of the Schwedenstein, was taken by the Imperialists. Gustavus now placed himself at the head of Stenbock's Smaland regiment of cuirassiers—its commander had just fallen—which was stationed in the right wing, nearest to the infantry. He called out to his favourite, Colonel Stahlhantsch, a soldier of fortune, who had risen from the condition of a serving-man, 'Charge those black fellows (Piccolomini's cuirassiers), else they will do us a mischief;' crossed the road, galloped on before his men, and threw himself on the flank of another cuirassier regiment. The spirit of the religious champion, the Gideon of Protestantism, had in this his last hour sole possession of his fiery nature: he exclaimed, 'Now, in God's name, let us at them! Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, let us fight for the honour of Thy holy name!' and dashed at the enemy. At this moment, four comrades are noticed as having been at his side, besides one or two grooms: these were, Hof-Marschal Kreilsheim, Chamberlain Truchsess, a young Nuremberger named Löbelfing, of whom we shall hear more presently, and Duke Francis Albert, of Saxe Lauenburg. This last, of sinister name, was a cadet of one of the oldest and poorest sovereign houses of North Germany, connected rather nearly with the royal blood

of Sweden. He had taken arms, a mere adventurer, under Tilly; but, on the arrival of his royal kinsman in Germany, changed sides, went over to the Swedes, and obtained a pension from Gustavus, with whom he lived on terms of intimacy. They were at once enveloped in the hostile ranks. The Swedish cuirassiers, staggered for a moment by the fire from the ditches, followed in hot haste; but too late: a pistol-shot broke the King's arm. He continued at first to encourage his comrades; but, his strength failing him, he turned his horse's head, and muttered to the Duke, 'Mon cousin, tirez moi d'ici, car je suis fort blessé.' As he turned, an Austrian trooper marked the action, cried out, 'Art thou here? I have long sought for thee!' and discharged his carbine into the King's shoulder. The King fell from his horse, with the last words, 'My God!' The doer of the deed was instantly 'beaten down with a storm of arquebusades' by the Swedes; but it was reported that he was a Lieutenant von Falkenberg, who had become acquainted with the King's person while a prisoner. A desperate struggle now took place around the body. Those next to the King were killed or mortally wounded, except Lauenburg alone, who contrived to ride unhurt out of the *mêlée*. The actual spot of the death is fixed by Philippi, conjecturally, just within the angle formed by the divergence of the new and old roads to Leipzig. The body, stripped and mangled, was found at last by his victorious countrymen. It was brought in the night into the village church of Meuchen; the troopers who escorted it did not dismount, but rode by torchlight round the altar, before which it was deposited. Thence it was finally carried to rest with the remains of his ancestors in his own land.

Such, or nearly such, seem to be the circumstances of the royal soldier's death. But the belief that he perished

by treachery became in after years so general, that it is impossible to avoid referring to it, even in the most cursory narrative. More is unnecessary; since Schiller, in his well-known history, has said nearly all that need be said respecting this once favourite historical puzzle. There is no affirmative evidence whatever in favour of the supposition that the deed was perpetrated by Francis Albert of Saxe Lauenburg, or any other traitor. The negative evidence against it consists mainly in the fact that no eye-witness of the battle, and no immediately contemporary writer, refers to it. The suspicion arises afterwards, and makes way to the light from various and distant quarters—first as a vague report, afterwards as a definite charge—until at last it becomes universally received, if not absolutely believed, among the Swedes, and has great currency even among the Germans. 'He who ate my bread,' so ran the mystic verse in the mouth of the people, 'hath lift up his heel against me: thus did it befall Gustavus from the *fourth man*, who entered the enemy's lines along with him.'* No doubt the ill fame of Francis Albert himself, and his repeated desertions of both causes, made him a not unnatural object of such suspicion; but one circumstance, which Gfrörer has acutely pointed out, must be taken into account on the other side; he was arrested by the Imperial Government as an accomplice in Wallenstein's treason, long imprisoned, and ultimately discharged—a course of conduct which they would have hardly adopted towards a hired assassin of their own, such as the story makes him. The verdict, in short, on such evidence as we have before us, must be, not simply not proven, but not guilty; and all that remains is that

* Wer mein Brod isst, der mit Füssen mich tritt;
So geschah es Gustavo von dem Vierten,
Der mit ihm ins Lager eintritt.

impalpable cloud of doubt of which, when once raised, it is so difficult to disembarrass the mind.

It was not until 1790, after Schiller's history had appeared, that a document was published by Murr, in his 'Contributions to the History of the Thirty Years' War,' which has at least a negative bearing of some importance on this problem. It is a narrative of the King's death, obtained by Colonel von Löbelfing, father of the youth who has been mentioned as one of Gustavus's comrades in his last charge, from the lips of his son; but at second hand only. This gallant lad was not a page of the King's, as he is commonly represented, but a volunteer, who followed his person in a hearty boyish passion of admiration for the hero. The father tells his story touchingly enough, in the language of a soldier-saint of those times. The youth, he says, saw the King surrounded by enemies; saw him fall from his horse; dismounted and offered his own.

Then the king raised both his hands towards him; but my son was not able alone to lift him on horseback, and his majesty could not help himself. Thereupon * came up some of the enemy's cuirassiers, and wanted to know who it was; but neither the king nor my son would say: one of them, on this, fired a pistol through the king's head, who then said, 'I am myself the king of Sweden,' and so fell asleep. . . . They gave my son two shots and three stabs, stripped him to his shirt, and left him for dead.'

The poor fellow was brought to Naumburg, where he died some days after.

'And thus,' adds the father, 'did this young cavalier, whose whole age was only eighteen years, seven months, and twenty-three days, truly wait upon his late majesty in that bloody

* The devil's advocate might have a word to put in here. If the cuirassiers only came up 'thereupon,' it was not a cuirassier who fired the original shot.

fight, although he was not in his royal service; stayed by him until his blessed end, and was the last of all at his side. . . . In his sickness he never complained of pain, was very patient, and often said it was for his king's sake he had received those wounds, and would willingly suffer all over again on his account; and, if he might live a hundred years longer, he would not wish to do so.' 'And he prayed his attendants to write to his heart's-loved father and his relations and beg us not to sorrow for him, for that he had lost his life in his calling on a Christian and honourable occasion, and had fought gallantly by the side of his majesty of Sweden for God's word and glory.'

This account, whatever its value as to minute particulars, is at all events important on the question of the murder. It purports to have been given by the young man to his attendants at Naumburg, who conveyed it to his father, who wrote it down a few weeks after the battle. Had the story of murder been then current, it must have figured some how in the recital.

Such a suspicion was hardly needed to embitter the universal feeling of inconsolable grief. 'The sorrow,' says Philippi, 'which the death of the King occasioned throughout Protestant Germany and in Sweden is depicted by contemporaries in the liveliest colours. Country and town, citizen, peasant, and soldier, all united to mourn the irreparable loss. They wandered about like a flock without a shepherd, loudly bewailing the death of their prince, their liberator; for such was Gustavus Adolphus to them all. Never was a sovereign more revered, more loved, or more wept for. Every one would have his portrait, and there was not a cottage in Germany where it was not to be found.' And that popular impression was as deep and enduring as it was general. As late as 1796, when Christian Fischer travelled that way, the Saxon postilion would take off his hat as he passed the Schwedenstein. And if traditional reverence has since grown

fainter, that which arises from wider education and an increased love of religious and political freedom has taken its place, and the memory of Gustavus Adolphus abides as life-like as ever.

And most deservedly. History has grown cold and critical: the Clio of our times seems to have an old-maidish pleasure in decrying the subjects of our early enthusiasm, in lowering by a few pegs the special heroes of our imaginations. She has not ventured even to attempt this operation on Gustavus Adolphus. A halo of something like superhuman dignity surrounds him. So it was even with his contemporaries. Those who saw him every day seem still to have regarded him rather as an agent of Providence—the embodiment of a great purpose—than an ordinary man. He was thus marked by destiny from the beginning: when his father, Charles IX., exhorted in council to designs to which he felt unequal, would lay his hand on the fair hair of his boy, and say, '*Ille faciet*;' when he relinquished the love of his youth and all the temptations of a throne, married for reasons of state, and set himself doggedly to the task of taming, one by one, his hard-mouthed neighbours of the North, as a preparation for the mightier destinies which he alone foresaw. Such he appeared to the Germans among whom he came as a deliverer; on whom his noble features, his bright blue eyes, his floating golden hair—*il rè d'oro*, the Italians called him—produced the effect of an angelic messenger. Not that he was affectedly superior to other men, or had anything of the prophet in his demeanor; on the contrary, every account represents him as simple, affable, freespoken among his associates, even to a fault. The Jesuits of Munich recounted with pride how he had disputed with them for an hour or so 'concerning transubstantiation and communion *sub utrâque*,' ending, as they

were pleased to assert, with high compliments to their order. The peasants of Bavaria would long tell the tale how, as he forced them to drag his artillery, he would come among them with kind words and instructions how to place the lever, accompanied with occasional florins. But, in truth, he was an example, such as some of us may have witnessed in life, of that class of men whose exceptional superiority of character is such that no familiarity seems to diminish the distance between them and others. Much of this was, no doubt, owing to that deep religious conviction which, when openly avowed and consistently acted on, always awes minds conscious of their own falling short. Cromwell could not have been more convinced of his own divine vocation, or more fearless in his expression of reliance on it; but there is something of the earth, earthy, in the zeal of Cromwell even when taken at its best, which contrasts unfavourably with the earnest, manly, single-minded piety of Gustavus. And the consequence is, that, while Cromwell's enemies made him out a hypocrite, and have left great part of the world persuaded that he was one, no detractor has ever endeavoured to fasten the like imputation on the Swede. With him, as with Cromwell, the constant sense of religion led to a familiarity of utterance respecting it which, to the ears of our reserved generation, seems almost startling. 'Pray constantly: praying hard is fighting hard,' was his favourite appeal to his soldiers. 'You may win salvation under my command, but hardly riches,' was his encouragement to his officers. He 'preached,' in short, so much—though without the shadow of affectation—that a Michelet might perhaps say of him, as of our Henry V. at Agincourt, 'le plus dur pour les prisonniers, c'était d'entendre les sermons de ce roi des prêtres, d'endurer ses moralités, ses humilités.'

But he was not content with preaching: his conduct was throughout a noble exemplification of the religion which he professed. To take one trait only: his strict maintenance of discipline. The Thirty Years' War was a hideous time, in which the military were not only permitted to indulge in every excess, but encouraged in it as a matter of policy;—it being the received principle of noted leaders to employ their armies as a scourge, not not only to intimidate the enemy, but to keep in order doubtful allies or personal foes, through the system of 'free quarters.' Of the unhappy agent of this system—the soldier—it might be said, in the language of the Norfolk Island convict, that when he entered the service 'the heart of a man was taken from him, and there was given to him the heart of a beast.' From the beginning of his wars Gustavus set himself determinedly to the task of extirpating an evil which had become unendurable, while every campaign seemed to root it more firmly in the land. And he succeeded to an extent which seems almost miraculous. No army under his command was ever disgraced by unpunished enormity; and it was not until long after his death, when his example had ceased to act, that the Swedish forces became equally a terror to the country with the Imperialist.

Had so noble a character the alloy of earthly ambition? Was it his purpose to extend the Swedish dominion, or to become the first Protestant Emperor of Germany, or to achieve supremacy in Western Europe? It may be so. He was a conqueror by profession—an absolute monarch by divine right. 'The devil' (he told his chaplain, who found him one day reading the Bible) 'is very near at hand to those who are accountable to none but God for their actions.' But of this much we may be certain: with some men, a great purpose serves as the cover of

personal ambition; by others, personal aggrandisement is sought merely as auxiliary to a great purpose—and so it was with Gustavus. If he ever had dreams of empire, it was for the greater glory of what he deemed the truth.

If, in fact, religious zeal had a rival in his temperament, it was not ambition, but warlike ardour. He was passionately devoted, if such a phrase may be used, to military science. In his short life (he died at eight-and-thirty) he had leisure almost to reconstruct the art of war. And the art of war, as understood and practised by him, comprehended everything, from the conception of a campaign to the construction of artillery-harness or camp-kettles. That minute attention to detail which seems to us pedantic was then almost unavoidable; for he lived in an age when the art of carrying on war on a grand scale had been long forgotten; when, consequently, the division of labour in the soldier's profession was comparatively unknown; and no one would have passed in the eye of the world as a great commander who was not also an accomplished corporal. And hence some of his critics have thought that his chief superiority lay in the lower part of his vocation; that he was 'a greater tactician than strategist.' But the highest authority is against them. Napoleon placed Gustavus among the eight great captains of the world; that list of colossal celebrities which begins with Alexander and ends with himself.

Nevertheless, one thing we have against him; and that was a fatal imperfection, venial as we may deem it. His ungovernable impetuosity of temper manifested itself in various ways; he could not command himself, when he had righteous cause of anger, or when he had danger to encounter. He confessed himself guilty of the first charge.

All commanders, he said, had their weaknesses; such a one his drunkenness; such a one his avarice; his own was choler; and he prayed men to forgive him. He was sometimes terrible to behold in one of these fits; the old fury of the sea-kings seemed to come over him: eye-witnesses so described him in a scene at Nuremberg, when, in wrath against plunderers, he dragged forth a delinquent corporal by the hair of his head, exclaiming, 'It is better that I should punish thee, than that God should punish thee and me and all of us on thy account;' and ordered him off to instant execution. But his intemperance of courage, in exposing his person in action, was a greater sin than his intemperance in anger. No prayers, no representations, could wean him from his constant habit of taking the foremost place in time of danger. And he was singularly unlucky into the bargain. While Wallenstein, the favourite of fortune, who, however inferior in other respects to Gustavus, did not lack personal courage, seems never to have received a wound, the King, like the Napiers, scarcely ever went into serious action without being hit. His fate at Lützen was but in accordance with this habitual disregard of sterner duty. He perished in a blaze of glory, which by its very excess of light dazzles the historical inquirer, and converts into a martyrdom that which was in truth both an error and a crime. There have been generals as prudent as brave, who have nevertheless risked their lives by daring exposure, deliberately, because the rallying of a broken army, or the necessity of personal presence at a menaced spot, seemed to require it. Gustavus had no such excuse. His Smalanders needed no such prodigality of life to encourage them in the charge. His place was not at their head, but at that of his whole army. He ran on almost certain death, in the mere animal spirit of valiant intoxication,

like the Berserkar of old, or the savage Malay. 'Died Abner as a fool dieth?' The traveller who stands by the Swedes' Stone may not without reason put this question, and feel his enthusiasm damped by the reflection that Gustavus, a victor at Lützen, might probably have brought the war at once to a successful termination. The sixteen years of misery which followed, ending, indeed, in the rescue of Protestantism and liberty at last, but as by fire only, and under trials the most unfavourable to their healthy developement; the decline of Sweden from her high estate; the deterioration of the political and social spirit of Germany—consequences which Europe feels to this day, and our children are likely to experience for generations yet unborn—all these followed from that momentary yielding to the furious impulse of a noble but uncontrolled nature.

The death of the King was soon known, but seems to have had no effect in damping the ardour of the Swedes. On the eastern side of the field, and in the centre, the road, with its ditches, and the battery of seven cannon, were soon recovered, and the neighbouring Imperialist squares once more assailed and brought into utter disorder. Wallenstein's cavalry behaved ill, except some of the cuirassiers; as he afterwards complained.* Numbers of the carbineers turned their horses heads as soon as they had discharged their pieces, and fled in the direction of Leipzig. As for Isolani's Croats on his left wing, they executed a brilliant stroke in their own professional way. Avoiding the charge of the Swedes, they crossed the Flossgraben, wheeled to

* He issued, in consequence, two remarkable orders: one enjoining more strictly the use of the cuirass; one depriving part of the horse of their fire-arms. He said that the trooper's habit was to discharge his carbine and pistols as soon as he came near the enemy and then to 'caracole,' that is, wheel round, and get out of danger. Neither order had any permanent effect.

the right, turned, and rode completely round, the Swedish right; made a dash for the village of Meuchen, two miles in the rear, where the Swedish baggage lay, and plundered it to their heart's content; while, at the same time, Wallenstein had the satisfaction of hearing that another troop of his runaway Croats had made their way to the Gallows Hill, in *his* rear, and were employed in the same agreeable way in ransacking *his* baggage and camp equipage; where, no doubt, they found loot of greater value than their brethren in the quarters of Gustavus.

But, on the west, the battle was doubtful. Here, as we have seen, the Imperialists had set fire to the buildings about Lützen, with the view of impeding the enemy in any attempt to turn their right wing; and under the lurid cover of the conflagration and the fog, they repulsed Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar's repeated charges, drove him back across the road, which, with the windmills beyond it, he had for a moment won, and endangered the whole left flank of the Protestant army. Rightly judging, however, that the real way to victory was to follow up the advantage obtained by the Swedes on the east, Bernard, as soon as he heard of the King's death, moved in person to that quarter, leaving the command of the left to Nils Brahe, whom the King had named as the best qualified to command an army of all his countrymen except Torstenson. And Brahe justified the confidence reposed in him by driving the Imperialists once more from their windmills, and turning their own cannon against them. Bernard hastened to Knyphausen, who commanded the reserve, and informed him of the King's death. Knyphausen, a cool veteran, simply replied that his troops were in good order, and could make an excellent retreat. 'It is the hour of revenge, not retreat,' was Bernard's answer, as he hastened to place himself at the head of the same Smaland regiment which

Gustavus had led into action. Only just in time; for Pappenheim now appeared, bringing his whole cavalry, six or seven thousand men, to strengthen Wallenstein's left, but leaving his infantry still on the march. The accounts of the exact period of Pappenheim's arrival vary singularly. The old French contemporary narrative, translated and reprinted in the 'Harleian Miscellany,' says expressly that it was between two and three o'clock; but this seems too late. Wallenstein, in his short report to the Emperor, ingeniously implies, without actually asserting it, that Pappenheim was with him at the commencement of the action—evidently a fib. to draw off attention from his own blunder in having detached him two days before. And now the Swedes had to draw up once more their shattered brigades, with their backs, as it should seem, to the high-road which they had crossed, and abide the furious charge of Pappenheim's cavalry. Pappenheim himself led them on, exclaiming, 'Where is the king?' but at the very first onset fell, pierced with two bullets, and was carried out of the field only to die. The last hasty order which he had received to rejoin Wallenstein was found beneath his gorget, stained with his blood, and is now preserved in the archives of Vienna. Such was the end of the noblest among the servants of the Kaiser; not only brave to a fault, but displaying in his subordinate capacity high qualities of generalship. Gustavus himself emphatically termed him 'the soldier;' the learned called him, from his prodigious personal strength, the Telamon of the Imperial army. His soldiers adored him, and the populace bestowed on him that superstitious awe with which, in those days, they loved to encompass their favourites; he was born on the same day with Gustavus, they observed, and subject to the same stellar influence; his forehead was marked with two cross swords, which came out fiery

red in moments of excitement; nay, the evidence of his nurse was gravely invoked, to establish that he cried when he was first washed, and never afterwards in the whole course of his life! Out of the field as well as in it, he passed for a model of old-fashioned chivalry; a devout and humble Catholic, of blameless life, and strong domestic attachments. There is extant the tenderest of all possible new-year's letters to him (printed by Förster, in his Wallenstein's Prozess: antiquaries will print everything) from his wife, 'her loveliest angel's submissively obedient maid-servant Anna Elizabeth,' who describes herself as dying 'vor langer Weile' in his absence. Pity that her lord's hand, which she 'kisses many million times,' was still red with the blood of Magdeburg, shed in participation with the ferocious Tilly.

Under the cover of this reinforcement, Wallenstein rallied part of his troops; and then began the fiercest struggle of this day of many vicissitudes; one which every witness and every historian describes as of unexampled severity. The question was, in Wellington's words, which of the two shattered armies 'could pound the longest.' Nils Brahe was killed, his brigade beaten back across the road; the whole Swedish infantry, of the first line, was almost cut to pieces. In half an hour, says one writer, the entire yellow regiment lay on the ground, in order, where they had stood before. The fog, towards the close of the day, descended thicker than ever; but it suddenly cleared again half an hour before sunset; and then Bernard, reduced to the last straits to hold his ground, discovered, to his infinite satisfaction, that Knyphausen's reserve remained in unbroken order, as yet untouched by the enemy. The sorely-thinned remnants of his first line rallied in the intervals of the second, and Kynphausen's charge decided the day. For the

last time the road was crossed by the victors; the Imperialist cannon captured. And now the early November darkness came on. Just at this crisis arrived Pappenheim's infantry, six regiments strong. Had they charged the Swedes, the event of the day would probably yet have been different. But they took no part in the action. According to the common account, they were prevented by the darkness. But among the Imperialists the notion spread, that the advance of these battalions was arrested by the order of Marshal Holk, who, at this crisis, commanded Wallenstein's left, and who was thought to have been long meditating treason. This question, like many others raised in that age of dark suspicions, must remain undecided; for Holk died shortly afterwards, and 'made no sign.'

Wallenstein retreated on Leipzig under cover of the night. He left, it is said, 8,000 or 9,000 of his troops, with 5,000 or 6,000 Swedes, killed or wounded on the field of battle. The Swedes remained masters of that field, and in possession, after many vicissitudes of taking and retaking, of most of the enemy's heavy cannon. Gallas, in his report of the battle, makes an excuse for this loss which is curious, and may be true: he says the artillery-drivers were peasants, impressed, with their horses, from the neighbourhood of Leipzig, whose heart was on the other side, and who, as soon as they found opportunity, cut the traces and abandoned their charge. Wallenstein, however, at first claimed the victory in his despatches, chiefly on the strength of the king's death. But his own exasperation at his defeat was intense. According to one story, as soon as he arrived at Leipzig, he 'shut himself up in a room and swore for an hour;' which, says Philippi, oddly enough, 'is scarcely credible, considering his well-known disposition to silence.' At

all events he allowed his mortification to rankle, deeply and grimly, in his breast. Not until he had rallied his beaten army as well as he could, and established it in winter-quarters in Bohemia, abandoning Saxony to the victor, did he proceed, in cold vindictiveness, to hold his 'bloody assize' on those who had misconducted themselves in the action. His wrath was particularly directed against his cavalry officers, who had fled from the field. About a dozen, colonels and others, were executed, and many sentenced to inferior punishments. 'Good people,' said one young colonel to the crowd, at his execution, 'I am come here to die for running away together with my generalissimo.' At the same time, with his accustomed liberality or policy, he made magnificent presents, on his own part and not the Emperor's, to those who had distinguished themselves.

For my own part I must say, though quite aware of the storm of Teutonic indignation which such an avowal is likely to provoke, that I never could get rid of the impression that the magnificent Wallenstein was in truth a great impostor—a charlatan of enormous pretensions. His whole demeanour savours of that intimate combination of enthusiasm with jugglery which imposes most successfully on mankind. He was an actor through life. A subtle Italian spy, set to watch him in 1628, describes his 'bizarre' and violent manners as nothing but a trick, assumed in order to deceive at once the multitude by an appearance of power, and his superiors, by persuading them that one capable of such extravagance could not be capable of connected designs. In addition, he could import at will into his proceedings that touch of the mystic, that smoke-flavour of the supernatural, which especially influences his wonder-loving countrymen. Of the real genius of the general or the statesman, I cannot find that his

life exhibits a single trace. But he was, above all things, fortune's favourite. I do not remember where I fell in with a pretty piece of criticism on a picture of Gérard's, in the French division of the International Exhibition of 1862, not so interesting from its execution as from its quaint fancy. The goddess Fortune—*arridens nudis infantibus*—has fallen in love, beside a village well, with a charming infant boy. Her wheel is resting at her feet—her cornucopia is pouring out its neglected treasures—while the saucy little idol is laughing in her face, and fencing with her hand as it caresses his dimpled cheek. The affairs of this unstable world are at a stand still while she indulges in her fancy; and, as for the unconscious child, he may be anything he pleases—cardinal, pope, emperor, Wallenstein, Napoleon. Those whom the blind goddess thus selects have about them something dæmonic, as the Germans express it. Wallenstein's life, so dazzling in its mid-career, is veiled in mystery both at the beginning and the end. The cadet of a poor though noble Bohemian house, the third son of a sixth son, his parents addicted to the Protestant persuasion, his prospects of rising in the Austrian service might have seemed slender enough; but just as he is entering on the world, both of these parents are removed out of his way by death. He falls under the guardianship of a rich Catholic uncle, delighted to make a convert of so promising a relative. He travels no one exactly knows how, nor where; becomes familiar with many parts of Europe; and like the Lady of Buccleugh's father, 'learns the art that none may name,' at Padua, under a professor of astrology. At five and-twenty, he makes, like Macaulay's Marlborough, a prudential investment of his personal charms, but in a more legitimate way; marrying a rich widow of twice his age, who becomes desperately jealous, nearly kills him

with a love-potion, dies forthwith, and leaves him her fine estates in Moravia. The uncle immediately follows her, and bequeaths him seven first-class lordships in Bohemia. At thirty, the adventurer is the richest subject of the Kaiser; yet not so rich as to account at all for his subsequent gigantic expenditure. He marries another fortune, and a court lady of high influence into the bargain. In the death-struggle of his native Bohemia he takes no part; but, immediately after the battle of the White Mountain, he comes forward with seven *million* florins—nearly a *million* sterling—to buy up from the court of Vienna the confiscated lands of his countrymen and relations. 'His extraordinary command of money,' says his English admirer, Colonel Mitchell, 'still remains an enigma in his history.' But the land, it is added, was worth five times the money. He is now a prince, and, unlike other princes of that day, a man of ready millions into the bargain. He raises forty thousand men at his own expense; gives away fortunes; builds castles, palaces, towns; lords it over North Germany, from the Mayn to the Baltic; continues his vast system of landed investments, taking care, however, to set off his 'military expenses' against the purchase-money, and thus reducing the actual cash received by his imperial vendor to a fraction. His property is now estimated at thirty millions of florins, or four millions sterling—a sum which must be trebled or quadrupled to suit modern calculations. He has become the first man in Europe for wealth and prestige, for the power of ruling mankind, and overawing them by the exhibition of grandeur and sternness; not to omit those qualities so dear to the German heart, his glorious contempt for Jesuits, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, and Welschen of every colour, and his solemn pretensions to supernatural knowledge.

Yet all this time, his exploits, in a military sense, were as nothing. He never won a pitched battle, properly so called, in his life.* His campaign on the Baltic, announced with such flourishes of trumpet throughout Catholic Europe, proved a wretched failure. He kept his armies together—it cannot be said kept them in order—merely by the assiduous use of the two coarsest stimulants: the terror of sanguinary discipline, the attraction of unlimited plunder. For the execution of his purposes he shrank from no cruelty whatever: and Wallenstein, who, in good sooth, was quite free from religious zeal, and cared no more for the Pope than for Luther, left among his contemporaries a name as deeply stained by savage excesses as that of the fanatic Tilly himself—'unmerciful in his executions, inexorable in his commands, incessantly thirsting for money:' 'odium et nausea generis humani,' so he is designated by his court enemies. These enemies, and the cry of oppressed provinces, prevail against him. In 1631, he is superseded from his command, and submits to his fall with that curious composure sometimes met with in overbearing men, when fairly mastered; for he was 'timid,' as our sharp Italian described him, 'towards those who show their teeth;' and this philosophy of resignation, which his biographers term magnanimous, may, if read by the light of his subsequent history, be interpreted as a kind of moral collapse. 'You may read it yourselves in the stars,' he said to the astonished envoys who brought

* Viel Kriegsmacht hat er zusammengebracht,
Doch nie geliefert recht eine Schlacht,'

says one of his jingling epitaphs. His action with Mansfeld's army at the bridge of Dessau, though very important in its results, was not a pitched battle in the careful language of tacticians. In fact, it is only in modern popular writing that the name of battle is lavished on every skirmish, e.g. the 'Battle of Balaklava.'

him the news of his dismissal, and who expected a violent scene, 'that the Genius of the Elector of Bavaria* dominates just now over that of the Emperor.' And he retired without a murmur into private life—but that of a Diocletian. Called once more forth in the disastrous position of Austria after the battle of Breitenfeld, he rallies at once round him all the Catholic elements of the Empire—raises a hundred thousand men, contrives somehow to pay them, and takes the field against Gustavus; but, when there, the marvellous adventurer subsides into a general of very ordinary quality. His most distinguished achievement consisted in judiciously declining to fight the Swede at Nuremberg, with seventy thousand against fifty thousand, and preferring a war of intrenchments—a commendable policy, doubtless, but which ended only in the decimation of both armies, and in his own crowning defeat at Lützen. His tactics in that battle have been described, and their consequences. But slowly and, as it were, reluctantly, did Fortune abandon her strange favourite. The death of Gustavus gave him more than he lost by defeat. He became again, and more than ever, sole master of his own side in Germany; but he lost his vantage in the vain endeavour to become what the stars could not make him—arbiter between the two sides, and reconciler of parties fighting for convictions which he could scarcely comprehend. And now the want of real

* 'Ihr Herren, aus den Astris könnt ihr es selbst sehen, dass des Kurfürsten von Baiern Spiritus dominirt über des Kaisers seinen.' Such was the wonderful jargon which Wallenstein, as well as other distinguished Germans, then wrote, and, as it seems, spoke. Here is another specimen, from a report which he made to the Emperor of an action against Gustavus:—'Der König hat auch damit sein Volk über die Massen *decoragirt*, dass er sie so *hazardosamente* angeführt, dass sie in vorfallenden *occasionen* ihm desto weniger trauen werden,—und ob Ew. Maj. Volk *valor* und *courage* zuvor überflüssig hat, so hat doch diese *occasion* sie mehr *assicurirt*.'

stamina, of which I have spoken as the negative basis of his character, becomes painfully apparent. Whatever doubts may have formerly prevailed, recent discoveries seem to place it beyond a doubt, first, that his schemes included treason to his sovereign and ingratitude to his benefactor; next, that they were both conceived and carried out with an imbecility of purpose which takes all grandeur from his crime. Then—when detected and exposed, when chief after chief deserted him, and the net of destruction was drawing closer and closer round him—his presence of mind and fertility of resource seem to have failed him altogether. He opposed to his destiny nothing but a kind of proud but dull self confidence, which partook less of dignity than of the fatuity of despair, and exposed his bosom to the halberts of his military executioners only when absolutely at his wits' end to finish the drama by any other catastrophe.

Such was the Wallenstein of history, according to the best of my judgment. How strangely different from the Wallenstein of poetry! And yet while the historical 'Duke of Friedland' is only a vague remembrance in men's minds, except those of a few painful antiquaries, the hero of fiction has become a reality, as far as the sympathy of thousands of readers can make him so. The subject is a threadbare one now: yet it is scarcely possible to dismiss him from our thoughts without letting them dwell a while on that incomparable work of art, the Wallenstein of the drama, the central figure of Schiller's magnificent trilogy. Not that he is a character of the highest dramatic order, properly so called. He is not life-like, as is a hero of Shakspeare—one whom we seem to have known, and could recognise in the street; there is something vague about him. Perhaps the sharpness of outline has been a little rubbed off by too elaborate execution.

He is less an individual man than an embodiment of a thousand thoughts, instincts, emotions. But then—and that is the secret of his triumph—these thoughts and emotions are our own. Different as our sphere of destiny may be from Wallenstein's, the texture of life, whether the fabric be small or great, has its warp and woof of the same hopes, fears, meditations, disappointments; and Wallenstein has a word suited for every mood of him who is struggling to attain success in life, or struggling to keep his position there. It is we, in short, who are Wallenstein. And it is in this point of view that the thread of superstition, which Schiller took from his historical authorities, is so wonderfully interwoven in the poet's design. That superstition seems almost an anomalous trait in a spirit so refined and cultivated as the dramatic Wallenstein's: it has no overpowering influence; he can throw it at times altogether aside: but it is a pervading agency, mixing with all others, and making him, not inferior—as in the hands of a less skilful artist he would have become—but superior to his fellows, men trained only in this world's ordinary cunning. Now, for us, or most of us, in this waning nineteenth century—for those, at least, who cannot get up any interest in material communications with the invisible world conveyed by table-turning and spirit-rapping, cold hands under green baize, and ghosts playing accordions—such vague and shadowy impulses as those which haunt the mind of Schiller's hero, rather than influence his firm judgement, constitute the last influences whereby the 'anarch old' Superstition still maintains a relic of her dominion. Who is there among us whose heart has not seemed to move in unison with his, when he exclaims that—

> There are moments in the life of man
> When he is nearer to the world's great Spirit
> Than is his wont, and may at pleasure ask

> One question of his Fate: 'T was such a moment
> When I, upon the eve of Lützen fight,
> Leaning against a tree and full of thoughts,
> Gazed forth upon the plain?

or, when, in the ominous darkness of the night of his murder, he longs for one glimpse of Jupiter—

> Methinks
> Could I but see him, all were well with me;
> He is the star of my nativity,
> And often marvellously hath his aspect
> Shot strength into my heart?

And so farewell to Wallenstein and to Gustavus; characters over which the imagination lingers, though one was assuredly both worse and lower than his reputation; the other so far elevated by fate and his high purpose above the ordinary sons of men that he loses something of mere human interest. Such as they were, they left no successor behind them. Except the short-lived hero, Bernard of Saxe Weimar, no subsequent personage of that war has made any appreciable mark in history. Uncontrolled by master spirits, the contest lingered on, bloodier and more indecisive, till, out of the two parties, the one bent on subjugation, the other on independence, a mere confused and mangled residue remained, with scarcely voice enough left to expend in feeble groanings for peace at any price. Famine, sword, and pestilence had uprooted a whole generation. Equal horrors may have occurred in barbarous countries, but never, assuredly, in a civilised and Christian community like that of Germany, where numberless active pens were engaged in chronicling them. Its population, say some authorities, shrank from sixteen or eighteen millions to four millions. Whether this be accurate or no, one curious evidence of the extent of depopulation is to be found in its forest history. The country had thriven so greatly in the fifteenth and

sixteenth centuries, that its vast sylvan riches were beginning to show symptoms of exhaustion. In North Germany numerous edicts were issued before A.D. 1600 for the preservation of the woods. It is recorded of a certain Duke Augustus of Saxony, that on his walks, he always carried a hollow brass rod filled with acorns, to drop one by one into the ground. There are three things, Melanchthon used to say, which will fail before the end of the world comes: good friends, good money, and fire-wood. The Thirty Years' War effectually adjourned the last of these complaints to another age. The forest covered again whole tracts which had been under cultivation. What with the diminution of people, and what with the increase of wood, no need of the old kind seems to have been again felt until the middle of the eighteenth century; and it is said that the forests had then become so overgrown, that the tempestuous seasons which prevailed in 1780-1790 destroyed many square miles of them. Germany went back in cultivation, and in public spirit and independence, even more than in mere numbers; it required a Frederick the Great to raise her again after a hundred years, and that but partially; and even the Germany of the nineteenth century, in which political lags so far behind every other class of thought, bears the impress of that long reign of darkness and terror which broke down the mediæval spirit of self-government.

A VISIT TO MARSTON MOOR,

MAY 1861.

THE two bloodiest battles ever fought on English ground, and between Englishmen, took place in the plain south-west of York, and within a few miles of each other. The first on that snowy Palm Sunday of 1461, at Towton, when Edward, at the head of his southern army, discomfited the Lancastrians of the north with such a slaughter, that Southey was almost justified in his laureate-like vaunt—

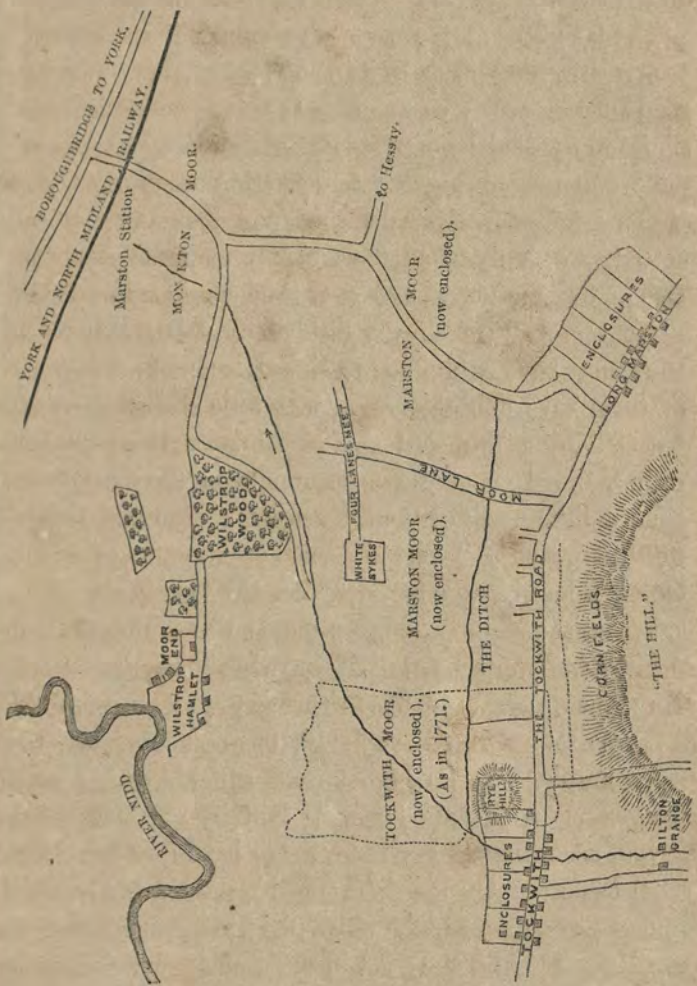
> Half the blood which there was spent
> Had sufficed to win again
> Anjou and ill-yielded Maine,
> Normandy and Aquitaine.

The second in the long Midsummer twilight of July 2, 1644, when Fairfax and Rupert, tired of manœuvrings for which neither had genius nor appetite, met on Marston Moor to have it out, like two schoolboys in the 'fighting-ground,' and left some four thousand British dead as the evidence of their brilliant but unnecessary valour. The name of Marston Moor appeals, perhaps, more to the imagination than that of any other field of our great civil war: partly from a certain amount of poetry and romance which has been expended on it; partly because it was (though indirectly rather than directly) the most important action, and turning-point of the contest; while at the same time its features are very confusedly represented in ordinary narratives. This is owing in great measure to the brief and fierce character of the struggle, which, with its

many changes of fortune, was fought out between seven o'clock and night: somewhat also to the want of historians. All the penmen were absent: Clarendon with the king; Whitelock in London; Ludlow in the south; all too distant to get accounts of the engagement, except from hearsay some time after. We have the stories of some eye-witnesses, such as the Reverend Mr. Ashe, chaplain with Lord Manchester's force; the Scottish Captain Stuart, who gives the Presbyterian version; Leonard Watson, scoutmaster to Oliver Cromwell, who tells his tale in a way satisfactory to the Independents; and the unfortunate Royalist, Sir Henry Slingsby, who afterwards died for his cause on the scaffold. Sir Henry lived close by, at Red House, in Moor Monkton, and his notices of the ground, with which he was so familiar, are valuable. There is also Fairfax's own modest and spirited account; and a few rather indistinct passages cited by Eliot Warburton, in his 'Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers,' from the so-called 'Diary of Prince Rupert.' But each witness saw only that portion of the battle-piece in which he was himself engaged; no practised writer of the day took the trouble to condense and analyse the narratives. Modern accounts, says Carlyle, are 'worthless;' poor Eliot Warburton's only a spirited romance; Mr. Forster's vivid incidental sketches too slight for our present purpose. But an exception must now be made for Mr. Sanford ('Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion'), whose accuracy in describing the ground I have had occasion to test, and whose copious historical narrative can scarcely be more than abridged. Some portions of it, however, are not easy to understand, and some of his authorities seem questionable.

The readiest approach to the battle-field at this day is from Marston station, six miles from York, on the Knaresborough line. Hence a lane leads for about two miles

SS.W. until it strikes the village of Long Marston. It passes over ground which in the time of the civil wars



was unenclosed, and formed part of a large tract of level waste, partly marshy and partly sandy, but affording firm

footing for cavalry at Midsummer; known in various parts of it by the names of Marston, Tockwith, Hessam, and Monkton Moors. Westward from this lane lies the scene of action.

The lane ends at the western extremity of Long Marston; a straggling place, as its name implies, built along a road running nearly east and west; that is, nearly at right angles to the said lane. It is a village more pleasing to the eye of a member of the Antiquarian Society, than of a sanitary reformer. Its detached, poor-looking red-brick cottages, with thatched roofs higher than the walls, its two or three granges, alehouses, and blacksmiths' shops, present an appearance very little different from that which they must have exhibited to Fairfax's troopers: nay, many of them have doubtless stood with little change since the battle. From the west end of Marston, the road (or, rather, broad country lane) continues in the same direction, a little north of west, for nearly a mile and a half, until it reaches Tockwith, another straggling hamlet. Going from Marston to Tockwith, the visitor has on his left (south) a slightly rising ground: this is the '*hill*' of the contemporary narratives, on which the Parliament's army was drawn up. This rising ground is covered now, as it was then, with corn-fields; but now enclosed, then 'open arable.' In its higher part, a field, with a single conspicuous tree, called Clump Hill by the neighbours, served, according to tradition, as the head-quarters for the rebel leaders. On his right (north), the traveller has the square enclosures which occupy the level ground, formerly the Moor.* And the road in question (which we will call

* The exact division between moor and field it is not easy to trace. It is important in the account of the battle, because the Royalist line was protected, in front by the enclosure, ditch, &c., which constituted this division. In Griffiths's large Map of Yorkshire (1771) Marston Moor proper is repre-

for brevity's sake, the Tockwith Road) pretty nearly divides what was arable from what was waste.

At about a quarter of the distance from Marston to Tockwith, a green lane, called 'Moor Lane,' diverges to the right. It enters at once on the *quondam* moor, crosses a deep ditch—provincially 'foss'—at one or two hundred yards, and comes shortly after to an open space called Four Loans' (i. e. lanes) Meet, which seems to have been left as a *carrefour* at the time of the enclosure. Beyond this, and at the distance of a mile northward from the nearest point of the Tockwith Road, a wood of a few acres of tall trees catches the observer's eye: this is Wilstrop or Wilsthorpe Wood, much mentioned in the accounts of the battle. And now, if we draw a line from Marston to Tockwith, and lines from the west end of Marston and east end of Tockwith respectively to the southern end of Wilstrop Wood, we shall describe a triangle, not very far from equilateral, within which boundary the field of battle of that second of July is nearly confined.

In order to make its history intelligible, it is necessary to recapitulate briefly the events which led to it. Three Parliamentary armies—Lord Leven's Scotchmen, the northern force of Lord Fairfax and his son Sir Thomas, and the Earl of Manchester's levies from the associated counties—were besieging York. It was defended by the King's chief adherent in the North, the Marquis of Newcastle, 'a very respectable commander for an amateur;' with a garrison raised chiefly by his own efforts, and at his own expense. Rupert came from Lancashire—holding, much to the Marquis's disgust, the king's commission as

sented as enclosed: but large tracts of unreclaimed ground remain, called Poppleton, Hessy, and Tockwith Moors. The last contains a considerable portion of the field of battle, and extends even a little to the south of the lane here called the Tockwith Road.

eneral—to relieve the place, if possible. The rebels moved from their leaguer to intercept him, and took post on Marston and the adjacent moors; commanding the roads leading westward, both to Wetherby and Knaresborough. But Rupert, by a manœuvre, for the cleverness displayed in which his best friends would not have given him credit, having advanced from the west by the Wetherby Road, instead of attacking the enemy, executed a flank movement to the left, crossed the Ouse at Poppleton, and entered York by its left bank, to the great satisfaction of townsfolk and garrison. Here he remained a day; which he and the Marquis made as uncomfortable by their dissensions as they could. Meanwhile, the Roundhead chieftains were still less agreed. To keep together twenty-six thousand men, Scots, Presbyterians, and Zealots (as the new Cromwellian soldiery were beginning to be styled), was no easy task. The English wanted to fight; the Scots were for leaving Rupert in possession, and marching southward. And (as usual in councils of war) the most peaceful suggestion prevailed. By the middle of the second of July, they were moving from Marston, south-westward, over the open corn-fields; the van of the Scotch had almost reached Tadcaster, when the news suddenly arrived that Rupert had marched out of York in pursuit of them, and had drawn up his *battalia* on the ground abandoned by them, namely, on Marston Moor, in a line of nearly two miles in length. Then the rebel leaders took brief counsel together; the army halted, faced about, and soon occupied in battle array the northward slope of 'the hill' toward the Tockwith Road: a slope then covered with rye nearly ripe, which almost rose to the soldier's faces.

If Napoleon's maxim, that one bad general is better than two good ones, be of any value, the odds were greatly against the Parliamentarians; for Newcastle, though sorely

grumbling, could not but respect Rupert's commission whereas the Roundheads had half a dozen generals at least. The Fairfaxes, father and son, always 'stood together in their chivalry,' and may be counted as one; but they had no control over Leven or Manchester; while the two latter were sorely 'hadden down,' as the Scotch express it, by their respective subordinates, David Leslie and Cromwell. But Rupert is alleged by strategists to have committed two great mistakes. The first was in fighting at all. Had he left the Roundheads to continue their march, it is probable that their own dissensions, and the loss of *prestige* consequent on their retreat from York, would have broken up their force 'without hand.' To this charge, Rupert invariably made answer by showing a letter from the king, which, according to some biographers he kept in his pocket for that purpose to his dying day; but which letter, duly considered, seems rather a warrant for fighting than an absolute order. His second alleged mistake was, that he waited for the enemy on Marston Moor, instead of taking the initiative, following them in their march on Tadcaster, and delivering on their rear or flank such a blow as that administered by Wellington to Marmont, at Salamanca. But when we examine the question and the ground, this accusation must in fairness be withdrawn. Rupert could hardly have ventured on so bold a move with his own force only (scarcely 16,000 strong), and that of Newcastle was not on the field until the evening. Nor indeed was Rupert himself. What detained him? Alas! the prosaic cause which makes so many a gallant enterprise 'lose the name of action.' Rupert was money-bound, in York. We learn this, much the most probable solution of the question, from Arthur Trevor, a lively special correspondent of that day, whose letters are to be found in 'Carte's Life of Ormonde.' 'The army,'

he says, 'continued within the play of the enemy's cannon till five at night, during all which the prince and marquess were playing the orators to the soldiers in York (being in a raging mutiny in the town for their pay), to draw them forth to join the prince's foot, which was at last effected, but with much unwillingness.' Newcastle himself seems to have partaken largely in this unwillingness, but his better spirit prevailed; he swallowed the affront of submission, and followed his leader to the field, like a grand seigneur as he was, in his coach and six.

It was drawing towards sunset, therefore, when the prince arrived on the moor. Up to this time nothing had passed except an occasional interchange of cannon-shot, and a skirmish for the possession of a 'rye hill,' which it is not easy to identify. It must not be confounded, as even Mr. Sanford seems to confound it, with the great 'rye-field' occupied by the main forces of the Parliament. It lay probably a little north of the Tockwith Road, and near the west end of the position. The Royalist army, though on the lower ground, was well posted. Its right rested on the enclosures in front of Tockwith, its left on those about Marston; in front it had the enclosures between the moor and the open corn-fields, and along most of the line a deep and wide ditch, so wide that it was in part filled with musketeers, serving as a natural trench. The land having been subsequently enclosed and drained, it is not easy to identify this important feature in the accounts of the engagement. Mr. Grainge, in his 'Battles of Yorkshire,' supposes it to have been a drain, or foss, which he calls the 'White Syke;' but this, if the Ordnance Map be correct, would place it too far to the north, thrusting the front line of the Royalists much too far back. There is another cut between this and the Tockwith Road, and nearly parallel with the latter, which *may* represent the 'ditch' in ques-

tion. The rebels, on the other hand, occupying the brow of the south hill, had, according to Master Ashe, the advantage of the sun (though this could not be much, facing as they did NN.E. in the evening of a midsummer day), and certainly of the ground.

As to numbers, we may venture on the following estimate as probable:—Royalists—16,000 foot, 7,000 horse; all English, except a troop or two of tremendous 'Irish papists,' held in utter fear and aversion by their godly enemies. Roundheads—19,000 or 20,000 foot, 7,000 horse; more than a third probably Scotch.

When finally drawn up on both sides, the armies presented something like the following disposition: in describing which, I shall venture to borrow the peaceful nomenclature of the Post-office, instead of encountering the endless confusion of language occasioned by using the description of 'right and left wings.'

On the west, the Parliamentary line was bounded by a 'cross ditch,' which I take to be the stream flowing down from Bilton past the east end of Tockwith village; west of this were only a few Scottish dragoons under Colonel Frisell.

Then followed—

WEST:

Cromwell's and Manchester's horse, with three Scotch troops under Leslie; opposed to	Byron's horse, Irish horse, Rupert's Life Guards.

WEST CENTRE:

Manchester's foot.	Rupert's foot.

EAST CENTRE:

Fairfax's foot.	Newcastle's foot.

EAST:

Fairfax's horse. Lord Leven's horse.	Goring and Urry's horse.

Besides reserves of foot of both sides.

Some twenty or thirty field-pieces on each side played against each other awhile, but with little effect. 'They' (the Puritans), says Slingsby, 'after four shots, give over, and in Marston corn fields fall to singing psalms.' One of the Royalist shot, however, mortally wounded Cromwell's nephew, young Walton, concerning whom Oliver's touching and soldier-like letter may be read in Carlyle. It is very observable, that though Marston and Tockwith must have both been defensible villages, with garden walls and enclosures, no attempt seems to have been made to secure either. In an encounter between modern armies, they would have been esteemed the 'keys of the position,' and taken and retaken half a dozen times in the day. Such was not the strategy of those times; they fought more willingly in the open, in order to employ their cavalry, which was then used in far larger proportions than in modern warfare,* as well as from deficiency in military skill, which, at least until Naseby, was of the lowest order. The nobility and higher gentry of England, which furnished leaders to both parties, produced only a succession of brave blunderers; the captains trained in the Dutch and German wars, on whom these leaders relied for support, proved, for the most part, as Macaulay remarks, extremely inefficient; the business was carried on by a repetition of purposeless onslaughts and skirmishes all

* The proportion of horse was even greater in other actions of the civil war. At Naseby the king had 5,000 horse to only 4,000 foot. At the second battle of Newbury, Ludlow saw 7,000 horse and dragoons in one body on the side of the Parliament—the largest, he says, which he ever observed in the war—out of an army of 16,000. Compare these figures with those of modern war. Generally speaking, the cavalry in a pitched battle now vary from a fifth to a tenth of the whole force. At Waterloo, where the cavalry played a great part, that of the French was 12,000 out of a total of 75,000: those of the British and allies about the same in proportion. It would, probably, not be now easy to assemble 15,000 horsemen, even in Yorkshire, in a single action.

over the country, and, had it not been for the ultimate operation of the 'self-denying ordinance,' it is difficult to see, on military grounds, how it could ever have come to an end. Those times, fertile as they were in warlike incident, produced only four men with any pretensions to generalship, and those of very different degrees—Cromwell, Montrose, Monk, David Leslie—of whom two were Scots. Ireton might be added, '*si quâ fata aspera rumpat*;' but he had not the opportunity to conquer fame.

It was now seven o'clock, when the Puritan leaders, having completed their dispositions, descended from their vantage ground to charge Rupert's line at once, along the whole length of the edge of the moor from Marston to Tockwith. For the purpose of recognition, they wore white ribbons or bits of paper in their hats: the Royalists fought without band or scarf. 'Our army moving down the hill,' says Master Ashe, 'was like thick clouds, having divided themselves into brigades consisting of 800, 1,000, 1,200, 1,500 men a piece; and some brigades of horse, consisting of three, and some of four troops.' But on most parts of the line the Royalists did not wait for the charge but met it midway. The shock of some forty thousand men, horse and foot, burning with zeal and rendered furious by delay, meeting breast to breast on a line a mile and a half in length, must be left rather to the imagination than collected from meagre fragments of narrative. 'The most enormous hurly-burly, of fire and smoke, and steel flashings, and death tumult,' saith Carlyle, 'ever seen in those regions.' It must have been like the desperate encounter of that not dissimilar day when the Scots King James led his army through the mist and smoke, down Flodden bent, to charge Surrey's force along its whole front; when, in the words of him who could depict the

animal joy and drunkenness of battle better than any other since Homer,

> Such a shout was there
> As if men fought on middle earth,
> And fiends in upper air:
> O, life and death were in that shout,
> Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
> And triumph and despair!

The violence of that collision, as of two massive bodies meeting, was such as to crush and pulverise at once both the opposing forces. We just get a glimpse of them joining battle in complete array, and the next shows them scattered, broken, straggling across moor and field on both sides, in utter bewilderment. Only the few who succeeded in keeping their ranks are left to finish the day's work.

'There were three generals on each side,' writes Principal Baillie, 'Lesley (Alexander, Lord Leven), Fairfax (the old Lord), and Manchester; Rupert, Newcastle, and King (Newcastle's second in command). Within half an hour and less, all six took them to their heels; this to you alone.' And see further, the description of the scene by Arthur Trevor, whom we have already quoted; he was engaged in a vain search over the field for Prince Rupert:—

'The runaways on both sides were so many, so breathless, so speechless, and so full of fear, that I should not have taken them for men but by their motions, which still served them very well; not a man of them being able to give me the least hope where the prince was to be found; both armies being mingled, both horse and foot, no side keeping their own posts. In this horrible distraction did I coast the country, here meeting with a shoal of Scots crying out "Wae's us, we are all undone!" and so full of lamentations and mourning, as if their day of doom had overtaken them, and from which they knew not whither

to fly. And anon I met a ragged troop reduced to four and a cornet; by and by a little foot-officer, without hat-band, sword, or, indeed, anything but feet, and so much tongue as would serve to inquire the way to the next garrison, which (to say the truth) were well filled with the stragglers on both sides within a few hours, though they lay distant from the place of the fight twenty or thirty miles.'

Such was the general aspect of the field in half an hour from the commencement of the battle; but, in recounting more particularly what occurred in each section of it, the narrator is under the unavoidable disadvantage of describing as successive, incidents which in truth took place along the whole line simultaneously.

1. On the extreme west, Cromwell, with Manchester's horse, and David Leslie's three troops, came, as our local baronet, Sir Henry Slingsby, says, 'off the cony-warren, by Bilton Bream;'* that is, he must have descended 'the hill' nearly along the line of a lane leading from Bilton, and joining the Tockwith road just at the entrance into Tockwith. The ditch in front was here a formidable obstacle, well lined, as it was with musketeers. It might have tried the steadiness even of the Ironsides to pass it in order; but they were spared the trouble by the folly of their opponents. Lord Byron, abandoning his vantage-ground, charged, with his horse, across the ditch, was met in full tilt by Cromwell, beaten, and driven back in confusion over his own slaughtered musketeers, and across the ditch again. 'In a moment,' says Oliver's scoutmaster Watson,† who was in this charge, 'we were past the ditch on to the moor, upon equal terms with the enemy, our

* Perhaps a misprint for 'break' or 'brake.'

† Watson's account appears not to have been printed, and I quote it on the authority of Mr. Sanford's book.

men joining in a running match.' Another portion seem somehow to have turned the ditch. One more hard tussle with Grandison's horse and Rupert's life-guard followed. Cromwell himself was slightly wounded; and then the right wing of the Royalists was irrecoverably broken. The poor 'Irish Papists' were nowhere; we hear nothing further of them. The fugitives 'fled along Wilstrop Wood side,' says Slingsby; that is, seemingly, along the south-eastern edge of the wood, where there is a way conducting in the direction of the Ouse, at Poppleton. Part of Cromwell's cavalry followed, and did execution on the fliers even as far as the Ouse: the remainder formed again on the ground, and rallied around them such of their foot as were serviceable.

2. On the west centre there was 'a plain,' says Captain Stuart, between Manchester's foot and the enemy; the obstacles of ditch and hedges were slighter; and here the fighting seems to have been indecisive; but Manchester's foot maintained their ground, though he seems himself to have abandoned the field.

3. But on the east centre, Fairfax's foot had to use a lane, with enclosures on each side, in which only three or four could walk abreast (says Stuart), as their line for entering on the moor. There are two or three ways, turning off from the Tockwith Road on the north, which might answer this description; but Sanford supposes, and I think with reason, that it was 'Moor Lane,' already described. Here the advancing Yorkshiremen were picked off by the musketeers on both sides of the way; those who struggled to the end of the lane met with the ditch, and, on the other side of it, Newcastle's famous foot regiment of 'white coats,' whom his lordship had lately new clothed in uniform of undyed cloth, whence they were popularly denominated his 'Lambs.' These brave fellows

had been levied, not from among the marquis's tenantry, as stated in popular accounts, but in the border counties; many of them (as his duchess tells us) 'bred in the moorish grounds of the northern parts.' As fast as the head of Fairfax's column debouched on the moor, its files were knocked down or beaten back by these white-coated opponents, until at last they were driven in confusion towards their *right* hand, to increase the disorganisation of all that side of the Parliament's army.

4. For, on the east, and close to Marston village, the horse of the Cavaliers had utterly beaten Lord Leven's Scottish cavalry, had ridden through his and Fairfax's infantry, and chased the broken remnant all up the cornfields, even to the top of 'the hill.' Seldom was a completer example made, than of the poor Covenanters on that day. But Walter Scott—in whom the instinct of antiquarian genius, which made him reproduce the past with unequalled vividness, was mingled with a most poetical and hopeless habit of inaccuracy as to particulars—makes Bertram Risingham, in 'Rokeby,' lie like a trooper, when he tells Oswald that—

> Many a bonny Scot, aghast,
> Spurring his palfry *northward*, past,
> Cursing the day when zeal or meed
> First lured their Leslie o'er the Tweed.

It is difficult to say what could have dictated these verses, except the vague idea, not corroborated by uniform experience, that a Scotchman in difficulties would make for his native country. To achieve this feat Sawney must have ridden right through the ranks of the victorious Royalists. Sawney did nothing of the sort. He fled southward, scattering across the country in the direction of Tadcaster; his general, Lord Leven, 'never drew bridle till he got to Leeds,' where, according to a story which

the Royalists repeated with intense pleasure, he was taken up by the parish constable. The real facts, however, are recounted in the 'Memoirs of the Somervilles:'—'The earl himself, being much wearied, in the evening of the battle, with ordering his army, and now quite spent with his long journey in the night, had cast himself down upon a bed to rest; when an express from David Leslie arriving, he awoke, and hastily cries out "Lieutenant-Colonel, what news?" "All is safe, please your excellence; the Parliament's army has obtained a great victory;" and then he delivers the letter. The general, upon hearing this, knocked upon his breast, and says, "I would to God I had died upon the place!"' Old Ferdinando, Lord Fairfax, for his part, ran away as far as Cawood, where, says Warburton, he too, 'like a sensible old veteran as he was, went to bed; there being no fire or candle in the house.' This story Mr. Sanford discredits, because his lordship dated as of the 2nd July an official letter to the Mayor of Hull, announcing the victory. But the temptation to antedate was strong.

The younger blood was hotter. Thomas Fairfax, according to his own account, was returning from a successful charge, when he got involved in the disaster of his infantry, and was driven by Goring's attack among the enclosures by Marston, where death or capture seemed inevitable. He and Lambert (afterwards Cromwell's famous Major-General) took the white ribbon out of their hats, got together some twenty or thirty horsemen, cut right through Goring's troopers, and escaped—Fairfax with a slash in the face—to join Cromwell on the open moor.

Did Prince Rupert head in person this successful charge of the Royalist left? Clearly not. Rupert is a mythical personage in history. Wherever a 'fiery charge,' doing

more harm to friends than foes, is to be perpetrated, poetical fitness requires that it be laid at Rupert's door. Tradition, even from the earliest times, selected this as one of the instances. Defoe, in his 'Memoirs of a Cavalier' (in which the account of Marston fight is as lifelike as anything which ever proceeded from his pen, but the flimsiest romance notwithstanding), confirmed and popularised that tradition. Walter Scott, and poets and romancers in general, have taken it up without hesitation, and Eliot Warburton, in his biography of Prince Rupert, endeavours to establish it, on the authority of 'Whitelock, Fairfax, *and the event.*' Whitelock wrote on hearsay, and that so imperfect, that he says the battle began at 'seven in the morning.' Fairfax says nothing about it. Probability is all against it. Rupert, for the first time in his unlucky life, was sole in command in a pitched battle. Even he would scarcely have so far suffered mere pugnacity to get the better of every other duty, as to charge with Goring's cavalry at the very extremity of the field. Scoutmaster Watson avers, indeed, distinctly to the contrary, that Rupert rode at the head of his own life-guards, on the west of the field, and engaged in all but personal conflict with Cromwell. Watson, however, only gives the belief current at the moment among the soldiers on his side; and he seems, moreover, in this portion of his story, a little romantic, and addicted to magnifying his leader. In truth the prince's whereabouts, in this scene of fearful tumult, is not positively ascertained. That he was somewhere in the thick of the *mêlée* we may well believe, were it only from the circumstance that the Roundheads discovered his favourite dog, 'Boy,' among the slain*—

* A Roundhead pamphlet, in doggerel verse, entitled 'A Dogg's Elegy, or Rupert's Teares,' raises him to the rank of an imp, or dog-fiend. The

'more prized by his master than creatures of much more worth.' The next glimpse we get of Rupert shows him doing a general's last duty, by covering the retreat of his broken forces into York.

The credit of this successful cavalier charge must, as it seems, be divided between Goring and him to whom Rushworth expressly ascribes it—namely, Sir John Urry—who afterwards changed sides twice, and got hanged at last for his pains.

Of Newcastle's prowess on the field we know more, thanks to his fond and fantastic biographer, 'the thrice noble, illustrious, and excellent princess, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.' She informs us that, having descended from his coach-and-six, he was surrounded by his followers, 'to whom my lord spake after this manner:—"Gentlemen," said he, "you have done me the honour to chuse me your captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore, if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own honour." They being as glad of my lord's proffer as my lord was of their readiness, went on with the greatest courage; and, passing through two bodies of foot, engaged with one another not at forty yards' distance, received not the least hurt, although they fired quick upon each other, but march towards a Scots regiment of foot, which they charged and routed; in which encounter my lord himself killed three with his page's half-leaden sword, for he had no other left him!' . . . In short, it is plain

frontispiece represents poor Boy lying on the field of honour, his four legs in the air; under which are these verses:—

Sad Cavaliers, Rupert invites you all,
That do survive, to his Dog's funeral;
Close mourners are the Witch, the Pope, the Devil,
That much lament your late befallen evil.

that his lordship would have won the battle, in his wife's opinion, with his own hand, had it not been for the obstinacy of one unlucky Roundhead. 'At last, after they had passed through this regiment of foot, a pikeman made a stand to the whole troop: and though my lord charged him twice or thrice, yet he could not enter him!' —(get within his guard, the lady means)—'but the troops despatched him soon.'

Darkness, or rather moonlight, was now drawing near, and matters stood thus. Not only the beaten wings, respectively, but 'the gross' of both armies, were flying, distractedly, in all directions. Cromwell's and David Leslie's horse, seconded by the best of Manchester's foot, were in possession of the western part of the moor, and had changed their front: their backs were now towards Wilstrop wood, their faces towards Marston village: rallying to them Fairfax, and such fragments of his force as were capable of being rallied. We may almost imagine Oliver addressing Fairfax in the words of Desaix to Napoleon at Marengo: 'The battle is lost; but there is time left to win another.' The nearest unbroken division of the enemy to them consisted of Newcastle's 'Lambs.' These seem to have held the same ground on which they had repulsed Fairfax's front attack—the spot in question, termed 'a small parcel of ground, ditched in,' being, as I conjecture, at or near the point called 'Four Loans' Meet.' Cromwell's first onset on them was repulsed with musketry. But small chance had these stubborn Borderers, in their new serge doublets, with their unwieldy pikes, taken, as they now were, in flank, against the repeated rush of the Ironsides. They stood their ground to a man, and were simply cut to pieces. 'They were killed in rank and file,' says Duchess Margaret. 'When the horse did enter' (says Lilly, the astrologer, in his 'Life and Times'), 'they would

have no quarter, but fought it out till there was not thirty of them living. Those whose hap it was to be beaten down upon the ground as the troopers came near them, though they could not escape their wounds, yet were so desperate as to get either a pike or sword, or a piece of them, and to gore the troopers' horses as they came over them. Captain Camby, then a trooper under Cromwell, and an actor, who was the third or fourth man that entered amongst them, protested he never, in all the fights he was in, met with such resolute, brave fellows, or whom he pitied so much; and said he saved two or three against their wills.' *

And now Goring's and Urry's horse had returned from chasing the Scots, had descended 'the hill,' and, covering the few Royalist infantry who remained unbroken, faced round towards Cromwell, on the edge of the moor near Marston; so that, in the language of the eye-witnesses, each army—that is, what remained of it—occupied nearly the reverse position to that which it had held when the fight began. The crisis had come, and was determined by sheer superiority of discipline—the great moral of Marston day. 'That difference,' says Clarendon, in his account of Naseby fight, 'was observable all along in the discipline of the king's troops, and of those which marched under the command of Fairfax and Cromwell (for it was

* The historian of the Somervilles claims for Colonel Frizells Scots horse the glory of having been the first to charge the White Coats. But as the said historian was at the time in close attendance on the fugitive Leven (to whom he lent his drap-de-berry cloak to ride off in), his patriotic suggestion cannot be cited as an authority. The few surviving White Coats seem, like Falstaff's ragamuffins, to have repaired 'to the town end' to beg, or worse, for life. The duchess has a story how a Royalist officer, crossing to the Continent, was set upon at sea by certain 'Picaroons,' who discovered that he knew the Marquis of Newcastle; whereupon they 'did not only take nothing from him, but used him with all civility, and desired him to remember their humble duty to their general, for they were some of his White Coats that had escaped death.'

only under them, and had never been remarkable under Essex or Waller), that though the king's troops persisted in the charge, and routed those they had charged, they seldom rallied themselves in order, nor could be brought to make a second charge again upon the same day.' So, in the present instance, Cromwell's troopers came on in regular array. · Goring's could hardly be brought to form at all, and advanced in mere disorder. Under such circumstances, the upshot was inevitable. The shock of the last encounter seems to have been short, the loss of life slight; but the moonlight pursuit was bloody. 'We followed them,' says Watson, 'to within a mile of York, cutting them down, so that their dead bodies lay three miles in length.' The battle was finally won and lost, and the Parliament forces remained masters of the carnage-cumbered moor, with some fifteen hundred or two thousand prisoners, besides artillery, stores, and standards, as the prize of victory.*

Cromwell (ably seconded by David Leslie) was therefore the true hero of the day. For once, the mythical and the real history coalesce. It is strange that Warburton should say that 'Cromwell was then comparatively unknown, and that very little is proved to have been done by him at this battle.' As to the fact of his achievements, the eye-witnesses speak plain enough. As to the estimate made of them at the time, there is overwhelming testimony. It is enough to cite canny Principal Baillie, who cannot conceal his disgust at the impudence of the Inde-

* These 'standards' throughout the Civil War served, among other purposes, that of political caricatures; and very quaint are the descriptions recorded of them. The following, taken at Marston, must have taxed the fingers of the fair Royalists who wrought it pretty severely:—'A blue, and on it a crown towards the top, with a mitre beneath the crown, with *the Parliament* painted on the side; and this motto, "Nolite tangere Christos meos!"' (to wit, the crown and the mitre).

pendents in declaring that 'they and their Major-General Cromwell had done it all their alone,' to the disparagement of godly officers, of his own covenanting colour; and envious Hollis, who says 'he had the boldness to assume much of the victory himself, or rather, Herod-like, to suffer others to magnify and adore him for it.' In truth, the name of Cromwell rather seems brought prominently forward, in contemporary accounts, earlier than his actions would appear to justify. 'The spirits of great men,' like those of great events, often 'stride forth before the events.' Mankind early recognise their coming masters. Such figures as those of Cæsar, Cromwell, Robespierre, rivet the attention of the bystanders even before the hour of their full development has arrived. At all events, the names of Cromwell and Marston are now righteously inseparable to the end of time. So I thought as I walked through the village, and entered a tidy new schoolhouse, where some twenty or thirty tall and clever-looking Yorkshire-men and women of the future were undergoing a questioning by their master in English history. I followed them through the disasters of Robert Bruce, and heard how that hero could not find a roof to lay his head under—from whence a digression to the respective merits of slates and tiles for roofing, on which point I am not certain that the class were quite orthodox. But when I craved leave to put a question for myself, and asked, 'Who fought the great battle in the fields between this and Tockwith?' I was answered at once by the shout of a queer-faced urchin near me, followed by a chorus of his fellows, 'Oliver Crummle!'

> L'humble toit dans deux cents ans
> N'aura plus d'autre histoire.

As to the events which followed the battle, my tale must be short. Rupert retreated on York; and, after a

day or two's fierce recrimination with Newcastle, marched into Lancashire, unpursued, at the head of his diminished army. The marquis having fully weighed what was due to himself against what was due to King Charles—and finding, moreover, that he had only ninety pounds left in his pocket, a small residue for one whose rent-roll amounted to the then enormous sum of 23,000*l.* a year—abandoned the cause, and took ship for the Continent. How he begged and borrowed his way there, through sixteen meagre years of Royalist exile—now driving about Germany 'in a coach and nine horses of a Holsatian breed, for which horses he paid 160*l.* and was afterwards offered for one of them 100 pistoles at Paris'*—now so hard up for a dinner that he was fain to request his lady to make 'her waiting maid, Mrs. Chaplain, now Mrs. Topp, pawn some small toys which she had formerly given her'—how he returned at the Restoration a much poorer, but very little wiser man, was made a duke, and told long stories of his campaigns for the rest of his days—for all these things the reader must be referred to his duchess's Life of him, already quoted; which if he does not happen to know, he will thank me for introducing him to a store of old world amusement.

As for the victorious party, they spent the following days on the moor, in much privation, endured with great constancy and discipline, rallying their scattered forces as well as they might; and then resumed the siege of York, which shortly surrendered. I need not recapitulate the names of the men of account who fell on both sides; they will be found catalogued in all the authorities. But it is a

* His Grace's fondness for horseflesh ought to redeem some of his absurdities. 'So great a love,' says his consort, 'had my lord for good horses; and certainly I have observed, and do verily believe, that some of them had a particular love for my lord; for they seemed to rejoice whenever he came into the stables, by their trampling action, and the noise they made.'

picturesque bit of story, and as such may be recommended to artists in search of a subject, how, on the day after the fight, the victors led their prisoner, the chivalrous Sir Charles Lucas, over the field, in order that he might identify the bodies of the Cavaliers, whom their white skins denoted as belonging to the 'quality;' that they might receive burial apart. But he could not say he knew any one—or, as they thought, would not, lest he should increase their triumph—except one gentleman, who 'had a bracelet of hair about his wrist.' Sir Charles desired the bracelet might be taken off, and said, 'An honourable lady would give thanks for that.' So the slain men were simply thrown together, gentry and commonalty, into deep trenches dug by the country folks on the field. Some of these (according to Ashe) told the soldiers that they had buried in this way 4,150 bodies.* These trenches would naturally be dug at the points where the greatest slaughter took place. According to local tradition, these were chiefly at the spot called Four Loans' Meet, and at another a little west, marked in the Ordnance Map as 'White Syke's Close;' while other graves were traceable in the last century along Wilstrop Wood side. Many researches have been made by the curious; but the harvest of death has not been

* This number, according to modern proportion, would imply, at the very least, 20,000 *hors de combat*. It may however be believed, that the proportion of killed to wounded was greater in the civil wars than in modern battles, in which great armies 'pot' at each other from a distance for whole days with cannon and musketry. Men were in earnest in those times, and struck home. Still the sum is probably exaggerated. Putting together the numbers *admitted* on each side, the whole did not exceed a thousand killed outright.

'The battles of our civil wars were tournaments,' says a clever 'Times' correspondent from America, contrasting them with the supposed magnitude of modern conflicts. Taking the killed and wounded at Marston at six or seven thousand, and proportioning numbers to population, this would represent a battle in the United States between 250,000 men on the two sides with 30,000 killed and wounded!

fully disinterred, nor will be till the day of judgment. Bullets and similar trifling relics are still picked up. I was told, that within these few years, 'many skellingtons like' had been struck upon in making a drain on the lands of Wilstrop Grange Farm, but I could not ascertain the exact spot. And an old dame, a cottager at Wilstrop village, informed me that her son had picked up and brought home 'a lot of teeth,' but she made him throw them away, 'for fear them as they belonged to might come for them.' Other memorials of the fight there seem to be few. In York Museum are some swords and cuirasses taken from the field—one of the latter of magnificent proportions, which had resisted the deep dint of a bullet, but had not defended its stalwart wearer against some other mortal wound.

The battle of Marston Moor, though it led to no immediate consequences beyond the capture of York, was, as has been said, the turning-point of the first civil war. The king was enabled to prolong it for a year, chiefly by reason of Montrose's successes, which paralysed the Scots, and prevented them from co-operating with Parliament in the south. But, on the other hand, it was through the destruction of the king's party in the north of England, that Leslie was able to return to Scotland a year after, and deal Montrose the last blow. Both Naseby and Philiphaugh were, therefore, the legitimate fruits of the day which I have endeavoured to describe, with the zeal, perhaps with the trifling particularity, of an itinerant antiquary.

NOTE.

The accounts which we possess of the number of cavalry employed in our civil wars tend to prove, what other circumstances would lead us to believe, that the number of horses bred in England was much larger in proportion to the population in the seventeenth century than now. In truth, though

we are wandering rather far from Marston field in making the remark, the reader of history will find it necessary to make much correction in the current statements respecting the enormous increase which has taken place since that time in our amount of stock, and in agricultural produce. Figures, in the hands of able arithmeticians, like the late Mr. MacCulloch, for instance, germinate into the most prolific deductions; and if we were to swallow in the mass, and without digesting, their several calculations of the increase of acreage under cultivation, the increase of imported produce, the multiplication of produce on every cultivated acre, the multiplication of animals, the doubling of the size of every animal, and so forth, we should find ourselves inevitably driven to account for the consumption of the inordinate mass of provisions which we have thus created, by supposing that every Englishman eats twice or thrice as much as his forefathers. Macaulay, who had a tendency to depreciate the social condition of past times, went so far, in his famous 'Chapters on England in the Reign of Charles II.,' as to indorse the loose statements of the writers of the day, that half of England was waste, consisting, in his picturesque expression, of 'moor, forest, and fen,' and that, 'a fourth of England has been in little more than a century turned from a wild into a garden!' This somewhat reckless calculation he rests on the statistics of enclosures. But its fallacy arises from the circumstance that Macaulay confounds enclosure of 'common field,' that is, of arable land already cultivated, though doubtless ill-cultivated, with enclosure from what he terms 'the wild.' In a note to a subsequent edition he professes to make a correction on this account; but the correction is quite insufficient.

The following details will show the inaccuracy of the supposition.

In 1797, a Committee of Parliament on waste land reported on the number of Enclosure Acts and of acres enclosed since the beginning of Queen Anne's reign (or nearly from Macaulay's standpoint). They made the total 2,800,000 acres: and as three counties are omitted, we may raise the number to three millions, or about *one-twelfth* of the surface of England and Wales for the whole eighteenth century.

But, in the next place, that the great bulk of these enclosures were merely from common field, not waste, is evident from the following considerations. By far the largest amount of them, relatively speaking, had taken place in the eastern and central counties, where the quantity of waste land had never been great, and the quantity of common field land was very large. (A clergyman of my acquaintance, deceased a good many years ago, could remember riding in his youth from Bury St. Edmund's to Leicester across common fields the whole way.) Thus in the small county of Northampton 200,000 acres had been enclosed; in Lincoln, 400,000; Leicester, 200,000; Berkshire, 160,000. While in the large counties of the North and West, where great wastes existed, but where the common field system never prevailed, the amount of enclosure during that whole century had been very small indeed: in Lancashire, under 30,000 acres; Shropshire, 20,000; Somerset under 50,000; Dorset, under 20,000. Proof positive that the pro-

cess of making a 'garden out of a wild' was during that whole century quite imaginary.

In truth 'the cultivation of what was previously real waste only began on any scale of importance under the stimulus of the high prices of the latter years of the French Revolutionary wars. The total amount enclosed since 1797 amounts, I believe, to four or five millions of acres. Now, the Committee of 1797 estimated (conjecturally) the quantity then left in common-field at 1,200,000 acres. These have been for the most part enclosed since 1797. The balance, whatever it may be, shows what has been actually reclaimed from the waste since the same year. Putting the elements of this rough calculation together, it seems probable that between the reign of Charles II. and the date of Macaulay's history, about one-eighth of the surface of England and Wales was actually reclaimed; a much larger portion improved. While, on the other hand, the great increase of towns, and of regions once rural, and now wholly abandoned to manufacturing or mining industry (as in Warwickshire and Staffordshire), has taken from the plough some extent of domain which in 1680 was submitted to it. Nor will the statistics of consumption, when tested by common sense, lead us to any different conclusions. The population in Charles II.'s reign did not much exceed a fourth of its present amount. But it must be remembered—1. That the return of the soil per acre was undoubtedly much less considerable than now. 2. That the whole population was fed on home produce; whereas now, including importations from Ireland and Scotland, a very large proportion of our consumption is supplied from abroad. 3. That the whole population was clad in articles (woollen, linen, leather) manufactured from home produce, whereas almost the whole of the raw produce of which its clothing is made is now produced abroad. 4. That England not only then supplied herself, but was, *communibus annis*, an exporting country, to some extent, of corn, cattle, and wool. 5. That the population and stock then existing required, owing to the inferiority of agriculture, a comparatively large area to produce their nourishment. If all these circumstances be fairly weighed, it seems to follow that the amount of produce, and still more the productive surface of England, two centuries ago, were very much larger than statisticians or historians who dwell exclusively on 'progress' have supposed.

III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

1. SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF CORNWALL.
2. THE LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT ITALY, AS DELINEATED IN THE POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.
3. A VISIT TO MALTA, 1857.
4. THE ANGEL OF BYZANTIUM.

SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES OF CORNWALL.

THE writer who attempts to make the public acquainted, in however summary and imperfect a manner, with the historical characteristics of Cornwall and Cornishmen, has to encounter a disadvantage not very common in English topographical labours. Notwithstanding the attention which this interesting region deserves and has amply received from mere cursory visitors, and notwithstanding the profound attachment professed for it by its own children, it is absolutely destitute of any work deserving the name of a county history at all. All that can be done is to point out the materials, bulky in appearance, but very meagre in substance, to which its future historian, whenever he may appear, must look for assistance.

Richard Carew, Esquire, of Antony, author of the 'Survey of Cornwall,' and one of the earliest English topographers, is to be numbered among those personages, fortunate alike in print and in social life, who have the art of placing us at once on terms of pleasing personal familiarity with themselves. His gentlemanlike and kindly portrait, at the head of Lord de Dunstanville's edition of his Survey, seems a very accurate index of the qualities of the man. He was furnished with every grace to adorn a landed esquire of the best days of the Maiden Queen.

* This essay is chiefly reprinted from an article which appeared as one of a series, by different writers, on English counties, in the *Quarterly Review* in 1857.

His mother was an Edgcombe, daughter of that Sir Richard whose famous demesne of Mount Edgcombe was almost as widely known and admired in those days as in ours, and was coveted, according to tradition, by the Duke of Ossuna, the chief of the Armada, as it was in later days by Napoleon when seen from the 'Bellerophon.' He fondly records that he 'disputed' in his academic days with Sir Philip Sydney at Christchurch; he calls himself 'poor kinsman' to Sir Walter Raleigh in a very graceful dedication. In his youth (according to Anthony Wood) he accompanied his uncle Sir George Carew in embassies to Denmark and Sweden, and 'was sent by his father into France with Sir Henry Nevill, who was then ambassador lieger unto King Henry IV., that he might learn the French tongue, which, by reading and talking, he *overcame* in three quarters of a year.' However this may be—and it seems pretty clear that Wood, in the last part of the story, has mistaken a son of our Carew for the father—it is certain that he was a very considerable modern linguist: attempted a translation of Tasso, forming (truth compels to avow) one of the very harshest specimens extant of the Elizabethan octave rhyme; evinced glimpses of the Hamiltonian system in an essay on 'the true and ready way to learn the Latin tongue, in answer to a quære whether the ordinary way, by teaching Latin by the rules of grammar, be the best way to learn it?' His praises are celebrated by Camden, Spelman, Fitzjeffry, and other choice Latinists of the time, in language which they could hardly have pitched higher if they had been discoursing of Lord Bacon. He was a member of that primordial College of Antiquaries which met, in the later days of Elizabeth, at the house of Sir Robert Cotton, and was suppressed, as was asserted, through some pedantic dislike or suspicion conceived

against it by her successor. In his own country he seems to have been an active, hearty, and loyal gentleman, particularly interested in the maintenance and exercise of the Cornish militia force, of not less than six thousand well-armed men, which the danger of Spanish invasion in that quarter had called into existence: a sportsman, a skilful archer, and an enthusiastic 'hurler,' as is evident from the impassioned description he gives of the game; a discreet justice, and (it is said) one of the first agriculturists of his day in England. Nor are there wanting in his gossiping Survey plentiful touches which disclose his own social and friendly mode of life among his countrymen of all classes—such as the affectionate notice of 'my friend John Goit,' the wrestling champion of Cornwall; and of the 'old fellow whom I keep for alms, and not for his work,' who executed those ingenious devices in the construction of his favourite fishpond to which he has devoted sundry pages of prose and verse. His Survey is very pleasant reading, in sound vernacular English, with many passages of spirited and picturesque description; but it must be confessed that both its natural history and its details of pedigree savour of the gentlemanly amateur rather than of the painstaking observer or antiquary. There is, in plain truth, little to be learnt from his entertaining pages except what relates exclusively to his own particular time and personal observation.

It would be difficult to find a stronger contrast than that between the amiable esquire of Antony and our next native Cornish antiquary of any note, Mr. William Hals, of Saint Wenn. This gentleman, of an old Devonshire family transplanted into Cornwall, was engaged for at least half a century (from 1685 to 1736) in collecting materials for a parochial history of the latter county. A printer of Truro undertook to publish them about 1750,

and brought out ten numbers in folio, comprising seventy-two parishes. These have become excessively scarce, for the 'publication is said to have been suspended,' according to Lysons, 'for want of purchasers, occasioned by the scurrilous anecdotes which it contained, and reflections thrown on some of the principal families.' Assuredly the strangest reason ever given for a book not selling. Certain it is that the publication of these remains of Master Hals, and the fear of more behind, occasioned a good deal of excitement through the county: and no wonder; for although, we are told, the printer exercised very careful supervision, enough has found its way into the printed numbers to justify the terror and wrath which they aroused in sundry manor-houses and country towns—hints of mysterious and undetected crimes; old domestic jars raked up, and family foibles exposed; the weak points of valued pedigrees carefully displayed; stories of secret burials, and uncanonical marriages, and discreditable ghosts haunting houses of repute—revelations, in short, which threatened the comfort or wounded the pride of many a powerful kindred, and particularly of all whose forefathers had in any way got into collision with the family of Hals in social or pecuniary matters. The author seems to have been a splenetic and spiteful personage. His contemporary and fellow-topographer, Mr. Tonkin of Trevaunance (who likewise unsuccessfully attempted a history of the county), had evidently quarrelled personally with Hals. 'As his method,' says he, 'is quite different from mine, and that I have some other reasons not necessary to mention for not corresponding with him, I can safely say that in this present work of mine I have not made use of one single line out of his compositions.' 'I shall make it my particular care,' he says elsewhere, in evident allusion to Hals, 'to avoid any

personal reflections, and much more so not to throw any scandal, pretended judgment, old wives' tales, &c., on any one family whatever; but where I cannot say all the good that I wish for, to be very careful at least to forbear the saying any ill, as keeping in mind that saying of honest Andrew, "Pray eat your pudding, friend, and hold your tongue."'

Hals's manuscripts appear to have got dispersed, and to have fallen into sundry hands. The late Mr. Davies Gilbert collected them, as far as he was able, and published them (but mutilated with most provoking caution), together with the collections of Tonkin, and sundry additions of his own, in four octavo volumes, in 1837. Such as they are, they constitute the best foundation which we possess of Cornish family history, though very far inferior to the materials available in many other counties.

A curious specimen of Hals's scandalmongering propensities may be found in his mode of treating the Killigrew family history; and we may reproduce it without the fear of fresh Cornish feuds before our eyes, since the last of that clever and courtly lineage has been mouldering in the dust for more than a century, and their property at Falmouth has passed through several family descents to a flourishing race from the east of England, *i.e.* that of Wodehouse. One of this family, Sir John Killigrew, in the reign of James I., was the founder of Falmouth—an enterprise which he prosecuted successfully against the united interest in the Council of the neighbouring corporate towns. The same Sir John is said to have burnt his own fine house at Arwennack, close to Falmouth, to preserve it from falling into the hands of the rebels. In the next age the family rose into high favour under the Restoration: two or three of its members are recorded as the authors of very indifferent plays; one (Thomas

Killigrew) lives in tradition as the best talker of the wittiest of English courts; another (Anne Killigrew) was Dryden's

> Youngest virgin daughter of the skies,
> Made in the last promotion of the blest.

Yet the family, though thus distinguished in the higher circles of society, never throve, according to their contemporary Hals, in their own Cornish soil.

'The stock is ancient,' says he, in his satirical vein, 'and divers of the branches have grown to great advancement in calling and livelihood by their greater deserts. Though I could never understand that any of them ever served their prince or country in any public capacity, as parliament-men, justices of the peace, or sheriffs for this country: out of a politic and secret reserve for themselves, as not thinking it prudent to do other men's business at their own proper costs and charges, or to be puffed up or pleased with the tickling conceit of making themselves popular in their country with any office *they did not get money by.* Wherefore, generally, they were courtiers and favourites of their princes, and got many boons thereby of great value.'

But a judgment hung over them, says the same considerate authority. About the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, while the war with Spain continued, Jane Lady Killigrew, with an armed party, boarded two Dutch vessels laden on Spanish account, which had been driven into Falmouth harbour, killed two Spanish merchants, and carried away two barrels of pieces of eight.* 'For which foul fact she was in danger of her neck, and escaped only by dint of great interest, while her associates were hanged at Launceston, 'lamenting nothing more than that they had not the company of that old Jezebel

* The recent researches of Mr. Forster, published in his 'Life of Eliot, the Patriot,' have thrown hitherto unsuspected light on the prevalence of piracy on the western coasts of England as late as the reign of Charles I.

Killigrew at the place, and prayed for a judgment on her.' This strange story succeeding local writers have thought it their duty to repudiate with pious horror; but it can scarcely be altogether unfounded, since Hals names his own ancestor, Sir Nicholas Hals, the governor of Pendennis, as one of those whose influence was exerted in the lady's behalf. A curious relic of this fair buccaneer was long preserved by the corporation of Penryn, in the shape of a silver cup, with the inscription, 'From maior to maior of the town of Penryn, when they received me that was in great misery. J. K., 1613.' The 'judgment' descended a few years later, when the last Killigrew of Arwennack was killed in a tavern scuffle, in the same town of Penryn, by one Walter Vincent, a barrister, shortly before the close of the century, which Hals (through whose whole narrative the colour of some private grudge, or feud, may be distinctly traced) records with grim satisfaction.

A little later than Hals, the Reverend Dr. Borlase, rector of Ludgvan, member of a good Celtic family, *de la vieille roche*, devoted himself to the task of illustrating both the natural and antiquarian history of his native country; but, except a strong attachment to the subject, and a certain quaint originality of thought and expression, it cannot be said that he brought any very eminent qualities to the task. His antiquarianism soon loses itself in the mazes of Druidical and Phœnician controversy, which he was quite incompetent to unravel—his scientific knowledge in old women's stories, such as the learned Royal Society was very apt to indulge in during the earlier period of its activity. The good Doctor was in repute as an 'ingenious' provincial personage, and corresponded from his nook with Pope, whom he furnished with mineral specimens for the construction of his Twickenham

grotto. 'I have placed them,' says the poet, prettily, 'where they may best represent yourself—in a shade, but shining.' One merit, however, the Doctor possesses, which better antiquaries and profounder philosophers too commonly want—he is very readable. His folios are still in request, and far worse entertainment may be found than in turning over their pages in the leisure of a Cornish manor-house or town library.

Of other topographers, such as Norden, Tonkin, C. Gilbert, and Davies Gilbert (whose *Parochial History* is a poor compilation, very unworthy of the writer's ability), further mention need not be made; and scarcely of the Reverend Richard Polwhele, to whom, indeed, we owe a certain kindness for his preservation of a vast amount of legendary story and social gossip, which would have perished without him, but whose egotism, literary vanity, tastelessness, and wonderful prolixity are past all pardon. Trashy as his 'History of Cornwall' is in every respect, it preserves its place on the shelves and keeps up its price, for want of a later and better. This slight essay will have produced some benefit, if enough has been said to set some of those few who have sufficient learning and patience—those who have zeal in the cause are abundantly numerous—on devising the best means of supplying this deficiency. A history of Cornwall, such as we can conceive, would be a more attractive work than almost any other county could furnish, combining the account of very curious physical phenomena and highly striking scenery with that of a most important branch of our national industry, and the records of a distinct people and language of mysterious antiquity with those of many stirring events of modern times, and family annals unusually rich in variety of character and incident.

When Gilpin, the author of 'Forest Scenery,' wrote his

Tour in the West of England towards the close of the last century, he disposed of all Cornwall in the following brief paragraph :—

> From Launceston we travelled as far into Cornwall as Bodmin, through a coarse, naked country, and in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived. Of wood, in every shape it was entirely destitute. Having heard that the country beyond Bodmin was exactly like what we had already passed, we resolved to travel no farther in Cornwall, and instead of visiting the Land's End, as we had intended, we took the road to Lescard, proposing to visit Plymouth on our return!

Nor can we blame the accomplished writer, who only saw nature according to his lights, that is, with the trained judgment of a landscape gardener. If he *had* continued his journey to the Land's End, he would equally have found all barren. The seventy miles from Launceston to Mount's Bay make the dreariest strip of earth traversed by any English high road. In the eastern portion, indeed, the rough granitic tors and boulders, and the greater height of the hills, lend something of a wild interest to the scene; but, after passing Bodmin, the Cornish moorland appears in its true character—the most impracticable, as well as desolate, of all British wildernesses. For its desolation is not that of nature alone. The whole surface has been excavated, dug into hillocks, disturbed and turned over and over again, sometimes by the primeval stream-works of the 'old men,' as the ancient miners are termed by those of our time, sometimes by more modern labour, in search of metallic wealth. Off the roads it is utterly impervious on wheels or on horseback, and only to be walked, or rather floundered over, by jumping from patch to patch of firmer land. Flat, or slightly undulating, and bounded towards the horizon by low rounded hills of similar character to itself, it stretches almost from

sea to sea, a most unclassical 'Campagna,' covered with the ruins of obscure industry.

Such is the region which gave Cornwall its ancient fame and character, when chiefly traversed by tourists on their way abroad, rolling along its only high road to Falmouth, the Atlantic postern-gate of England. We will take a very different course, and endeavour to conduct the traveller with us, as compendiously as possible, along the two convergent shores which stretch, bay after bay, towards the setting sun; beginning with the Northern.

The long range of mural cliffs which commences at Hartland Point in Devonshire, extending to Tintagel in Cornwall, faces due west with scarcely any interruption. Owing to this exposure, whether aided by the violence of the converging currents of the Bristol and St. George's Channel, or by some other unexplained cause, the sea breaks on it with a sustained violence unequalled elsewhere, it is said, in these islands. Not on the Land's End itself—not on the outer line of the Hebrides—not even on the iron-bound coast of Clare in Ireland, do the long rollers of the Atlantic march in with such stupendous weight and force as along this portion of Cornish shore. The enthusiast for marine scenery has only to take his stand on the breakwater at Bude, when a spring-tide is rising even in calm weather, in order to enjoy the full effect of this magnificent exhibition of the power of ocean. Near the bold headland crowned by Tintagel Castle the line of coast changes its general direction and faces more to the north; it becomes more broken in picturesque inlets; and still farther west, from Padstow haven to the 'Towans,' or sand-dunes, of Perran, the hard schistose rocks, of which it is chiefly composed, become almost horizontally stratified. This peculiar formation exposes them to the action of the billows at their base, and wears

them (like cliffs of secondary sandstone elsewhere) into a thousand fantastic shapes—flat-topped islands and peninsulas standing out like enchanted castles against the horizon; gigantic staircases, stacks, columns, turrets, caverns, and 'bellows-holes' of every conceivable shape and character. This last-mentioned portion of the Cornish sea-board is perhaps on the whole the most picturesque, if not absolutely the grandest in its features, and it is the least accessible and the least known.

Bare, bleak, and solitary as this north-western coast may be, it is enlivened by the numerous and beautiful 'combes' or valleys which open into it, and which nearly all pursue an absolutely straight course, east and west, from their origin in the moorlands to the sea. We must call on the author of 'Westward Ho,' who writes with all the enthusiasm of a native, to aid our powers of description:—

Each is like the other, and each is like no other English scenery. Each has its upright walls, inland of rich oak wood, nearer the sea of dark green furze, then of smooth turf, then of weird black cliffs, which range out right and left far into the deep sea, in castles, spires, and wings of jagged iron-stone. Each has its narrow strip of fertile meadow; its crystal trout-stream winding across and across from one hill-foot to the other; its grey stone mill, with the water sparkling and humming round the dripping wheel; its dark rock-pools above the tide-mark, where the salmon gather in from their Atlantic wanderings after each autumn flood; its ridge of blown sand, bright with golden trefoil and crimson lady's finger; its grey bank of polished pebbles, down which the stream rattles toward the sea below. Each has its black field of jagged shark's-tooth rock, which paves the cove from side to side, streaked with here and there a pink line of shell sand, and laced with white foam from the eternal surge, stretching in parallel lines out to the westward, in strata set upright on edge, or tilted towards each other at strange angles by primeval earthquakes. Such is the 'mouth,'

as these coves are called, and such the jaw of teeth which they display, one rasp of which would grind abroad the timbers of the stoutest ship. To landward, all richness, softness, and peace; to seaward, a waste and howling wilderness of rock and roller, barren to the fisherman and hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner.

One characteristic feature is not noticed in this description. From their straight course and their opening due west, these long 'combes' admit the sunset at their extremity for a great part of the year. Few scenes of the simpler kind remain better impressed on the memory than the prospect down one of these tranquil valleys, with its rippling mill-stream and rich enclosures, when the red ball of the autumnal sun just sinks between its soft seaward portals of sloping turf, lighting up the line of golden sand which forms its bar, and the intense blue of the strip of ocean beyond. A north-looking shore has, doubtless, its disadvantages—nothing, indeed, can repay us fully in our latitudes for the privation of our rare and precious sunbeams; but it has one great compensation—the colouring of the sea, at almost all hours, is incomparably deeper and more various than on coasts where the spectator faces the meridian light.

One of these combes, in a singular insulated position, north of Bude, contains the site, we can hardly say the remains, of the original Stowe, held for 600 years by the brave Cornish Grenvilles, or Granvilles, not to be confounded with the more eminent family of Wotton; for though genealogists have invented a connexion between them, their arms as well as history are different. No family ever acquired so strong a hold on popular affection in Cornwall as this gallant race. 'You are upon an uncommon foundation in that part of the world,' says George Grenville, the poetical Lord Lansdowne, in a

letter to his nephew, William Henry Earl of Bath, in 1711:—

Your ancestors, for at least five hundred years, never made any alliances, male or female, out of the western counties: thus there is hardly a gentleman, either in Cornwall or Devon, but has some of your blood, as you of theirs. I remember the first time I accompanied your grandfather (Sir Bevil Grenville) into the West, upon holding his parliament of tinners as Warden of the Stannaries, when there was the most numerous appearance of gentry of both counties that had ever been remembered together. I observed there was hardly anyone but he called cousin, and I could not but observe, at the same time, how well they were pleased with it.

He proceeds to advise his nephew always to make Stowe his principal residence:—

From the Conquest to the Restoration your ancestors constantly resided among their countrymen, except when the public service called upon them to sacrifice their lives for it. Stowe, in my grandfather's time, till the wars broke out, was a kind of academy for all the young men of family in the country: he provided himself with the best masters for all kinds of education, and the children of his neighbours and friends shared the advantage with his own. Thus he in a manner became father of his county, and not only engaged the affection of the present generation, but laid a foundation of friendship for posterity, which is not worn out to this day.

It was in this spirit of maintaining the county interest of the family that Lord Lansdowne forced his pretty prude of a niece, Mary Granville (finally Mrs. Delany), into marrying the drunken old Jacobite Squire Pendarves. Nevertheless, she continued to look up with much respect to her uncle 'Alcander,' as she calls him in her fantastic nomenclature.

Himself one of the last enthusiasts and sufferers for the Stuart cause in England, he lived to see the extinction

of his lineage. Their estates passed to co-heiresses, and their place knew them no more. The Carterets, who followed, pulled down the Palladian palazzo built by John Earl of Bath, when it had stood scarcely half a century; many of the finest materials were transferred to the namesake 'Stowe' of the Buckinghamshire Grenvilles; and a very indifferent 'Elegy written among the ruins of a nobleman's seat in Cornwall,' by the *first* poet Moore, is all that remains of the glory of the western family.

Yet this famous residence (where the intrigues of the Royalists with Monk, which led to the Restoration, were mainly concocted) stood far from high roads and market towns, in a situation so strangely secluded and remote from objects of convenience and interest, that, with modern ideas, it is difficult to conceive its occupation by any family of distinction. The truth is, however, that it is not easy for us to place ourselves exactly in the position of our forefathers, or to adopt the notions arising out of that position. To be near some great thoroughfare now seems to us nearly indispensable. But when there were very few such thoroughfares, when almost all places were accessible alike only through by-roads, and on horseback or in private conveyances, one place was in reality scarcely more out of the way than another, or at least the difference was far less notable than in our time. Many districts which we now term hardly 'liveable' were well inhabited by gentry of old. The favourite spots round which country-houses are now congregated had in those times no attraction from superior accessibility, and love of the picturesque was as yet unborn.

A more remarkable site among these northern combes is the beautiful Vale of Lanherne, which stretches in a direct line from the town of St. Columb to the lonely

little 'Porth,' or cove, in which it terminates, presenting a succession of lovely views, the groves of Carnanton, once the seat of Noy, Charles I.'s able though miserly and crabbed attorney-general (his heart at his death was found shrivelled up, say his biographers, into the substance of a leathern penny purse); the grey Convent at Lanherne, formerly the manor-house of the Arundels, devoted by one of the family to the reception of nuns driven here by the first French Revolution; the old church-tower of Mawgan, embowered in its grove of lofty Cornish elms (the small-leaved variety, strangely neglected in other parts of England), making together a scene which exhibits all the softness of a rich inland valley, while the roar of the very fiercest surge of the ocean is rarely unheard within its limits.

All Cornwall, and its northern shore in particular, is swept by the constant blasts of the Atlantic, and so extreme is the fury of the gales, that even the tombstones in the churchyards are here and there supported by masonry as a prop against the wind. The whole northern coast is of a singularly desolate and uninhabited character: it possesses only two or three wretched harbours, and the bordering villages nestle away from the blast under the landward slope of the cliffs. The traveller may scramble for many a mile over rocks which seem abandoned by man to undisturbed myriads of their own primitive population, as they are described by a native writer, possessed of much poetical feeling, Mr. Stokes, in his 'Vale of Lanherne.':—

> The graceful terns skim o'er the heaving deep,
> Like winged fleets that elfin hands might frame,
> Or hang in clusters round the headlands steep:
> Of rarer beauty, though of harsher name,
> The choughs for glossy plumes the raven shame,

With vermeil-tinted legs and bright red beaks,
Haunting remotest cliffs where sea-pinks flame;
Guillemots and gulls with hubbub fill the creeks,
But hastening from the shore for storms the petrel seeks.

Yet there are occasions on which these untrodden shores are crowded with a noisy population, puzzling the observer to conjecture how, in so desert-looking a country, such swarms are recruited. Some idea of its density may be attained by watching the files of farmers' carts in the mornings descending to the accessible beaches to collect the sea-sand, drifted by the north-west winds along this exposed coast, for manure. But the great opportunities, which seem to call the very cliffs into life, are those of the fishery, and particularly the pilchard fishery:—

Impetuous pour
By every sheep-path steep the ruddy swarm
From woodland cot, green field, and heathy moor;
And from the earth's deep chambers, dank and warm,
The pallid miner comes, with spare but sinewy form.
Heaps upon heaps, upon the shelving beach,
The scaly captives gasping, glistening lie,
Scarcely above the empurpled waves' wide reach:
What clamour blithe of those who sell and buy!
The voice of woman and the urchin's cry
Shrill mingling with man's rough sonorous tone:
The busy bulkers in the cellars high
Up-pile the fish: no savoury task they own,
While bay-salt o'er each layer with lavish hand is thrown.

Our local poet seems in this passage to have in his eye the early pilchard fishery of June and July, carried on by the drift-boats, which take the fish far out at sea, and bring their catch for disposal to the shore. But later in the summer the great shoals of pilchards begin to close in with the shore itself.

When the corn is in the shock
The fish are at the rock,

says the Cornubian rhyme; and then begins the far more

exciting, and far more important, season of the seine fishery: a most precarious harvest, for nothing can be more unaccountable than the annual variations in the habits of these migratory fish. But the Cornish pilchard fishery, like Cornish mining, would seem to demand a treatise apart. The fish are cured simply by pressure, in layers strewn with bay-salt; but the Spaniards, imagining them to be smoked, called them 'fumados;' whence, apparently, the highly inappropriate Cornish name of 'fair maids' for these lean and juiceless relics of the ocean.

The southern coast is very different from the northern in character, though rich in attractions of its own. Here, from some geological cause not explained, the strata, though similar to those already described in the north, are in general nearly perpendicular instead of horizontal, a circumstance which entirely changes the character of the scenery. Instead of plateaux and castellated promontories, and mural cliffs undermined at the base, we find long jagged ranges of razor-backed precipices projecting into the sea, 'aiguilles' and pinnacles of splintered rock, and branching estuaries between. Notwithstanding its more favourable south-easterly exposure, this coast is as bare and desert as the other wherever it fringes the open sea; but from its geological construction it is far richer in harbours, from the noble havens of Falmouth, Plymouth, and Helford, to the numerous deep and narrow creeks which shelter the village fishing-boats. These southern estuaries run far inland, and their steep wooded banks furnish the most visited and admired scenery of the county, though perhaps a little monotonous in their beauty. They were scarcely accessible in former days, except by separate and laborious visits; but a general judgment of their character may now be formed in a run along the Cornish railway. Cornwall is on the whole by

no means the naked country which is commonly supposed: it is even said that its surface of woodland is relatively greater than that of any other county; but then by far the greater portion of this is covered with mere oak coppice, which thrives luxuriantly. Timber trees are, on the whole, a failure; they grow well at first, but when they attain a certain height the ruthless sea-blast drives them to leeward, and their growth becomes slow and their shape distorted. Boconnoc, the ancient seat of the Mohuns and Pitts, has almost the only Cornish park which exhibits the forest-like features of the old demesnes of middle England. Fruit ripens but indifferently; and although the climate is singularly favourable to flowers, the peasantry, at least in the mining districts, seem to have little taste for horticulture, and the tourist soon misses the lovely tressure of myrtle, fuchsia, and still more delicate plants with which the commonest Devonian cottage is so often girdled. Some imported trees flourish very extensively, like wild native plants, in the western region, The pinaster, introduced by Praed of Trevetho early in the last century, forms an ordinary feature in the landscape around Mount's Bay: the more recent 'Pinus Austriaca,' a tree of similar habits, seems to brave the Atlantic blast with equal vigour. The tamarisk, also an importation, now forms a copious and beautiful underwood in the sequestered combes of the southern coast, especially in the region of serpentine rock which stretches towards the Lizard lights:—

> Those ever-burning fires, which smile
> O'er night's bleak ocean many a mile,
> To welcome Albion's truant child
> From Indian shore, or western wild.

But the indigenous shrubs of this remote corner of England surpass all exotics in their profuse beauty; such

as the two species of heath peculiar to Cornwall—Erica vagans and Ciliaris, the latter the most graceful of the tribe—and the Cornish double-flowering furze, of singular size and richness, which blooms almost all through the year, but most abundantly in that season when nature seems to stand most in need of gay attire, and covers the bleak hill-sides in early spring with an expanse of gorgeous yellow carpeting.

South and North meet in the low moorish plateau which divides the Hayle estuary from Mount's Bay, almost united in spring-tides; and beyond it the traveller greets at last the amphitheatre of dusky hills which constitutes the Land's End promontory—the Bolerium of old times, the very Cornwall of Cornwall, the last stronghold of the old Celtic tongue and thoughts, and to this day the most intensely national portion, so to speak, of the peninsula. It is a bleak and bare region to the eye, except only the sheltered coast of Mount's Bay; but abounding in life, wealth, and mining and commercial activity; while its soil, strange to say, is among the most fertile, and its agriculture among the most profitable in England, London being mainly supplied with early vegetables from the district about Penzance, while the very last wheat-fields in England, near the Land's End, produce on their warm bed of 'growan,' or decomposed granite, from thirty to forty bushels to the acre. To the stranger, however, the chief attraction of the district is in the magnificent cliff scenery which stretches round it in a semicircle from St. Ives to Mount's Bay. The Land's End is itself an impressive scene, but much surpassed in grandeur and picturesqueness by many points of the vicinity—the greenstone cliffs of Zennor, the headlands of Tol-pedn-penwith, Castle-Treryn, and the Logan. The vast expanse of ocean, from these heights, is at all times

a grand spectacle; it is terrible when a fierce westerly gale seems to level before it the whole floor of the sea, driving forward one blinding sheet of foam even to the summits of the Land's End precipice; but it is yet more solemn in its quieter mood, when, with little wind stirring, the vast billows, propagated from some centre of storms far in the Atlantic, come slowly to break on the rocks in measured cadences of thunder, the very types of enormous power in repose.

Such is the land of the ancient Cornu-Britons, that small but strongly-characterised Celtic people, about whom so much has been dreamed by the learned, and so little is really known. That they were a distinct race, and had a peculiar language, is certain; but the particulars which are recorded respecting the annals of the one, and the genius and literature of the other, seem in the last degree vague, shifting, and mythical. Of one tradition, carelessly repeated by one historian after another, the slightest inspection of the country, or even a good map, is sufficient to prove the unsoundness. This is the story, that the Cornubians occupied in the last century of Saxon dominion a considerable portion of the kingdom of Wessex; that they were expelled from Devonshire by Athelstan, and the Tamar fixed as the boundary of the races, only as late as A.D. 936. If Athelstan's successes are correctly reported, they probably amounted only to a reconquest of territory which the Cornubians (aided by the Danes) had for a short time wrested from the Saxons. But the real national boundary between Celt and Saxon was assuredly fixed many generations before the reign of Athelstan. Nor was the Tamar ever that boundary. A military frontier it may have been, a national limit never. The proof of this assertion will be found in the fact that the names of villages and farms on both banks of the Tamar are equally Saxon. The limit between Celt and

Saxon, as unerringly ascertained by the test of nomenclature, passes not along the Tamar, but (in accordance with the general law of ethnography) nearly along the head-waters of the streams flowing from the west into it—a line crossing the peninsula transversely from a little west of Plymouth to the neighbourhood of Tintagel. To the east of this line the map discloses very few Cornish names; to the west, scarcely a single Saxon. Now it must be remembered that at the date of Domesday, or reign of Edward the Confessor, these local names were almost entirely the same as now. The inference is inevitable, that the geographical division of Celt and Saxon followed that line; and the farther inference is almost irresistible, that a line so definitely marked must have been the same for generations, probably for centuries, before. Without, therefore, going deeper into the subject, it is enough to express concurrence with those who believe that the last substantial struggle between the two nations took place at a far earlier period; that the Cornubians were finally driven by the Saxons into their remote and permanent quarters in the seventh century, the date of A.D. 647 being positively fixed by some authorities. This supposition leaves untouched the vexed question whether King Arthur, who, if real, must have flourished in the sixth century, was a mythical or an historical personage. The conquest seems to have been accomplished not without hard fighting; for antiquarian research seems to disclose faint records of a stand made against the invaders on the Exe, and again on the Tamar; nor without the expulsion of the royal house and chief nobility of Cornwall, who migrated, it is said, into Armorica. Subsequently to this time the political boundary may have varied, as has been said, owing to partial successes of the Dano-Cornish forces, but the national boundary was then fixed for ever.

Nor have the Cornish race remained permanently owners of the soil, even within the narrow limits thus assigned to them. The pride of ancestry was, indeed, in former times intense in Cornwall, and is a rooted feeling even at the present day, unfavourable as are our modern habits of thought to its maintenance. There are two things, it is said, of which every tradesman and small farmer west of Truro is thoroughly persuaded—the one, that he will some day or other make his fortune in a mine; the other, that he is in some way descended from King Arthur. That mysterious potentate was equally familiar in the Cornish pedigrees of older time. In the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy under Edward the Third, one of the witnesses deposes to having seen the shield of the Scropes hanging over an hostel occupied by a Cornish knight of the family of Carminow (azure, a bend or, is the proper cognisance of that house), and that the owner, on being questioned, affirmed that the bearing in dispute was granted to his family by King Arthur! Some pedigrees, indeed, are still more boldly imaginative. The Vivians of Truro are derived by certain genealogists from one Vivianus Annius, a Roman general, and son-in-law to Domitius Corbulo. In short, the proverbial extravagance of Cambrian descents finds its counterpart among the kindred race south of the Bristol Channel. And yet a somewhat closer inspection of history is but little favourable to the Celtic pretensions. It seems clear from Domesday Book and the later recensions of tenants in capite, that before the Conquest Saxons, and after the Conquest Normans, were the owners of the soil, with very slight exception, from the Tamar to the Land's End. It may be feared that scarcely any properly Cornish lineage can establish, on fair grounds, a connexion with those named in Domesday, except Tre-

lawney and Trevelyan—the latter no longer inhabiting the county. The Dinhams, Mohuns, Bassets, Blanchminsters, Grenvilles, who parcelled out the land under the Earls of Cornwall, looked down on the indigenous gentry with the same contempt which (as we are now told) was measured out to them in return by the real old Norman families, who, though descendants of sea kings themselves, had grown too proud and too lazy to take much part in such a filibustering business as the invasion of England by William the Bastard. But their period of triumphant supremacy was (in Cornwall at least) a very limited one. Wars and feuds, forfeitures, outlawries, mortgages, and more perhaps than any other cause, premature marriages and 'fast' lives, devoured the proud blood of the Conquerors. Some, indeed, of the great Norman races of the county were only extinguished in the last century; but the great majority had died out long before, and the Celtic gentry—the men of Tre, Pol, and Pen—slowly emerged from under the *débris* of Saxon and Norman, and, boldly ignoring their period of depression, assumed (like Carminow aforesaid) the position of direct descent from the chivalry of the Round Table. These families, like their kindred in Wales, seem to have been very long without proper family names. The Cornish, says Carew, 'entitle one another with his own and his father's name, and conclude with the place of his dwelling, as John Thomas Pendarves,' &c. And when the branch of a family obtained a new seat, it changed its name accordingly. This practice, says Tonkin (in 1736), was in use within a century of his time.

The Cornish title to the honour of a distinct written language and literature is, after all, scarcely less apocryphal than the pedigrees of the native aristocracy. Of course the extreme antiquity of the language is undeniable, and

its close kindred to the Welsh. But the authenticity of its supposed literary monuments is very questionable, and the whole subject of them is involved not only in obscurity, but, it may be suspected, in a good deal of mystification. The Cornish have been at all times a little inclined to play on the credulity of 'foreigners' in this matter. The learned Daines Barrington was sadly hoaxed by the wits of Mount's Bay, on his search after Celtic antiquities in 1773; and as he tells us that he went about offering money for Cornish words, he certainly laid himself open to such liberties. At an earlier time it seems to have been a favourite exercise of ingenuity to compose pseudo-antique remains of the Cornish language, in which it is impossible now to disentangle what is ancient from what was invented. Cornish was last used in divine service (it should seem) in Landewednack, the southernmost parish of England, about 1680. It was currently spoken in the parishes west of Penzance for a generation or two later. There its authentic history ends. The few posterior instances of its use commonly cited are very doubtful. The traces of it which ingenious people have detected in the modern English dialect of Cornwall are almost wholly imaginary. Many words of the latter have been noted by eager ethnologists as Celtic which are in reality good, but obsolete, Saxon. Modern Anglo-Cornish is, in truth, a rather superior provincial dialect, abounding in sound Shakspearian and even older expressions, and more intelligible than some of those spoken farther east. Of true Celtic it has scarcely anything except what may be termed words of art, such as the nomenclature of the rocks and their phenomena, in use among the miners. In fact, it may be doubted whether the production of a hybrid language (such as modern English) is not confined to times when written literature abounds. Primitive

tribes appear rarely or never to mix languages. It seems to be the case that the French peasants, conterminous with the Bas Bretons, speak a dialect as free from Celticism as those of Touraine; the Walloons of Liege, surrounded by Flemings, have little tincture of Flemish in their peculiar French; the Alsatian has little French in his bad German. One peculiarity, quaintly noted by old Carew in the Anglo-Cornish, may still be observed; it had not above two or three of what he calls 'natural oaths,' but this want was 'relieved with a flood of most bitter curses and spiteful nicknames.' To this day, a Cornish scolding is most profuse and exuberant in flowers of eloquence, for which little authority can elsewhere be found.

It has been seen that the Norman families obtained, with few exceptions, but a slight and temporary hold of territorial power in Cornwall; and, notwithstanding their secluded position and their love of long-descended pedigrees, the Cornish have been, on the whole, less feudal in their notions, less led and swayed by aristocratic influences, than the inhabitants of most English counties. The bulk of the people rose against the Government in three several and very remarkable insurrections—twice under Henry the Seventh and once under Edward the Sixth; and on neither occasion do we find that any leading family was engaged in the rebellion. And at the present day, if any political partisan were to seek to rouse the passions of the western population, he would find his purpose much better answered by enlisting in his cause a few Methodist teachers and a few mining 'captains,' than through the gentry of the district. This is not inconsistent with the exercise of great local influence, here and there, by individual gentlemen who stand high in public estimation as benefactors of the county. No race

estimate services of this kind more highly, or repay them more cordially than the Cornish. Some few among the leading men of their landed gentry have of late years exercised a kindly authority among them hardly surpassed by that of the Grenvilles and Trelawneys of old times. But the homage was tendered rather to the κάλος καὶ ἀγαθος, as a Greek republican might have expressed it, than to the εὐγένης.

The main reason for this inferior force of the feudal principle was to be found, doubtless, in the commercial and self-relying habits of the people. Those habits, on which we shall have presently to dwell more at length, are rooted among them from an antiquity far exceeding that of the oldest family annals. The industry of our ports, our manufacturing provinces, our coal districts, almost that of London itself, are mere products of recent ages, compared with the trade of the Cornish tinner. For it must be remembered that owing to the profound freedom from war and revolution enjoyed at all times by this secluded corner of the world, and its monopoly of an indispensable commodity, that industry has never been interrupted. Since Diodorus Siculus wrote his account of the dealings in tin between the Britons and the traders from the Mediterranean on that isle of Ictis which nothing but antiquarian perversity could place elsewhere than at St. Michael's Mount—a spot which answers the description alone and exactly—the ore has been raised, and wrought, and bartered without the intermission probably of a single generation. The tourist who reaches Falmouth by sea may look with respect on that bare, brown mountain which rises to the left, mangled as it is with the scars and seams left by the mining operation of successive ages; for Carn Menellis has never rested from the strokes of the miner's pick, nor its neighbouring creeks from the

dash of the trader's oar, 'since first the old Phœnicians came.' This primæval subterranean corporation, with perpetual succession, is but slightly affected by changes in the ownership of the soil above ground, and recks little of the revolutions of noble or gentle houses—things of yesterday.

But another reason for the comparatively small influence of great Cornish families is to be found in their own want of durability. In most secluded districts and extremities of our kingdom families and descended honours are comparatively of long continuance; from causes too natural to need explanation. But Cornwall forms an exception. Names and titles seem to arise and to vanish, as we turn over the pages of its county history, as rapidly as the fleeting vapours of its ever-changing climate. There are, no doubt, families of very respectable antiquity, but these have for the most part to make out their pedigrees and inheritances through singularly complicated female descents. Constant intermarriages may have tended in some degree to produce this tendency to decay. The Grenvilles, as we have seen, called cousins with almost all the county. The commercial prosperity of the people, and comparative abundance of ready money, have also contributed to frequent changes of property, by facilitating its alienation. Something must likewise be attributed to a certain tincture of migratory habits, restlessness, and love of adventure, which seems to belong to the race, high and low; 'partly,' to quote our friend Carew, 'for that their issue male, little affecting so remote a corner, liked better to transplant their possessions to the heart of the realm.' But the natives themselves have a more compendious way of accounting for the phenomenon, by the 'doom' supposed to attend Cornish honours. 'Peerages planted in Cornwall,' says Borlase, 'have seldom been long-lived; they

have seldom arrived at the third, never at the fourth, generation. *Vix gaudet tertius hæres.*' Titles have been multiplied since Borlase's time; but there seems to be at this moment only a single exception to his rule, in the noble house of St. Germain's. It may be suspected that the landed property of most of the county has changed hands within the last half-century with a rapidity well calculated to keep alive the popular superstition on this subject. A singular amount of this change in earlier times was brought about by premature deaths and tragic catastrophes, contrasting oddly with the very peaceful history of the county in general. The house of Grenville was absolutely cut off in war, in the field or by camp sickness. The last Lord Mohun, the last Lord Camelford, fell in celebrated duels—the last Killigrew, the last Noy, in tavern brawls. These were all 'strong bloods,' as the Scotch phrase it; and peculiar energy in one generation is apt, says Aristotle, to degenerate into wildness and even madness, in succeeding ones—a fancy which Cornish family legends would seem to corroborate. But readers of history will remember the heavy cloud which hung over the youth of the patriot Eliot, high principled and self-possessed as he was, after he had drawn his sword in a moment of passion on his kinsman Mr. Moyle.

Some surprise may be felt at the bold assertion of Mr. Hingston, an English antiquary of distinction, that Cornwall is 'probably richer in antiquities of every kind than any other county;' unless, indeed, the ingenious writer means to include in the term 'antiquities' the multitudinous remains which fancy has classed as British or Druidical. Speculation on these real or imaginary relics, which were the favourite toys of the learned some generations since, have almost ceased to interest the more sceptical scholarship of our day. Cornwall, it may rather

be said, is not peculiarly rich in 'antiquities' of the more modest mediæval sort, but what it has are very characteristic and very interesting. Few districts have their architectural remains, such as they are, so well preserved. The hard grey moorstone (*i. e.* granite) of which they are mostly built seems almost indestructible by time, and preserves its edges with wonderful firmness, notwithstanding the damp saltness of the climate. The lover of domestic architecture especially may revel in the study of relics which seem to bring back past times and past modes of thought and action far more vividly than those of less unfrequented districts, where decay has been more rapid and the spirit of restoration more rampant. Beginning with the very earliest Christian times, his eye may range, from specimen to specimen, through the long Plantagenet centuries, and through what the author of 'Crotchet Castle' somewhere calls 'that blissful middle period, after the feudal system went out, and before the march of mind came in.' The old castles of Launceston and Restormel seem to require comparatively but little labour to make them habitable once again, and to revive the short and precarious feudal splendour of the duchy of Cornwall. The towered edifice on St. Michael's 'guarded' Mount—half convent, half fortress—is but little changed inside or out (allowing for a slight amount of modernising for domestic purposes) since the wars of the Roses. Cotele, the lovely and unique seat of the Edgcombes among the hanging woods on the banks of Tamar, has been preserved with punctilious accuracy, a perfect model of a gentleman's mansion of the Tudor times; even the furniture sedulously kept up in the same antique character. Farther in the interior of the county, and out of the way of tourists, lies the beautiful and as perfectly preserved house of Lanhydrock, built by the

first Robartes Lord Radnor, in 1636-1641, as the inscriptions testify, but wearing a far older appearance; for, no doubt, novelties in architecture travelled slowly into the West in those times. Cotele has been maintained by reverential care, Lanhydrock by a fortunate neglect; for until the time of the present possessor no one seems to have cared to meddle with its gray walls or its primitive decorations and furniture. It stands almost untouched, as if it had been buried alive since the days of the Puritans, whose head-quarters it formed during the campaign of 1644 in the civil war. Lord Robartes, its builder, was a stanch Presbyterian; and the library collected by himself and his chaplain—one Hannibal Gammon—stands on the old shelves of the long gallery as if its Roundhead purchasers had been using it only yesterday—rare old tomes of scholastic divinity and philosophy, mingled with the controversial tracts of the day, and acts and proclamations of the Long Parliament uncut from the press—a large part seasoned with many a bitter MS. marginal note against prelacy and popery. An avenue of old sycamores, now decaying, leads from the beautiful insulated portal in front of the house across the park. That avenue was planted under orders sent by Lord Robartes from London, when he had become Conservative, and had been clapped by Oliver Cromwell into the Gatehouse more than two centuries ago. Except the house of the Pophams at Littlecote (where the identical swords and steel caps of Cromwell's Ironsides hang round the hall), we know no spot which as vividly brings back the memories of the Great Rebellion, so peculiarly attractive to the English mind.

Except in the north-eastern angle of the county, the commonalty are undoubtedly in the main of the old Celtic stock; but they have become far more a mixed race than their kinsfolk in the Highlands, Ireland, Wales, or Brit-

tany; not from invasion, but from the gradual infusion of other blood through commerce and the demand for labour. This is proved by the considerable mixture of English with Cornish family names throughout the country. To this cause is probably to be attributed the circumstance that they have less of a marked national physiognomy than is usually found in secluded districts. Physically, they are a very fine race, well fed, sturdy, and laborious; in some remote districts (such as the extreme southern peninsula of Meneage) greatly exceeding the usual stature; peculiarly broad-shouldered everywhere; a Cornish regiment of militia is said to cover more ground than the same number of men from any other county. They are long lived also, when the underground population (probably not exceeding from 10,000 to 20,000) is left out of the estimate. The life of the poor miner himself is a short and a painful one. Continuous labour in an intensely heated atmosphere (the internal warmth of the earth increasing rapidly, as is well known, as we descend below the surface) is aggravated by the great additional exertion of ascending to 'grass' from a depth of perhaps 2000 feet at the end of the day's work. The invention of the 'man-engine,' or lift, for relieving the miner of this terrible drain on his strength, made very slow progress, though among a people so singularly ingenious and full of resource, and seems to be still but partially employed. But the 'mining population' generally, including the families of the underground labourers, and the numbers who find employment in connexion with the mines above-ground, are as hardy and well-grown as the rest. The general prevalence, however, of an ungainly, slouching carriage, renders the appearance of this athletic race far less promising than the reality justifies, and strikes forcibly any one who is at all accustomed to the upright

bearing of the drilled populations of the Continent. On the delicate subject of female beauty it is dangerous to venture. Observing a sage moderation, let it only be said, that good looks, if not absolutely prevalent, are very common among the better half of the Cornish nation; that in youth they are often attended with a peculiar smoothness and clearness of complexion not so easy to describe as to appreciate, which the learned derive from the fish-eating propensities of the maidens in question; but that the traveller must not raise his anticipations too high. He will not be often delighted with those visions of wild and exquisite attraction which seem to greet him from the flower-canopied porches of a thousand cottages in the sweet shire of Devon.

Speaking generally, it may be said that the Cornish—though, happily, not a warlike people, nor likely to become so for lack of example, while order is maintained among this dense and active population by a detachment of some thirty or forty soldiers at Pendennis—are a peculiarly brave one; brave, even beyond the common standard of the quality claimed by Englishmen; with a touch of the reckless and lavish courage of their Celtic ancestors: strengthened, doubtless, by the constant habit of risking life in the adventures of the sea and the mine. This quality they showed abundantly in the old fighting days, the records of the 'Cornish armies' disclosing a succession of dashing exploits against superior odds. In the Civil War, Colonel Fiennes's Bristol garrison surrendered almost without a blow from mere terror of the wild Cornish, who had the character of running like cats up walls and earthworks. They were still more formidable from the ease with which they were (and still are) trained into soldiers upon occasion, owing to the habits of discipline and of common action which their modes of life

give them. In fact, their impulses, tastes, and pleasures are almost all gregarious. In old days they met, quarrelled, and fraternised, in faction-fights like those of Ireland, wrestling matches, hurling matches, and similar amusements. The gentry seemed to have lived in a social, Castle-Rackrent kind of fashion of their own. 'A gentleman and his wife,' says Carew, 'will ride to make merry with his next neighbour, and after a day or two these two couples go to a third; in which progress they increase like snowballs, till through their burdensome weight they break again.' Long after the time of Carew the late Mr. Beckford gave a singular picture of Cornish hospitality in 1787, in his account of his reception at a seat near Falmouth, when windbound before his voyage to Portugal:—

> We had on the table a savoury pig, right worthy of Otaheite, and some of the finest poultry I ever tasted; and round the table two or three brace of Cornish gentlefolks, not deficient in humour or originality . . . . . About eight in the evening six game cocks were ushered into the eating rooms by two limber lads in scarlet jackets; and after a flourish of crowings the noble birds set to with surprising keenness. Tufts of brilliant feathers soon flew about the apartment; but the carpet was not stained with the blood of the combatants; for, to do Trefusis justice he has a generous heart, and takes no pleasure in cruelty. The cocks were unarmed, had their spurs cut short, and may live to fight fifty such harmless battles.

It is however just to add, what Beckford does not, that the Squire Trefusis of this sketch (afterward Lord Clinton) was at the time a youth of three-and-twenty. Cock-fighting it is presumed is now extinct. Wrestling is almost discontinued, except as a publican's speculation. Hurling is kept up, though with less spirit than formerly. But the spirit of aggregation rather finds a vent in camp-

meetings, temperance-parties, and monster tea-drinkings; how much for the better or worse must be left to others to say. The Cornish motto of 'One and All' is true enough as expressing this propensity, though absurdly false when quoted (as it commonly is) in self-laudation for a supposed spirit of national unity. Never was a small people more curiously and readily divisible into factions, or more disinclined (one is sorry to say it) to really useful co-operation. The railway history of the last few years with its violent feuds and ruinous litigation, not only among the usual class of speculators but among the natives themselves, gives abundant and melancholy proof of the truth of this assertion.

It is rather singular that a hotblooded people thus easily excited by local quarrel should be comparatively indifferent to political agitation; but such appears to be the fact. Notwithstanding the density of population, and the habits of association which belong to the labouring classes, they have taken but little share in the public movements of late years; leagues, and unions, and Chartists gatherings have had small attraction for them, nor has any merely political cause found numerous and sanguine adherents in Cornwall. Much, no doubt, is owing to their geographical position, which almost cuts off the contagion of 'foreign' zeal. There prevails also among them an amount of self-education in political matters, arising from circumstances in their social economy, which makes them far less easily the prey of mere agitators than operatives in general. Through companionship in mining adventure—through the working of the 'tributer' system of mining labour, which Mr. Babbage considered so excellent a thing that he has urged its extension to other branches of industry, and on which Stuart Mill has commented, as giving an indication of the true road to

future prosperity for our labouring classes in general—through the usage of conducting fishing operations 'on shares,' in which all the crew take part—Cornishmen are familiar from their youth with the principle of co-operation, and consequently have not much to learn either of the strength or weakness of the Socialist scheme. Strikes seem to have been hitherto unheard of in the county. Doubtless, also, the scenes with which they were familiar for centuries in the elections for their twenty boroughs, and the habit of seeing 'oculis fidelibus,' the principle of representation reduced to a most homely and bibacious contract between vendor and purchaser, were not without their effect in disgusting the better class with the whole subject, like the periodical excesses of the Helots at Sparta. But one may trace something of this comparative indifference to politics even in their earlier history. It is true that the Cornish took a very important share in the Great Civil War. Twice they may be said to have rescued the royal cause—in the campaign of 1643, by the victories of Stratton and Lansdowne; and again, in 1644, when Lord Essex was drawn into Cornwall by the representations of Lord Robartes and other Roundhead gentlemen — whose object, says the Royalist Sanderson, was to collect their arrears of rent: which imputation is denounced by his lordship, in a marginal note on the passage in his library at Lanhydrock, as a 'base lie.' This time the county was more divided: a good many sided with Essex; but the Royalists again prevailed, and the Presbyterian leader was forced to avoid a ruinous surrender by a discreditable flight. King Charles's manifesto of thanks to the county for its services on these occasions was placarded in every village church, and may still be seen in some of them. But notwithstanding these exploits, there seems to have been but

little permanent or passionate loyalty; the county submitted very quietly to the law of the strongest, and showed no vehement monarchical predilections afterwards. Local historians remark with how little personal feeling or asperity the war seems to have been carried on in Cornwall; by all, perhaps, except the fierce old Cavalier governor of Pendennis, Sir John Arundel of Trerice, who took the matter in earnest, and neither gave nor asked for quarter: one of his four sons was killed in single combat by a Roundhead captain at the siege of Plymouth, and the victor had the assurance to demand of Sir John, as a magistrate, the reward which Parliament had offered for every slain Royalist officer. In later times the only political movement with which the Cornish name is much associated is that occasioned by the imprisonment of the seven bishops, one of whom (Trelawny, of Exeter, afterwards of Bristol and of Winchester) was the chief of his ancient family. The famous ballad,—

'And shall Trelawney die?
There's twenty thousand underground
Will know the reason why'—

is, it may be feared, with the exception of the burden, the modern invention of a local poet, the Rev. Mr. Hawker of Moorwinstow. But the bishop, besides his descent, had precisely the character which commands the popular favour, always inclined to smile on the strongwilled and arbitrary. 'It is an old saying in our county,' observes the poet Lord Lansdowne, 'that a Trelawney never wanted courage, nor a Godolphin wit, nor a Grenville loyalty.' And neither ordination nor consecration had extinguished in Sir Jonathan the 'savage virtue of his race,' though compelled to exhibit it in the courts of law instead of the field. As visitor of Winchester school he put down by his summary will some of those servile

customs (the only discredit of Wykeham's magnificent foundations) which the scholars were compelled to observe. As visitor of Exeter College, it is matter of Oxford tradition how he drove up to the gate in his coach-and-four, and seized on and suspended, *ipso facto*, an Arian president and six senior fellows. It was he who won for bishops, by dint of litigation, that privilege of examining all clerks presented for institution in their diocese, which has proved of late years a somewhat dangerous prerogative. Peace be to his manes!—but he left but little of that commodity, it may be suspected, in the three dioceses which he successively administered. Since his time, there seems to have been no political leader round whom the sympathies of Cornishmen have rallied, nor any political cause which has produced much excitement among them, except the cider-tax.

Every one who visits Cornwall must needs go down a mine; but unless he is professionally interested in this matter, he will find little under ground to gratify curiosity. The excavations are 'generally so low and narrow as to admit the passage of one person only at a time, and that in a stooping posture. The miner, too, like the mole, is solitary in operation, and is often discovered alone at the end of a gallery, in a damp and confined space, boring the solid rock, or breaking down the ore, by the feeble light of a candle.' From the little work entitled 'Cornwell, its Mines and Miners,' it appears that the number of people employed directly or indirectly by tin and copper mines (the latter now by far the most important), including those of the neighbouring part of Devon, which have recently risen once more into consequence, may probably reach 80,000 or 90,000. The wages of 'tributers,'* in 1857, averaged 58*s.* 3*d.* per month; those of

* The tributers receive a proportion of the proceeds arising from the sale

'tutwork' (taskwork) men 53*s.* 8*d.* The total dividends of shareholders in British mines varied in the eight years ending 1853, inclusive, between 130,000*l.* and 330,000*l.* The same volume gives the following account of the characteristics of the mining population:—

The superiority of the Cornish miner to the agricultural labourer may be at once inferred. The latter is confined by habit to a set task. He is never thrown on his own resources in the progress of his occupation, and he goes through life as a mere human machine, performing exactly the same thing from youth to age, neither increasing nor diminishing his scanty stock of ideas. But the miner is the reverse of all this. He is engaged mostly in work requiring the exercise of the mind. He is constantly taking a new 'pitch' in a new situation, where his judgment is called into action. His wages are not the stinted recompense of half-emancipated serfship, but they arise from contract, and they depend upon some degree of skill and knowledge. In fact, the chances of the lode keep alive a kind of excitement, and foster a hope of good fortune that never altogether deserts the miner. If at all imaginative, he dreams in the underground darkness of becoming suddenly rich. He is a kind of subterranean stockjobber, and, doubtless, the excitement such gentlemen feel on the London Stock Exchange, in 'making a price' of Consols or of North-Westerns, is paralleled near the Land's End, in the heart of the humble tributer or tutworker.

From the absence of traditions as to the original peculiarities of the Cornish miners (adds the same writer), I infer that they have always been a milder and more mannerly race than the northern pitmen. . . . .

As to games and sports of bowls, and donkey-races, and cock-fighting, and dog-baiting, I never heard of any of them in the western mining districts. In these, too, you find few or no characteristic amusements at night. Music is welcome, and you may find a few local bands composed chiefly of miners, but

of the ore, the value of which varies from 6*d.* to 13*s.* 4*d.* in the pound, and it is the chance of hitting upon a rich and high-priced lode that keeps them in a constant flutter of speculative life.

they are not general. I gave some instances of the peculiar fondness for mathematical studies amongst the northern pitmen. I found few or none such in Cornwall. Neither mathematics, nor any other branch of study, is fervently pursued there, and any instance of excellence in any other branch of science stands out as singular.

The characteristics of the mining class apply with scarcely less truth to the rest of the population. For the intermixture of employments is great; in all the mining and maritime part of the county, the small trader and the farmer are habitually speculators in mines and fisheries. That strange-looking individual, whom you, an eastern visitor, may observe in swallow-tailed coat, rusty silk hat, black trowsers and stockings, and low-quartered shoes, at work in his croft of potatoes, or cultivating a pretty luxuriant two-acre field of wheat, in the half-reclaimed flats about Tregonning Hill or St. Agnes' Beacon, seems a very heterodox specimen of the British agriculturist; but, if you knew his history, you would probably find that he has, or has had, shares in a drift-boat, a seine, and a neighbouring mine or two, and his soul is at this moment far away from his dirty acres, wandering in Eldorado. He has seen a common miner of one year driving his carriage and pair of greys the next, and the moral of the third year, in which the miner in question has passed the Insolvent Court, is lost on him. It is strange that a population unusually orderly and sober, and reasonably honest, should be also one of habitual gamblers, active or speculative. In all probability this kind of poison, like others, loses its deleterious effect on the constitutions of those who are thoroughly inured to it. It must be added, that, with the spirit of self-reliance which this kind of life engenders, it creates also a very considerable amount of self-opinion. The

thorough Cornishman's respect for his own shrewdness and that of his clan is unbounded, or only equalled by his profound contempt for 'foreigners' from the east; a class created for his benefit—given over to him for a prey. And this feeling increases ludicrously in intensity as we advance further west, until we reach the Land's End parish of St. Just, in which the despised 'East' comprehends all the rest of England. It must be owned that the Cornubians have daily and abundant proof of the gullibility of the men of the east, and the Londoners in particular; the opening of a new undertaking, by what they term a 'hearty set of adventurers' fresh from the metropolis, is a great opportunity for local jubilation. It has been calculated that on a long term of years the balance sheet of Cornish mining, taken together, presents a loss instead of a gain. This seems hardly credible, but there can be no doubt that the entire trade fully illustrates Adam Smith's proposition, that profits, in a business partaking of the nature of a lottery, are habitually somewhat lower than in others, owing to the innate gambling propensity of mankind.

One more quality must be alluded to, as partly arising from their economical circumstances, partly, perhaps, innate in the race—the great predominance of the imaginative faculty. It may seem strange to assert this of a county which is totally without poetical legends—a county which has never produced a single English poet, hardly a few third-rate versifiers. So hard-driven have the Cornish been to add a few bards to their very handsome list of local divines, lawyers, and men of science, that they have endeavoured to make a laureate even out of Peter Pindar; but though that eccentric personage (Dr. Wolcot) much affected the character of a Cornishman—though he calls on himself, in one of his odes, to

'Answer! for Fame is with conjecture dizzy—
Did Mousehole give thee birth, or Mevagizzey?'

though he passed his best years in Truro, where his talk made him at once the scandal, terror, and pride of the sober little town: he was in truth a Devonian, by birth and parentage. Nor can an exception be made for two poets of the present day, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Hawker, who have been mentioned in these pages, for both are but recently established in Cornwall. But the faculty in question is not less marked and powerful, although its usual manifestations are not of the poetical order, and it connects itself more readily with the practical. The sense of the vague and indefinite, which is of the essence of poetry, mingles greatly with that restless aspiration after change of place which makes the Cornishman one of the most locomotive of mankind. Emigration has been so large of late years as to keep the population almost stationary, notwithstanding a flourishing state of domestic industry: in all parts of the new world, in North and South America and Australia, knots of Cornish emigrants will be found, generally, but not always, attracted by their peculiar mining industry, and generally prosperous, though more through speculative qualities than the cool and thrifty determination of the sons of the north. The very recent outburst of the old English colonising ardour, which has founded for us a fourth empire in the seas of the south, found its representatives and interpreters in Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller—Cornishmen both. Sometimes the same imaginative tendency tinges religious zeal: as in Henry Martyn, the Cornish missionary, the most imaginative, and by reason of that very faculty the most influential, of that noble band. Sometimes it colours the pursuit of science, as in Sir Humphry Davy—the most eminent of modern Cornish-

men—in whom undeniable genius, as well as great practical shrewdness, were united with a good deal of the visionary, and something—the words will out—of *charlatanerie* and pretension. Oftentimes we find it hovering on that undefined border which lies between enthusiasm and imposture, and leaving us uncertain whether he who exhibits it is really deceived or a deceiver. Easily affected by the wild and mystical, the Cornish seem calculated to become at once the frequent victims, and frequent originators, of imposture. They rose twice in rebellion for that enigmatical personage, Perkin Warbeck—in whom, were he true prince or pretender, no other part of the nation seems to have taken the smallest interest. The pseudo Sir William Courtenay, who led the blind Kentish peasants, a few years ago, to confront with naked breasts the muskets of the soldiers, came from Cornwall; so, if we are not mistaken, did Joanna Southcott; and many more of less note might be named, of whom to pronounce with certainty whether they were crazed themselves, or the wilful producers of craziness in others, would be a difficult task.

Under all the changes in their ecclesiastical history, the Cornish have been, as may well be supposed, a people peculiarly liable to devotional influences. Their antiquaries have devoted many a weary page of illustration to those meagre legendary traditions which speak of the immigration from Ireland into their peninsula of that series of saints, male and female, who have given strange names, unknown to other hagiologies, to the parishes of half the county. They were an apocryphal set at best, and their so-called histories seem as baseless as those of Uther Pendragon or Corineus the Trojan. Nevertheless, scanty as our proofs are, it is reasonable to believe that this western region was the seat of a flourishing

Christian community long before the arrival of Augustine in Kent; a community which ignored Roman tradition and discipline, kept Easter after the Greek fashion, and derived its distant origin from that oldest mother of Churches, the patriarchal seat of Jerusalem. The most interesting relic of that early period (as it may be somewhat confidently named) was discovered about thirty years ago—the buried church or oratory of St. Piran. The parish of Perranzabuloe, or Perran in the Sands, as its name imports, extends over a large tract of *towans* or dunes—the word seems to be both Celtic and Saxon—moveable hills of blown sand, driven continually inland by the fury of the north-west wind. Twice, according to the traditions of the place, the inhabitants had removed their parish church before the march of this invader. The very site of the first church had long been forgotten. The second was deemed to be protected by a running stream—for a loose sand-hill can no more cross a running stream than a witch can perform the same feat; and in this very parish a drift may be noticed of nearly one hundred feet high, divided by a mere rivulet of water from the green pastures to leeward, over which it has seemingly impended for many years without being able to reach them. But the rill which protected the second church of Perran was diverted for mining purposes; the sand began to overwhelm it, and the inhabitants reluctantly removed the ornamental masonry in 1803 to a third site, two miles off. At last, in 1835, the original church itself was brought to sight by the shifting of the sands—surrounded by hundreds on hundreds of skeletons, ranged in orderly ranks; for the sanctity of the spot rendered it a favourite cemetery for centuries after the church itself had been abandoned. This last event must have taken place, according to some Cornish ecclesiologists, before

the invasion of Athelstan in A.D. 936, though it would be hazardous to indorse all the conclusions which enthusiastic men have drawn from these 'withered skulls, and bones, and heaped-up dust,' and the rude walls of uncemented stone around which they lie. Both the little church itself (only 25 feet long) and these remains of mortality have suffered much from Vandal spoilers since their discovery. But it is yet a singular and a solemn sight, that small fragment of the hoariest Christian antiquity, with its roundheaded doorways, its distinct nave and chancel, and the ancient human remains still bleaching in the dry sand near it, as the traveller comes suddenly on them in the utter solitude of the 'towans,' which spread like undulating waves for miles around. He must be a very philosophic, or a very reckless observer, whose heart is not stirred with a strong sense of that coming day when those mouldering relics are to meet and join together, 'bone to his bone,' and shall 'live, and stand upon their feet, an exceeding great army.'

A very large number of the Cornish country churches are of one period, namely, the first half of the fifteenth century; solid and simply ornamented edifices of moorstone or killas, chiefly remarkable for their large symmetrical, though somewhat heavy, towers. Standing for the most part on elevations, and uniform in size and shape, they rather bewilder than direct the stranger as they are seen peering over the wide sweeps of dreary, treeless enclosures. More remarkable perhaps are those of later construction, such as the twin Tudor churches of Launceston and Bodmin, carrying the style of that period almost to its highest point of ornament, and striking from the execution of all that ornament in the hard granite of the neighbouring moors. The people long remained zealous and somewhat turbulent Catholics; they rose in

1547 against Protector Somerset, under the nominal leadership of Humphrey Arundel of the Mount, but in reality under priestly inspiration, as is very obvious from the curious set of demands which they served on the royalist officer Lord Russell at Exeter, in which his Majesty was required to abide by 'all the decrees of the general councils,' and, moreover, to take the advice of 'Arundel and the mayor of Bodmin. The suppression of this rebellion, and the severities used towards the insurgents, were long among the best preserved Cornish household traditions. The unfortunate mayor of Bodmin, who had been so ambitious of 'advising' the King, was hanged at his own door; his wife had been moved to petition for his life, 'but' says satirical Hals, 'to render herself the more amiable petitioner before the Marshal's eyes, this dame spent so much time in attiring herself and putting on her French hood, then in fashion, that her husband was put to death before her arrival.' We hear no more afterwards of religious disturbance in Cornwall: the reformed faith quietly prevailed. Puritanism, however, took but little hold of the people; nor did George Fox, the Quaker, although he often perambulated this remote peninsular region, and had evidently a liking for it, produce any very extensive awakening among them. But his journals (or rather the compilation which goes by that name—for Fox, 'hero' though he may have been, was utterly incapable of penning them) give a very terrible account of the kind of justice and correction administered in Cornish local courts and local prisons of that day. Take the following recital of the adventures of himself and companions among the 'dark, hardened people' of Launceston:—

Now the assize being over, and we settled in prison upon such a commitment as we were not likely to be soon released,

we broke off from giving the gaoler seven shillings a week for our horses and seven shillings a week for ourselves, and sent our horses out into the country. Upon which the gaoler grew very wicked and devilish, and put us down into Doomsdale, a nasty, stinking place, where they used to put witches and murderers after they were condemned to die.

The description of Doomsdale which follows is far too horrible for insertion, but will scarcely be deemed incredible by those familiar with the history of prisons in England :—

This head-gaoler, we were informed, had been a thief, and was burnt both in the hand and the shoulder; his wife, too, had been burnt in the hand. The under-gaoler had been burnt both in the hand and in the shoulder; and his wife had been burnt in the hand also. And Colonel Bennet, who was a Baptist teacher, having purchased the gaol and lands belonging to the castle, had placed this head-gaoler therein.

The conversion of the people of Cornwall from what is called in religious works their state of spiritual apathy, denied to George Fox, was reserved for a greater man, the renowned John Wesley. His biographers have never explained what particular cause directed Wesley to select this country as one of his principal fields. The first visit to Cornwall recorded in his journals took place in 1743, the latest in 1781, when he preached for the last time from his famous stand in the natural amphitheatre, or 'pit,' at Gwennap, which is still the anniversary-meeting ground of his followers. 'I believe,' he says, 'two or three and twenty thousand were present. . . . . I think this is my *ne plus ultrà*. I shall scarce see a larger congregation till we meet in the air.'

Very great, doubtless, was the change effected by Wesley in this western region in the space of a generation. His preachings began at a time when the outward dis-

regard of religion was great in Cornwall as elsewhere; the churches were neglected, their services few and ill attended; the very phraseology of popular piety, so familiar to the ears of a former generation, had become nearly obsolete. 'I asked a little gentleman at St. Just,' says Wesley, 'what objection there was to Edward Greenfield?'—a pious tinner, on whom the constables had seized. He said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, sir, he says his sins are forgiven!' In those pre-Wesleyan times, and partially indeed long after, the manners and habits of the Cornish populace seem (as has been partly seen) to have strongly resembled those of the Irish, without the religious fervour which characterises the latter. There were the same clannish propensities, the same faction fights, the same riotous fairs and noisy funerals, the same disposition for turbulent encounters with the established authorities on every local occasion. Drunkenness must have been nearly universal: we can hardly realise the extent of the change throughout society, and in both sexes, which has occurred in this particular. 'A lady of a distant county,' says the gossip Polwhele, 'lately observed to me that Cornwall, and the west of Cornwall particularly, are remarkable for beautiful women. The girls are very pretty, she said, up to the age of thirteen; after which *their complexions are soon spoilt by brandy-drinking*, and their health impaired!' The inhuman practice of wrecking, of which so many stories are told, continued in full vigour. 'At no great distance from St. Anthony,' says the same authority, 'a wreck happening on a Sunday morning, the clerk announced to the parishioners just assembled, that "Measter would gee them a holladay." *This is a fact*; but whether measter cried out, as his flock were rushing

from the church, " Stop, Stop ! let us start fair ! " I will not aver.' *

About the time of which Polwhele writes, a charge was rife (says Mr. Redding) against a man of a certain position in society of having ' tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hung a lantern round its neck, and driven it himself along the summit of the high cliff on that part of the northern coast where he lived, in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, from imagining there was sea-room, where destruction was inevitable.'

Such were the materials out of which Wesley, and his associates and followers, constructed one of the most orderly and civilised societies in the world. Mr. Mann's tables, which must be cited with every allowance for the imperfections ascribed to them, give 45,000 adult members of the Church of England in Cornwall against 116,000 Protestant Dissenters; but if the western and industrious part of the county were taken by itself, the proportion of the latter would be still further increased. These Dissenters are almost entirely Methodists; the old connexion forming about one-half. No other form of Protestant dissent has taken much root in Cornwall. The Church

* The ' Sir Balaam ' of Pope is enriched by two shipwrecks which ' bless the lucky shore ' of his Cornish lands. ' The author,' says the poet in a note, ' has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives: When a ship happens to be stranded there they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off; to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre, the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities.' This was written in 1732. The Cornish are fond of asserting that the ' wrecking ' propensity is now wholly obsolete. No recent instances have become public, but it is not so sure that the spirit is absolutely extinct. The agent for a county candidate was very lately asked, when canvassing a coast district, ' what Mr. —— thought about wrecking ? '

of England maintains her ground but hardly against the current of popular impulse; and the causes which have lately filled so large a proportion of her pulpits, in this part of England, with staunch 'ritualists' and clergy of very exalted opinions, have given her for the time even less chance of success than heretofore, notwithstanding all her awakened zeal and activity.*

Thus far, could Wesley revisit the earth, he would find that his labours had been crowned with outward success; but whether the character of the religious faith which now bears his name in these western parts would meet his entire approval, may be doubted. Fanaticism (using the word with as little tendency to disrespect as possible) can scarcely take strong hold of the popular mind, except in one of two shapes; namely, either under the guise of priest-worship and ritualism which satisfy the fancy, or of that

* A gentleman not long ago settled in Cornwall, and rented of its owner a little estate on a wild part of the coast. Having a taste for antiquities, he was delighted to discover in his neighbourhood a few fragments of what he believed to be an ancient chapel, where service had been performed for the bodies of seamen wrecked in the bay. He showed them to many, and their fame was spread abroad. One day, on returning from an absence, he discovered, to his great annoyance, that the whole had disappeared. It seems that the farmer, on whose ground the ruin stood—an old Wesleyan class-leader—incensed at the respect paid to such shreds of popery, had obtained permission from the unsuspecting owner to remove 'a few loose stones off the farm,' and had accordingly pushed them over the cliff. Violent proceedings were threatened against the iconoclast: but he died soon after, perfectly satisfied with the last of his good works. In out-of-the-way parishes, however, the Church will sometimes be found holding a very exclusive tenure of popular affection. A visitor looking into a church on the coast a few years ago, observed the clergyman (an excellent man, since deceased) performing some occasional service in a comfortable arm-chair. He asked the churchwarden the meaning of this singular ecclesiastical usage, and was answered, that the parson had met with a bad accident the other day among the cliffs, that he proposed to get a curate, but that the parish were determined against dissent and novelties of all kinds, and did not feel comfortable under the proposal; that they had therefore begged him to go on as before, doing just as much duty as he pleased, when he pleased, and how he pleased.

strong predestinarianism which masters and engrosses the intellect. Any revival which (like Wesley's) rests on neither of these principles, so deeply rooted in human nature, is usually, it may be feared, short-lived in the full extent of its fervour, although it may long survive in name. The Calvinism of Whitefield had made an impression in Cornwall, contemporaneously with Wesley's preaching, much greater than is to be measured by the number of his nominal adherents. Wesley seems to have had himself a suspicion that his own favourite Arminian tenets were scarcely strong meat enough for the eager-minded population whose spiritual hunger he had excited. 'The more I converse with the believers in Cornwall,' he says in 1762, 'the more I am convinced that they have sustained great loss for want of hearing the doctrine of Christian perfection clearly and strongly enforced.' The general tendency of Cornish popular Methodism, whatever its more orthodox teachers may maintain, is probably, notwithstanding the high moral character of the people, towards Antinomianism of sentiment at least, if not of doctrine.

If the fatalist theory tends also to engender spiritual pride—and in Cornwall, as in Wales, it is impossible not to be struck with the prevalence of that failing in its coarsest forms—it adds at the same time a peculiar vigour to the native virtues of courage and endurance. Many are the records of unassuming bravery, contained in the annals of Cornish enthusiasm. When the Anson frigate went to pieces, years ago, on the terrible beach of the Loe Bar near Helston—where, as the people of the neighbourhood affirm, the bodies of the drowned, if recovered at all, reappear stripped of their very clothing by the grinding of the rollers on the shingle—the only assistance that could be given was by rushing as far as

possible into the surf, and snatching at the bodies as the breakers carried them struggling towards shore. A poor methodist teacher, whose name is unrecorded, volunteered for the service; he rode twice into the sea and rescued two sailors, but on the third venture both horse and rider were swept away. A more remarkable story, of a few years back only, has met with a distinguished lot, by falling into the hands of Mr. Carlyle, who has dressed it up as an illustration of heroism; but the fact is true, and the scene was a mine in the neighbourhood of Liskeard. Two men, an older and a younger, were at work blasting in a level. Not till the fuse was lit for effecting their purpose did they discover that the 'kiddle,' or basket, which was let down to carry them out of danger, was only large enough for one. The elder man, a class-teacher it is said, insisted on his younger companion mounting without him, because, as he said, he had himself assurance of salvation, while his comrade might risk soul as well as body. He crouched down in a corner, and the explosion passed safely over his head. Such a story is far best left to make its impression without rhetorical aid; but the reader may compare, if he will, the terrible narrative in Sir Walter Scott's journal in the Orkneys, of the three cragsmen suspended by a rope, of which the strands were visibly parting overhead: the topmost man convinced that it must break with the weight of the three, deliberately cut it asunder below himself, and launched his father and brother into the abyss.

Of Cornish superstition, too nearly akin to Cornish devotion—*corruptio optimi pessima*—one hardly ventures to say all that the subject suggests. It is so prolific that pages might be filled, not with mere legends wrought up for literary purposes, but with serious accounts of the wild delusions which seem to have lived on from the

very birth of pagan antiquity, and still to hold their influence among the earnest and Christian people of this corner of England. Stripping off the romantic and the amusing, it is in truth rather a humiliating topic to dwell on. Superstition lives on, with little abatement of vitality, in the human heart; in the lower classes, it wears its old costumes with very slow alteration—in the higher, it changes them with the rapidity of modes in fashionable circles; as the annals of society of late years abundantly testify. Sarcastic Londoners may therefore feel rather ashamed of professing superior wisdom to their Cornish friends; but the subject is too characteristic to be wholly omitted. Certainly the Celtic races stand pre-eminent among mankind in the variety and strangeness of their intimacy with the invisible world. It seems the growth of their very climate and geographical position among the mists of the Atlantic—

Placed far amid the melancholy main—

in a region with ever-varying aspects of land and sea, and sea-born vapour, producing fantastic appearances unfamiliar to the denizens of those drier and warmer countries where the bright aërial perspective remains unchanged through months of sunshine, and where the storm, when it comes, envelops all at once in unmitigated darkness. Optical delusions are rare under that transparent canopy, save in a few excepted cases, such as the pretty spectacle of the Fata Morgana. And mental delusion on spiritual subjects, or 'demonomania,' though by no means unheard of in the south of Europe, is seldom a prevalent or lasting epidemic where mere material life is so self-sufficing. Our Celts, on the other hand, are probably those very Cimmerians of whom Homer had that sublime, because indefinite conception—

dwellers on the confines of the living and dead, themselves wrapt in eternal and death-like gloom—ἠέρι καὶ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένοι; which idea Claudian has materialised and degraded, in the well-known lines—

> Est locus extremum quâ pandit Gallia litus,
> Oceani prætentus aquis . . . .
> Illic umbrarum tenui stridore volantûm
> Flebilis auditur questus; simulacra coloni
> Pallida, defunctasque vident errare figuras.

This conversion of the vaguely sublime Cimmerians into gross, matter-of-fact, provincial 'coloni,' scot-and-lot payers of Aquitaine and Armorica, living among ghosts, meeting ghosts daily on their excursions, and hearing them squeak as they flit by, is no doubt of a deep order of bathos, and strongly exemplifies the difference between the inspired bard and the rhetorical versifier. And yet the Claudianic description, in its prosaic nakedness, does express, in an uncouth way, the curious terms of familiarity in which the Celtic population have lived, from time immemorial, with the spirits of the dead, and the elvish races of middle air. 'Paul Zealand' (says Moore, in a note to the Irish melodies) 'mentions that there is a mountain in some part of Ireland, where the ghosts of persons who have died in foreign lands walk about and converse with those whom they meet, like living people. If asked why they do not return to their homes, they say they are obliged to go to Mount Hecla, and disappear immediately.' The mythology of Ireland, the Highlands, Wales, and Brittany, has long furnished food for romance: Cornish superstitions have been less wrought up for the market, partly because less known, and partly because less attractive from what we have termed the essentially unpoetical spirit of the people, which has never invested them with any kind of legendary interest. But they are grotesque enough, and gloomy enough, to serve the turn

of any compiler of such lore; and, moreover, of a very practical character to this day. 'Within my remembrance,' says Polwhele in 1826, 'there were conjuring parsons and cunning clerks; every blacksmith was a doctor, and every old woman was a witch. In short, all nature seemed to be united—its wells, its plants, its birds, its beasts, its reptiles, and even inanimate things—in sympathising with human credulity; in predicting or in averting, in relieving or in aggravating, misfortune.' Holy wells—not the least graceful relic of paganism—have pretty nearly lost their influence in Cornwall, after long ages of popularity; yet there have been instances of relief sought in this way within these few years. Many a spell and amulet still survives, and many a strange traditional cure; though it is questionable whether rheumatism is still treated with 'boiled dunderbolt' (thunderbolt or Celt), as Polwhele says it was in his time. The Pixies, or rather 'piskies,' are still favourite subjects of half-credulous talk, if not so implicitly believed in as formerly: readers may find in the papers on Cornish Folk-lore in 'Notes and Queries' the pretty story of the Pixy-led schoolboy, who was carried, on pronouncing certain magical words, with a host of the little people, from Polperro through the air to Seaton Beach, and thence, if we recollect rightly, to the King of France's cellar—a tale of yesterday. But the gloomy and the malevolent superstitions have, unhappily, the most tenacious hold. Drowned men are still heard to 'hail their own names' in stormy weather, near the spot where they perished. The 'Death-ship' still stands in to shore—tall, dark, square-rigged, with black sails, beating up against wind and tide—as the omen of remarkable deceases. Sturdy sailors, their limbs distorted by cramp or rheumatism, will even now ascribe their sufferings—ay,

and swear to the tale in Court—to the wicked practices of some old woman whom they have met on the hill-side, waving her stick in the air. Miners, almost as superstitious as sailors, are not precisely vexed like their brethren in Germany, with visitations of Kobolds and Berg-Geister; but they hear underground the noise of the 'knockers,' the imprisoned spirits of Jews, sent to work in the mines by the Roman emperors,—so at least Mr. Kingsley tells us; it may, however, be doubted whether the notion has not a more modern origin, unknown to the miners themselves, and is not connected with those Jews who commonly farmed or wrought the mines under the Plantagenet kings. A stranger may hardly venture to catalogue among superstitious practices the use of the divining rod, provincially termed 'Dowsing,' frequently resorted to at this day to discover metallic veins, lest some even scientific readers should tax him with presumptuous unbelief. But the most inveterate and most mischievous of surviving delusions is that of 'ill-wishing' and 'overlooking,' which is nearly identical with the evil eye of the East, the Jettatura of the Neapolitans. A sinister look, or a muttered expression of discontent, is carefully treasured up by the object of it, and any mischance which follows set down to the score of 'ill-wishers.' And, precisely as at Naples, the faculty is thought to be hereditary. Not many years ago, a gang of gipsies were driven from their breezy encampment near the Land's End, and scarcely escaped personal violence, not from any prosaic objections to their thievish habits, but because they were reputed to 'ill-wish' the neighbouring population. The exhibition of a horseshoe is still the favourite prophylactic.* They have been seen

* It may not be generally known that the virtue of the horseshoe resembles that of the 'pentagram' with one angle left open, into which Faust

within these few years nailed on cottage doors, vessels, omnibuses, and vans, and in one instance on the gate of a borough gaol. The gaoler, when questioned, affected a philosophic sneer, but ascribed the horseshoe to the weakness of his wife; she fancied, he said, that her husband might have 'ill-wishers' inside the gaol; which was likely enough.

Of Cornish traditions the most famous, for many a generation, was, perhaps still is, that of Tregeagle, or 'Giant Tregeagle,' a personage round whom, as round the Grecian Hercules, all the scattered fragments of popular fiction seem to conglomerate. The real John Tregeagle, of Treworder, Gent., one, &c., and Justice of the Peace, was, it seems, steward to the Lord Robartes whom we have already mentioned, and must have belonged to the sceptical party, inasmuch as he was the author of the commitment and prosecution for cheating of Ann Jefferys, a maiden who pretended to have dealings with the Pixies; nevertheless, he figures in the legend as a conjuror. After his death, his ghost was called as a witness, at Launceston assizes, to prove some issue in a civil action in which his landlord's family were concerned, which purpose he laudably fulfilled, but, having done so, deliberately refused to quit the court, and was only dislodged at last by the spells of a more powerful magician. But his conqueror, it seems, like Michael Scott, only obtained the phantom's submission at the price of always finding him some work to do. Thenceforward his story becomes a hazy tissue of nightmare-like legends—of incessant labours at ghostly and impracticable tasks, such as we attempt in dreams. Sometimes he is found occupy-

enticed Mephistopheles. The Evil one, it seems, has a tendency to moving in circles, and consequently, when once enclosed in the horseshoe, cannot easily get out at the heel.

ing a particular room in the old manor-house of the Robartes family, working all night at endless accounts, in which there is always a sixpence wrong. Sometimes he is damming the mouth of the Loe-pool with sand, which the high tides and the land floods regularly wash away. Sometimes he is draining Dozmery Pool, a desolate lake on the moors, with a limpet-shell having a hole in the bottom; a legend, by the way, which is equally current among the Devonshire moormen respecting Cran Mere Pool in the centre of Dartmoor.

An endeavour has been made in these pages to represent our Cornish fellow-citizens such as they are conceived to be, in the strength as well as the weakness of their character, without selecting merely those points on which they are accustomed to compliments, and, at the same time, without any attempt at satire or any conscious misrepresentation. No one can have lived among them on terms of familiarity, much less of intimacy, without acquiring perhaps an undue bias in their favour from their hearty and hospitable ways, and from that peculiar raciness of character which always belongs, for good or for evil, to people whose land is 'no thoroughfare;' and yet removed by their industrious habits and great commercial activity from the apathy and contented barbarism which are apt to prevail in districts so circumstanced. A deeper interest also attaches to strong provincial peculiarities in our day, when they are doubtless on the verge of disappearing. They cannot long coexist with our modern rapidity of communication—long, that is, in an historical sense of the word; though they will as yet survive through some generations ere they are replaced by that uniformity of thought and action, and extinction of mere local influences, which seems destined to be the ultimate result of our present course of improvement. Whatever sentimental

regrets some may entertain for the past, it cannot be doubted that anomalies of this kind do substantially act as so many obstacles, so much unnecessary friction, in the way of the machinery of civilisation, and that the power of combined action on the one hand, the power of human thought itself on the other, will gain enormously by their entire removal. But this, as has been said, is a consummation as yet far off, even in our small island and intensely active society. In the mean time, it affords the purest and highest gratification to observe, that as from time to time the research of the antiquary fixes on and endeavours to portray these features as they exist in his own day—as we pass from the page of Carew to those of Hals, Borlase, Polwhele, and the other authorities to whom we have referred, and thence to the results of our own contemporary observation—we trace, throughout, evidences of the substantial advance of good and decay of evil; the coarser, darker, and more repulsive features of the social organization tend the most clearly and rapidly towards disappearance. A century ago the inhabitants of the county which has been here described were, as a people, very careless of religion, if not irreligious; they are now notorious for the prevalence of devotional feeling, with a strong tendency to the enthusiastic. They were all but universally addicted to drunkenness; intemperance is now exceptional among them. They were pugnacious and turbulent; they are now orderly and peaceful (notwithstanding their habits of association in great numbers), in a degree surpassed by no civilised community. They were wreckers and smugglers; they are now distinguished for their humanity and courage on the occasions of the many shipping disasters along their coasts; and smuggling (though probably from other than moral

causes) is comparatively a trifling evil. Those who view things on the dark side will have it that these undeniable improvements have been effected at the cost of much loss of the rough but sincere morality of earlier life; that criminal offences, particularly of the fraudulent class, have multiplied, and the breach of some common moral laws has become more ordinary. It may be so: but little confidence can be placed in statistical comparisons between the amount of crime at one period and another, by those who know the many causes which lead to uncertainty in such comparisons; and, however some may reject the notion as a paradox, the amount of legal crime is probably a very imperfect index of the general morality of a district or people. We should look rather to the tone of public opinion. If that be manifestly improved in the great mass of the community,—if many a practice, formerly regarded as venial at best, be now looked on with disfavour, if not with contempt and abhorrence,—if there is a general and increasing admiration of that which is good, though mixed with much false sentiment and visionary enthusiasm, a general and increasing detestation of vice in the abstract, though it be accompanied with much of cant and self-righteousness, and with much of weakness in practice,—the heart of the people is sound, and their deliverance from bondage is proceeding.

If these views of the gradual but decided advance of this little portion of our community in morality and in real intelligence are well grounded, it is satisfactory to dwell on them, not for the mere purpose of tickling the ear of the reader with the commonplace panegyrics on 'progress,' of which modern popular philosophy is so profuse, but for deeper reasons.

How far the world may be improving in these respects, and for how long any such improvement may be counted

on, are questions of another order. But the special interest which attaches to this narrow portion of a great subject, arises from the circumstance that no people present more markedly than this secluded Cornish race the characteristics of that practical republicanism and self-government which appear likely to establish themselves over so large a portion of the world, as the ties of feudal subjection wear out, and the stronger bonds of those systems of centralised authority, which now so extensively prevail, snap, as it seems probable they will do, from over-tightening. If we endeavour to picture to our imaginations, a people liberated for good or for evil from these ancient restraints, we are apt to conceive it as habitually managing its own affairs: little disposed to place itself under the guidance of leaders, except such as it selects from its own body, and subjects to very jealous control; ready in comprehending, and adapting, the minor devices which enable men to act more easily in concert; addicted to industrial co-operation, and mercantile adventure in partnership; with no great appreciation, it may be feared, of aristocratic polish and refinement, such as flourished in the older world, but capable through self-education and self-respect of attaining a certain amount of both. Such, according to the estimate which now prevails in many minds, may probably be the republicans of the future, under whatever form of external government their democracy may subsist: and such, to a great extent, are our Cornishmen, and similar races of industrious men dwelling somewhat apart from the great centres of productive industry, at the present day. How the prevalence of such a state of society can be reconciled, or whether it ever can be reconciled, with our huge accumulation of individual wealth and the habitual luxury of our few, is a question the solution of which may tax the wisdom of some generations

yet to come. But in the mean time, every evidence which a comparison of the past with the present affords of the increase of self-restraint, self-respect, self-government in its various forms, in that class of our people who are on the whole removed alike from the influence of wealth and from the pressure of want, is not only a good sign for the present, but of happy augury for the great undeveloped future.

THE LANDSCAPE OF ANCIENT ITALY, AS DELINEATED IN THE POMPEIAN PAINTINGS.

Und aber nach zweitausend Jahren
Kam ich desselbigen Wegs gefahren.

Et puis nous irons voir, car décadence et deuil
Viennent toujours après la puissance et l'orgueil,
Nous irons voir . . . .

We are so much accustomed to depend on the four great literary languages for the whole body of our information and amusement, that it occurs to few to consider that ignorance of other European dialects involves any inconvenience at all, except to those who have occasion to visit the countries in which they are spoken. Yet there is much of really valuable matter which sees the light only in the minor tongues, especially those of the industrious North, and with which the world has never been made familiar through translation. Joachim Frederic Schouw, the Danish botanist, is one of the writers of our day who has suffered most prejudicially both to his own fame and to the public from having employed only his native language. For his writings are not only valuable in a scientific point of view, but belong to the most popular order of scientific writing, and would assuredly have been general favourites, had not the bulk of them remained untranslated. His 'Tableau du Climat de l'Italie' has, however, appeared in French, and is a standard work. A little collection of very brief and popular essays, entitled 'The Earth, Plants, and Man,' has been translated both into German and English. One of

these, styled 'The Plants of Pompeii,' is founded on a rather novel idea. The paintings on the walls of the disinterred houses of that city contain (among other things) many landscape compositions. Sometimes these are accessory to historical representations. But they often merely portray the scenery of ordinary out-door life. As to their merit, the old decorators of the Pompeian chambers have indeed left us some of the most charming specimens of ancient art which the world possesses.* Still there is a singular contrast between the exquisite sense of beauty which pervades their compositions, reproductions no doubt to a great extent of older models, and the coarse and perfunctory way in which they are often executed. The daubers among them had an evident taste for those trivial tricks of scenic deception, which are still very popular in Italy. Their verdure, sky, and so forth, seem often as if meant to impose on the spectator for a moment as realities; and are, therefore, executed in a 'realistic' though sketchy style. 'Consequently,' says Schouw, 'the observation of the plants which are represented in these paintings will give, as far as they go, the measure of those which were familiar to the ancient eye, and will help to show the identities and the differences between the vegetation of the Campanian plains a hundred years after Christ, and that which adorns them now.'

* Is not the world of 'high art,' at least in sculpture, really limited, and can we do otherwise than repeat the masterpieces which we possess? Most, at all events, of what is popularly received as original, is in truth mere imitation. Since the time of Canova, there have been three female figures executed by sculptors, we dare not say of surpassing merit, for fear of encountering controversy, but certainly of surpassing popularity: Danneker's Ariadne; Kiss's Amazon; Powers's Greek Slave. Of the first, the 'motive' —we might almost say the model—is to be found in that well known Pompeian fresco, of strange loveliness, the 'Girl on the Chimera.' Of the second in a small bronze Amazon from Herculaneum: figured in vol. 3, plate 43, of the Reale Museo Borbonico. While the third only transfers the familiar type of the Antinous to the other sex.

Let us now follow the Professor through this confined but elegant little chapter of his investigations. But by restraining ourselves to this alone, we should be dealing with only part of a subject. In most regions, two thousand years have made considerable changes in the appearance of the vegetable covering of the earth; but in that land of volcanic influences in which Pompeii stood, great revolutions have taken place, during that time, in the structure of the ground itself. Sea and land have changed places; mountains have risen and sunk; the very outlines and main landmarks of the scene are other than what they were. Let us for a moment imagine ourselves gazing with Emperor Tiberius from his 'specular height' on precipitous Capri at that unequalled panorama of sea and land formed by the Gulf of Naples, and note in what respects the visible face of things has changed since he beheld it.

The central object in his view, as in that of the modern observer, was Vesuvius, standing out a huge insulated mountain mass, unconformable with the other outlines of the landscape, and covered then, as now, with its broad mantle of dusky green. Then, as now, its volcanic soil was devoted to the cultivation of the vine. But in other respects its appearance was widely different. No slender, menacing column of smoke rose perpetually from its summit. Nor was it lurid, at night, with that red gleam of the slow river of fire,

> 'A cui riluce
> Di Capri la marina
> E di Napoli il porto e Mergellina.

It was an extinct volcano, and had been so for unknown ages. Nor did it exhibit its present characteristic cone, nor probably its double top; Vesuvius and Somma were most likely one; and the deep half-moon-shaped ravine

of the Atrio del Cavallo, which now divides them, is thought to be a relic of the ancient crater. That crater was a huge amphitheatrical depression, several miles in circuit, filled with pasture-lands and tangled woods. Spartacus and his servile army had used it not long before as a natural fortress. But this feature was scarcely visible to the spectator at Capri, opposite the mountain, to whom the summit must have appeared as a broad flat-topped ridge, in shape and height very similar to the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope.

At the time in question, scarcely a few vague traditions remained to record the fact that the mountain had once 'burnt.' The fiery legends of Magna Græcia related to the country west of Naples, where volcanic action had been more recent: the Phlegræan fields, the market place of Vulcan (Solfatara), the cone of Inarime (Ischia), through which the imprisoned Typhœus breathed flame; from whence he has been since transferred to Vesuvius, as a Genoese monk informed us when we and he first looked on that volcano together. Vesuvius awoke from his sleep of unknown length, as every one knows, in A.D. 79, when he celebrated his resumption of authority by that grand 'extra night' of the 24th August, which has had no rival since, in the way of pyrotechnical entertainment, except on the distant shores of Iceland, the West Indies, and the Moluccas. His period of activity lasted nearly a thousand years. Then he relapsed into lethargy for six hundred. In 1631, he had resumed (as old prints show) something nearly resembling the form which we have attributed to him in classical times. His top, of great height, swollen up by the slow accumulation of burning matter without a vent, was a level plateau, with a pit-like crater, filled with a forest of secular oaks and ilexes: only a few 'fumaroles,' or smoke holes,

remained here and there to attest his real character. Even the legends of his conflagrations had become out of date. The old 'Orearch' or mountain spirit, Vesevus, is portrayed by the local poet Pontanus in the fifteenth century, as a rustic figure, with a bald head, hump back, and cincture of brushwood—all fiery attributes omitted. Even his terrible name was only known to the learned: the people called him the 'Monte di Somma.' The suburban appendages of a great luxurious city, convents, gardens, vineyards, hunting-grounds, and parks of the nobility, had crept again up the sides of the mountain, until they almost mingled with the trees on the summit. The approaching hour was not without its premonitory signs, many and strange. The phenomena which Bulwer makes his witch of Vesuvius recount, by way of warning, to Arbaces, are very closely borrowed from contemporary narratives of the eruption of 1631. Nor were the omens of superstition wanting, accommodated to the altered feelings of the times. At the Plinian eruption, the people imagined that the old giants buried in the Phlegræan fields had risen again, and renewed their battle with the gods: 'for many phantoms of them,' says Dio Cassius, 'were seen in the smoke, and a blast, as of trumpets, was heard.' In 1631, carriages full of devils were seen to drive, and battalions of diabolical soldiers to gather in marching array, along the precipitous flanks of the mountain. The footsteps of unearthly animals were tracked on the roads. 'A peasant of the name of Giovanni Camillo' (so we are informed by the Jesuit Giulio Cesare Recupito, a contemporary), 'had passed Easter Eve at a farm-house of his own on the mountain. There, without having taken a mouthful of anything, he was overtaken by a profound slumber, from which awakening suddenly, he saw no longer before his eyes the likeness of the place where he had fallen asleep, but a new heaven, a new soil,

a new landscape: instead of a hill-side covered with wood, there appeared a wall crossing the road, and extending on each side for a great distance, with a very lofty gate. Astonished at this new scene, he went to the gate to inquire where he was. There he found a porter of the order of St. Francis, a young man in appearance. Many conjecture that this was St. Antony of Padua. The porter at first seemed to repulse him, but afterwards admitted him into the courtyard, and guided him about. After a long circuit they arrived at a great range of buildings breathing fire from every window.' In short, the poor peasant was conducted, after the fashion of such visions, through the mansions of hell and purgatory, where he saw, of course, many of his acquaintance variously tormented. 'At last, on the following day, he was restored to himself, and to Vesuvius: and was ordered to inform his countrymen that a great ruin was impending over them from that mountain: wherefore they should address their vows and prayers to God. On Easter Day, at noon, he came home, and was observed of many with his dress sprinkled with ashes, his face burnt black, as if escaped from a fire.' This was two years before the eruption, and during the interval Camillo always told the same story; wherefore, after passing a long time for either mad or drunk, he was finally raised to the dignity of a prophet. For at last, on the night of 15th December, the ancient volcano signalised his awakening by a feat of unrivalled grandeur. In forty-eight hours of terrific struggles, he blew away the whole cap of the mountain; so that, on the morning of the 18th, when the smoke subsided, the Neapolitans beheld their familiar summit a thousand feet lower than it had been before: while its southern face was seamed by seven distinct streams of fire, slowly rolling at several points into the sea.

Since 1631, the frequency, if not the violence, of the

eruptions seems to have gradually increased, and Vesuvius is probably more 'active' now, in local language, than at any former time in his annals, having made the fortunes of an infinity of guides and miscellaneous waiters on Providence within the last fifteen years, besides burning a forest or two, and expelling the peasantry of some villages. But his performances on a grand scale seem for the present suspended. Frequent eruptions prevent that accumulation of matter which produces great ones. Indeed the late Mr. Laing, whose 'Notes of a Traveller' show him to have been that identical 'sturdy Scotch Presbyterian whig' who visited Oxford in company with Lockhart's Reginald Dalton, 'reviling all things, despising all things, and puffing himself up with all things,' deliberately pronounced the volcano a humbug, and believed the depth of its subterranean magazines to be extremely trifling. Still, the curious traveller, like that fabulous Englishman who visited the lion-tamer every night for the chance of seeing him devoured, cannot help looking with a certain eagerness for the occurrence of those two interesting catastrophes, of which the day and hour are written down in the book of the Fates—that combination of high tide, west wind, and land flood, which is to drown St. Petersburgh; that combination of south-east wind and first-class eruption which is to bury Naples in ashes. This finale seemed nearer in that recent eruption of December 1860 which spent its fury on Torre del Greco, than perhaps on any former occasion; but once more the danger passed away.

To return, however, from this digression, which has nothing to excuse it except the interest which clings even to often-repeated stories respecting the popular old volcano. Other features in that wonderful panorama, seen from Capri, have undergone scarcely inferior changes since the

time of Tiberius. Yonder rich tract of level land at the mouth of the Sarno, between Torre dell' Annunziata and Castellamare, did not exist. The sea has retreated from it. Tiberius saw, instead of it, a deep bay washing the walls of the compact little provincial city of Pompeii. But the neighbouring port of Stabiæ is gone: not a vestige of its site remains. Above it to the right, Monte Sant' Angelo, and the limestone sierra of which it forms a part, remain, no doubt, unchanged by time. Only that marvellous range of Roman villas and gardens which lined its foot for leagues, almost rivalling the structures of the opposite Bay of Baiæ for magnificence has disappeared, no one knows how or when. The diver off the coast of Sorrento can touch with his hand the long ranges of foundation-work, brick and marble, which now lie many feet beneath the clear water. It was a strange fit of short-lived magnificence, that which induced the grandest of millionaires, the chiefs of the Augustan age, to raise their palaces, all round the Gulf of Naples, on vaulted ranges of piles laid within the sea, so that its luxurious ripple should be heard under the rooms in which they lived. Niebuhr who, with all his curious insight into the ways of antiquity, was not superior to the temptation of finding a new reason for everything, asserts that they did so in order to escape the *malaria*. But this would have been idle, as that mysterious evil influence extended some way beyond the shore. The country craft will, even now, keep as far as they can in the summer nights, off the coast of the Campagna, while the quiet land-breeze is wafting death from the interior. The real causes were, doubtless, what the writers of the time disclose. The land close to the shore was dear and scanty, and ill-accommodated for building from its steepness. The first new-comer who set the fashion of turning sea into land, was imitated by others in the

mere wantonness of wealth, until nearly the whole shore of what is now called the Bay of Naples became lined with palatial edifices, like the Grand Canal of Venice, but not so durably. These classical structures frequently delineated with more or less detail in the Pompeian frescoes, were as beautiful and as transitory as those of our dreams; or like the vision which Claude Lorraine transferred to canvas in the most poetical of landscapes, his 'Enchanted Palace.' Judging from the singular phenomena exhibited by the Temple of Serapis, and from other topographical records, geologists have concluded that land and sea, in this volcanic region, wax and wane in long successions of ages. Thus the sea rose (or rather the land sank) on the coast of the Bay of Naples for about eleven centuries previous to A.D. 1000; then the reverse movement took place until about A.D. 1500: and the land is now sinking again. If so, these marine palaces must have gradually subsided into the sea, and their owners may have been driven out by the invasion of cuttle-fish and sea-hedgehogs, and other monsters of the Mediterranean shallows, in their best bedrooms, even before Norman or Saracen incursions had reduced them to desolation. But whatever the cause of their disappearance, they had vanished before modern history began: nor has modern luxury, in its most profuse mood, ever sought to reproduce them. Their submarine ruins remain as memorials of ages when men were at all events more daring and earnest in their extravagance, and the 'lust of the eye and the pride of life' were deified on a grander scale, than at any other epoch of the world's history.

Naples herself, the 'idle' and the 'learned' (for the ancients called her somewhat inconsistently by both epithets, nor had she as yet acquired her more recent soubriquet of the 'beautiful'), formed by a far less conspicuous ob-

ject in the view than now; it was a place of some twenty or thirty thousand souls, according to Niebuhr's conjectural estimate; confined between the modern Mole on the one hand, and the gate del Carmine on the other; and nestling close in the neighbourhood of the sister city Herculaneum. The lofty line of the houses on the Chiaia —of which you may now almost count the windows in the top storeys from the sea-level at Capri, through that pellucid atmosphere, while the lower storeys are hidden by the earth's curvature—did not then exist. But instead of it there extended the endless terraces and colonnades, the cypress avenues and plane groves, of that range of fortress-palaces erected by Pollio and Lucullus, enlacing island, and beach, and ridge, even to the point of Posilippo, with tracery of dazzling marble; almost connected with Puteoli, then a greater city than Naples, and covering with its buildings the hill-side from whence it has now shrunk to the shore. Here, however, the mere natural changes have been small, except that an island or two (like Megalia, on which now stands the Castel dell' Uovo) has since been joined to the continent. But farther west, round the Bay of Baiæ, fire and water have dealt most fantastically with the scenery. Scarcely a prominent feature on which the Roman eye rested remains unchanged. Quiet little Nisida was a smoking semi-volcano. Yonder level dun-coloured shore, from Pozzuoli to the Lucrine, was, under water, and the waves dashed against a line of cliff now some miles inland. That crater-shaped Lake of Agrano, now the common resort of Neapolitan holiday-makers, did not exist; it must have been formed by some unrecorded convulsion of the dark ages. Yonder neatly truncated cone, rising five hundred feet above the plain, seems as permanent a feature in the landscape as any other of the 'everlasting hills;' but it was the creation of

a few days of violent eruption, only three centuries ago—as its name of Monte Nuovo still indicates—whether by 'upheaval' or by 'ejection' philosophers dispute. But the beautiful Lucrine Lake, the station of Roman fleets and the very central point of Roman luxury, disappeared in the same elemental commotion; leaving a narrow stagnant pool behind. Only yon slight dyke or barrier of beach, between this shrunken mere and the sea, deserves respect; for that has remained, strange to say, almost unaltered throughout. It is one of the very oldest legendary spots of earth; doubtless the very road along which Hercules dragged the oxen of Geryon; the very 'narrow shore' on which Ulysses landed in order to call up the melancholy shades of the dead. Farther inland, again, Avernus remains unchanged, in shape at least; but many and strange are the revolutions which it has undergone in other respects. We first hear of it as a dark pool, surrounded by forests; the bed, doubtless, of an ancient crater filled with water, and retaining much of volcanic action; but not (as commonly supposed) fatal to the birds that flew over it. That notion is not classical; or rather, it is founded on a misconception of classical authorities. The pool is not called by the best writers 'lacus Avernus' but 'lacus Averni,' the lake *of* the Avernus. What is an Avernus? Lucretius tells us that it is a spot where noxious gases escape from the earth, so that the birds which fly over it fall dead on the earth, *or* into the lake, if there happens to be a lake below them. And Virgil's description, accurately construed, gives exactly the same meaning.

> Spelunca alta fuit, ...
> . . . . tuta lacu nigro, nemorumque tenebris :
> *Quam* super (not quem super, over the cavern, not the lake) haud ullæ
> poterant impunè volantes
> Tendere iter pennis ; . . . .
> Unde *locum* (not *lacum*) Graii dixerunt nomine Aornon.

It was the exhalations from the mysterious cavern that were deadly, not those from the lake. Such an 'Avernus' is the 'Gueva Upas' or Valley of Death, in Java, to which condemned criminals were formerly sent to perish; whence the romance about the Upas Tree. And such an Avernus, on a small scale, still exists on the shore of the peaceful little Lake of Laach in Germany, also an extinct crater; there are spots on its beach where bird-corpses are to be found in numbers, killed by mephitic gases. But—to return to our lake—it must at that time have lain at or (like some other extinct craters) below the level of the sea; for Augustus's great engineering operation consisted in letting the sea *into* the lake.

Tyrrhenusque fretis immittitur æstus Avernis.

Fifteen hundred years afterwards, and just before the Monte Nuovo eruption, the place was visited by that painful old topographer, Leandro Alberti, the Leland of Italy. The channel made by Augustus was then gone; but the lake was still on a level with the sea, for Alberti asserts that in storms the sea broke into it: and the water, as he expressly affirms, was salt. Now, its level is several feet above that of the sea, and the water is fresh. The upheaval must have been gradual and peaceful, for the outline of the lonely mere is as perfectly rounded now as in the poet Lycophron's description of it;—but a portion only of that bewildering succession of changes of which this coast has been the theatre; the latest vibration of that vast commotion figured in the legendary war of the giants. Nor is it quite so wild a conjecture as some have deemed it, that the tradition which peopled this bright coast with Cimmerians—those dwellers in the everlasting mist, on the border-land between the dead and the living—had its origin in the tales of primeval

navigators, who had visited the neighbourhood during some mighty and prolonged eruption, covering sea and shore with a permanent darkness which 'might be felt:' like the coast of Iceland in 1783, when for a whole summer continual eruptions arose from the water as well as the land; when 'the noxious vapours that for many months infected the air, enveloped the whole island in a dense fog which obscured the sun, and was perceptible even in England and Holland.' Still farther westward in our panoramic view, the confusion between past and present becomes even more undecipherable. Baiæ has disappeared; a stately city of pleasure, which, to judge by its remaining foundations, rose on a hill-side in terraces, something like its British counterpart Bath, but with its foot washed by the Mediterranean instead of the Avon: so has Misenum, with its naval station: and not only are these towns gone, but the land on which they stood seems so to have changed its shape, through earthquakes, marine encroachments, and the labour of men, that its very outlines are altered, until the eye rests at last on the peak of Ischia, which ends the semicircle.

Thus much by way of introduction to the more immediate point of our inquiry; the changes in the general aspect and character of the earth's vegetable covering which have taken place in the same period of two thousand years, and in the same locality.

One of the greatest features of interest to the scientific botanist, and even to the less instructed lover of nature, which Italy presents, consists in the circumstance that the northern and southern types of vegetation—to speak more closely, the northern-temperate and the sub-tropical—meet together, especially in its warmer regions, in stronger contrast than probably anywhere else. The same remark is true, to some extent, of the Mediter-

ranean shores in general: but those of France and of Turkey approach more to the general northern aspect; those of Barbary to the tropical: in favoured Italy the two types seem sometimes to blend and sometimes to contrast in ever-changing and ever-striking variety. The same was doubtless, to some extent, the case in ancient times. But the northern character was probably far more prevalent then than now. The early Greek settlers landed on a forest region, where the common deciduous trees of the north, now driven back to the scantily clothed gorges of the central Apennines, flourished in great abundance. Such a nature as this may still be observed in the few forest patches left in the higher Abruzzi, the Sila of Calabria, and so forth. 'The beech-forest,' says Schouw, 'is called the symbol of the Danish character. But I have wandered in Calabria through large and beautiful beech-woods, on the higher plateaux of the Apennines, where the vegetation as well as the bracing air constantly reminded me of my home.' Probably the wild shores of Corsica, or those of Dalmatia, with their shaggy growth of northern forest and their undergrowth of mixed northern and Mediterranean shrubs, present an aspect more resembling what the followers of Ulysses and Æneas beheld when they landed, than may elsewhere be found. We may notice historical traces of the continued existence of this ruder and fresher nature not only in the agricultural writers of the Romans, who speak far more of deciduous trees than of the evergreen, now deemed so characteristic of Italy, but in the well-known pages of Virgil. There is not in general much of 'local colour' in the 'Eclogues' and 'Georgics:' that is a poetical artifice of a later day. But what there is represents the physiognomy, not of the Lombard plains where he was born, but of the neighbourhood of Naples in which he lived. Even

his sea-sand is 'black,' not brown or yellow, like that of all other bards,—the volcanic sand of the bays of Baiæ and Naples—very coal-dust in appearance.* And yet the general idea which the verses of Virgil convey of the region with which he is concerned, is that of a sylvan country—not, emphatically, the 'land of the cypress and myrtle,' but of the oak, ash, linden, wych-elm, beech, characteristic citizens now a days of the great Transalpine forests only.† Some of the trees of which he celebrates the grandeur have since not only become scarce in his country, but it is difficult to ascertain with accuracy their real character. The mighty æsculus, for example, the noblest denizen of Latian forests, which formed of itself great woods, 'lata æsculeta,' is a mere puzzle for antiquarian botanists: no one knows what it was, and there may be some question whether it has not disappeared from the face of earth, or whether it survives only in some nearly extinct variety of oak.‡

Man has doubtless done much towards the effecting of this change, the more valuable plants of the south having been gradually introduced, and the indigenous woods cleared for their reception; but it seems at least a pro-

* Virgil's climate is indeed here and there almost sub-tropical; as where he recommends the farmer to place his hives near a 'palm-tree, or a huge oleaster' to swarm upon: advice which he might as well have tendered to a Scythian, as to a colonist of his native Mantua. But we can never be sure that he is not translating some Greek original.

† The same may have been true of Greece also, but at a still earlier period. The forests of the northern part of Asia Minor are still magnificent. On the European shore of the Bosphorus, the extensive forest of Belgrade is preserved with care as what the Swiss call a 'Bannwald,' for the sake, it is said, of maintaining the watersprings which supply Constantinople. In it the pine grows side by side with fine specimens of both the common and Turkey oak, the small-leaved mountain elm (Homeric Ptelea), chesnut, plane and other deciduous trees.

‡ Heldreich (author of 'An Essay on the Useful Plants of Greece') finds it in a single oak forest in Elis.

bable conjecture, that Nature has done much of herself. In the remaining woodland districts of maritime Italy—such as the Maremme of Tuscany and the Latian Campagna—the evergreen species seem to be gradually supplanting the deciduous, the foreign the indigenous. We talk familiarly of the hardy vegetation of the North; but, where the two meet on conditions of climate endurable by both, the children of the southern sun seem to show the greater hardihood, and to come out survivors in the long battle for existence. Their very aspect, their rough bark and leathery leaves, seem indicative of a stronger vitality than that which animates the more majestic but more delicate structure of the leafy giants of the northern temperate zone. A similar law—if the analogy do not appear too fanciful—seems to govern the migrations of trees and shrubs, and of the human family itself. The North produces the races of more commanding aspect; it sends them forth conquering and to conquer; they establish empires, they subjugate the so-called feebler races of the South; but, in the midst of their conquests, they sicken and perish, and become extinct. The populations of the South gradually penetrate northwards, and by their own more prolific multiplication, as well as by crossing or intermixture in which their more essentially vigorous nature attains predominance, they efface the type of the Northern races, and cause it ultimately to disappear. What has become of the descendants of those hordes which swarmed from the populous North, in the decline of the Roman Empire, over all the regions adjacent to the Mediterranean? They have vanished, or are scarcely recognised by antiquaries in a few problematical instances, where small insulated communities, thought to be of Teutonic or Gothic origin, maintain a precarious existence among the descendants of their former subjects. Where are the

historical Gauls, with their tall figures, their fleshy frames, their golden hair, and eyes of truculent blue? A few of them, possibly to be found in Flanders; but anything less like the Gaul of antiquity than the sinewy, nervous, agile, undersized, brown-skinned, and black-haired biped, who now inhabits some eighty out of the eighty-five departments of old France, can hardly be imagined. What is become even of the purer Northern breed of Germany itself? Scarcely to be found, except on the shores of the Baltic: elsewhere the ordinary European type prevails, olive skin and *cheveux châtains*. 'I sought for the fair population of classical Germany in vain,' says Niebuhr, 'until I found it in Scandinavia.' On the other hand, the Greek in Provence, the Moor in Spain, Southrons, transplanted into those countries in no very great numbers, have impressed their type on the general population, and, as it were, changed the very breed. When dark and fair intermix, the odds seem to be greatly in favour of the dark complexion prevailing in the offspring. We heard lately of a society formed in France for the conservation of the 'Xanthous' or yellow-haired variety of the human race, which they regard as the true aristocracy of nature, and rightly conceive to be threatened with extinction: their object to be attained by portioning from time to time blonde maidens who might take to themselves husbands of the same complexion. Even so—to return to our trees—the meridional vegetation gradually drives back that of the North in the battle-field of species. If we figure to ourselves the appearance of the plains of England two thousand years ago, with their indigenous vegetable covering only—without the common elm, the linden, plane, sycamore, poplar, acacia, chestnut, fruit-trees of every kind, and cultivated plants in general—without, probably, a single species of pine or fir, or

indeed any evergreen but box, yew, and holly—and remember that every foreign plant has displaced a native—we may gather some idea of the conquests which the South has effected even here, not indeed without the aid of human industry, but in part by sheer physical superiority. But on the Mediterranean coast these conquests have been much more marked. Take the following description of the change which those two thousand years have made in the common flora of Greece, from the work of a German botanist (Fraas, Klima und Pflanzenwelt):—

'The following species from the flora known to Theophrastus have either entirely disappeared from Greece, or have emigrated from the habitations which he assigns to them, and withdrawn into the moister climate of its more northerly regions: the varieties commonly known to the ancients of the Linden; the Yew, that child of damp and shady hill-sides, of which rare and dwarfed specimens only are now to be found on the highest mountains; the hornbeam, the beech, and alder of Homer; and, with scanty exceptions, the 'spear furnishing' Cornel and the tall ash. Instead of these, another class of plants has conquered for itself greater space in the vegetable realm—thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered, thorny and prickly bushes, evergreen for the most part and adding, by their rich flowers, great beauty to the spring. This vegetation, analogous to that of the American savannas and Asiatic steppes, has now replaced the ancient flowery meadows, resembling those of middle Europe, with wastes of heath and pines, carob-trees and grey oleasters. Together with these we have the various kinds of arbutus, myrtle, oleander, philyreæ, pistachios, kermes oaks, rosemary, thyme, and the flora of dry mountain regions in general.'

Let us now see how far the historical indications

furnished by the Pompeian relics corroborate what has been already said respecting this 'intrusion of the climate of the South,' as Fraas terms it, into the regions north of the Mediterranean.

In order to ascertain the plants known to the citizens of Pompeii, says Schouw, two records remain to us—namely, the pictures discovered in its ruins, and the disinterred remnants of plants themselves. But, he adds, the use of the first requires some care:—'Many representations of plants are naturally so little precise that their particular species cannot be ascertained, as would be the case in modern pictures of the same kind. And, if the plant be recognisable, it does not follow as certain that it was known at Pompeii, for the plants of foreign countries are also occasionally represented. Thus the Nile-nature is often delineated—marshy landscapes, with the lotus and the *nelumbium*, the hippopotamus, ichneumon, flocks of geese, and date-palms at the water's edge; as, for instance, in the lower rim of the famous mosaic supposed to represent Alexander and Darius. Frequently, also, the representations are fanciful; for instance, a laurel growing out of a date-palm, and even appearing to rise out of it as a shoot from the same root—a physiological impossibility, unless, perhaps, it has reference to that strange practice of the ancients—the planting of different kinds so close to each other that they might appear to the eye connected.'

After making these allowances, we may safely arrive at the following conclusions. Among the trees which gave the Neapolitan landscape its character were then (as now) the stone-pine and the cypress. The former is frequently represented in the frescoes, with its peculiar branchless stems and cloud-like head—the product not only of close planting but of actual pruning in nurseries, as may now

be noticed in the neighbourhood of Naples. This tree was cultivated for its edible nuts; and pine cones have been found among the charred objects in the shops of Pompeii. The elegant cypress also often occurs in these paintings, not unfrequently mingled with the pine, and gracefully combining with the outlines of the fanciful villas and temples represented. It is Gilpin, we think, who points out the peculiar adaptation, by contrast, of the spiral cypress and poplar to the long horizontal lines of southern buildings; while the square masses of the lime and elm combine well with the pointed Gothic. The '*Pinus halepensis*,' adds Schouw (one of the common maritime pines of Italy), is also found in these pictures. The vine, of course, occurs constantly—so does the olive. They were, no doubt, as universal then as now; and preferred respectively, as they do now, the volcanic and the calcareous hills in the vicinity of Naples. Preserved olives were found in Pompeii, which even retained something of their taste. The myrtle, and the beautiful oleander, or laurel-rose, as the French call it—common shrubs of to-day—are also delineated. Add to these the bay tree (*Laurus nobilis*) and others of the laurel tribe, the ilex, fig, pomegranate, the '*Arundo donax*' or gigantic reed—cultivated then as now for its various uses, and covering the marshy grounds with its dense brake, strange to the northern eye; add the large iris or flag, its broad rich leaves generally represented as ornamentally twined along the dado which runs round an apartment. These are all more or less abundantly recognisable in the pictures. And we are enabled to say that the common vegetable forms on which the eye of the Pompeian citizen rested were, to this extent, similar to those on which his descendant gazes now.

But there were many species, now common, then rare

or unknown, some of which are mentioned by Schouw in the little essay before us; others we are able to add from different sources. The aloe or agave, and the Indian fig (or figue de Barbarie), are now among the familiar plants of maritime Italy. The former vigorously protrudes itself in every stony, solitary spot, from the old ramparts of Genoa to the lava-fields of Ætna; the latter is half-cultivated in a careless sort of way for its luscious fruit; and the two seem, in many places, to have almost extirpated the older vegetation. Both of these lusty children of the South are of quite modern origin in Italy, having come over from America. Some have fancied that the pine apple is represented in one Pompeian fresco. 'But this,' says our Professor, 'is undoubtedly the edible crown of a young dwarf palm, or *Chamærops humilis*.'

A much more important want of classical ages was that of the whole tribe of Agrumi, as the Italians call them—the orange, lemon, citron, and so forth. 'Italy was not then,' says our Professor, 'the land

> Wo die Citronen blühn,
> Im dunkeln Laub die Gold-orangen glühn;'

and was consequently without one of the favourite features with which æsthetic Northerns adorn their notions of it. They are of course absent from the frescoes. They were known to Pliny as foreign plants only. The 'Median Apple' (citron) was cultivated in Italy no earlier than the third century after Christ; lemons came from the Saracens; oranges, last of all, were brought by the Portuguese from the East.

The white, or silk-worm mulberry, now the commonest of all trees in the richer parts of Italy, was also unknown to the Pompeians. Its cultivation in the peninsula began, according to Schouw, in the sixth century. Silken fabrics were scarce and expensive, and imported by the Romans

from the East. Voltaire somewhere makes the great superiority of a *femme de chambre* of Madame de Pompadour over the Empress Agrippina consist in the unlimited enjoyment of silk stockings. It may, however, be questioned whether the Empress would have appreciated such a luxury, or whether, as the audacious French traveller, Monsieur Nodier, asserted respecting the Glasgow ladies not many years ago, she would not have got rid of such incumbrances whenever free from the restraints of company. The picturesque Carouba tree (*Ceratonia siliqua*), which now forms groves along many parts of the Italian coast, is also probably of modern introduction. We may add another more important plant which the Professor has omitted—the chestnut. Not, of course, that this magnificent native of Thessaly was unknown to Roman antiquity. It was, on the contrary, extensively cultivated in ancient Italy for its fruit. Naples was particularly famous for the excellence of its chestnuts—

> Quas docta Neapolis creavit,
> Lento castaneas vapore tostas—

such as Martial appetisingly describes, and such as that *flâneur* of a poet had doubtless often purchased, scalding hot, from the tripod of some hag-granddaughter of Canidia or Sagana, in the alleys of the learned city. But it was probably as yet a fruit-tree only. Introduced but two centuries before Christ,* it had not had time to form forests; to become, as it now is, the characteristic tree of the lower Apennines, supplanting its ancient but thriftless relative, the beech, and driving the latter back to the narrow domain which it still occupies on the top of Monte Sant' Angelo. The gnarled and twisted chestnut trunks,

* According to the prevalent opinion; the high authority of Decandolle is the other way; he believes it indigenous in the south of Europe generally; but the contrary evidence is very strong.

with their pointed foliage, under which Salvator Rosa studied his art when sojourning among the brigands at the back of Amalfi, have no counterpart in the drawings of Pompeii any more than in the poetry of Virgil.

Of cultivated crops, wheat and barley are represented in the Pompeian frescoes, and grains of them have been discovered in the houses. In one pretty sketch a quail is picking at an ear of barley; in another at a kind of millet. Other less known cereals seem to have been familiar to the ancients. But two of the most important, both in an economic and picturesque point of view, are missing from these sketches—maize and rice. Both are of modern introduction. The 'polenta' of the classical peasant was of barley.* Cotton, it need scarcely be added, is of very recent origin in these parts; it now covers extensive fields at the southern foot of Vesuvius; as does the Ricinus or castor oil plant, with which Pompeian childhood was unacquainted.

After this long list of acquisitions, we must turn to some few instances of vegetable forms familiar to the ancient eye, and which the modern misses. The absolute extinction of a species is indeed a rare thing. Decandolle in his 'Géographie Botanique,' likens the changes in vegetation to those which take place in a language; the appearance of a new word, or a new species, attracts observation at once; the disappearance of an old one is very gradual, and seldom total. We have already spoken of the comparative scarcity at present of deciduous trees, and of one —the æsculus—which modern botanists have been unable to define. But one or two ornamental foreigners, introduced in old times, have also disappeared, or nearly so.

* So it is generally understood. But a contributor to Messrs. Chambers' 'Book of Days' declares that maize is clearly represented in some of the frescoes at Pompeii.

The most remarkable of these is the oriental Plane. Every Latin scholar is well aware of the modish passion for these trees which prevailed among the wealthy Romans, a preference not wholly æsthetic; it was partly a fashion, borrowed like other fashions from the despotic East, in days when republican millionnaires at Rome, like those of Washington, had begun to discover that everything really meritorious came from lands possessing a 'strong government.' The Platanus had been from hoary antiquity an object of veneration to Persian monarchs and Grecian heroes. No other tree had anything like the same amount of historic and fabulous tradition attached to it. Marsyas was hanged on one, when duly skinned, by Apollo; Agamémnon and Menelaus planted a couple, each of which, a monstrous relic, was shown to Pausanias in his travels. Xerxes had caused his whole host to halt before a noble specimen in Lycia. 'He was so enamoured of it,' says old Evelyn, 'that for some days neither the concernment of his expedition, nor interest of honour, nor the necessary motion of his portentous army, could persuade him from it. He styled it his mistress, his minion, his goddess; and when he was forced to part from it he caused a picture of it to be stamped on a model of gold, which he continually wore about him.' As it has long been the glory of Ispahan and Shiraz, so it was of the Greek cities of yore. The groves of the Academe and Lyceum were composed of it. 'By the Plane Tree' was the favourite oath of Socrates: the more shame to him, said his accuser Melitus, that he should blaspheme so fine a tree. The famous plane (or rather group of planes) of Buyukdéré on the Bosphorus is popularly said to serve even now as a tent for the Seraskier when he encamps there. The Romans took to it, as we have said, with that extravagant enthusiasm which characterised their follies; 'the only tree,'

says Pliny, in his sententious stoical way, 'which ever was transplanted for the sake of its shade alone.' Julius Cæsar himself planted the first specimen in Spain, at Corduba; it was a noble tree in Martial's time, and flourished, as he says, by being irrigated with wine.

Crevit et affuso lætior umbra mero.

It became so common in the Roman pleasances, that groves of plane, as well as of laurel, are spoken of by the same poet as the ornaments of every citizen's place of ordinary pretensions.

Daphnones, platanones, et aëriæ cyparissi.

Undoubtedly, in fashionable Campania, it must have been so common as to form a familiar feature in the landscape. But it perished with the remainder of that luxurious civilisation. In a convent garden at Naples—so a traveller tells us—there remains one enormous specimen, of an antiquity which can only be conjectured: the grandchild, it may be, of some forlorn ornament of a ruined villa, which had seen the Goths on their march through Italy. We have heard of no others of the genuine race. Of late years, indeed, the plane has begun to resume its popularity as an ornamental tree, and for the same reasons as of yore—its delightful shade, namely, and its adaptation to the atmosphere of great cities; being able to throw off the noxious residuum of smoke by the peeling of its bark. Planes are now the common trees of the market place in Southern Europe, as they are in our London squares. But, unhappily, the variety almost always seen is of new importation, not of the old stock; not the princely Oriental, but its plebeian cousin the occidental, or button-wood of the United States; faster in growth, taller, stronger perhaps, but incomparably

uglier: a melancholy instance of the encroachments of modern democracy.

To the Oriental plane we must add the date palm; not indeed as strange now to the Italian eye, nor as very abundant in classical times; but as certainly more abundant then than now; an exception to the general law which we have indicated of the increasing prevalence of Southern forms of vegetation. The date palm in Italy is, after all, but an occasional exotic. Mayer, the painstaking German author of a book on 'Naples and the Neapolitans,' says there are scarcely a dozen or two of them in the gardens of that city and its suburbs. There are eight or ten only in Rome, says M. Ampère. It does not ripen its fruit. It dwells uncomfortably, in the uncongenial neighbourhood of the pine; for in America and other unsophisticated regions, the natural limit of the palm ends where that of the pine begins. Picturesque as its solitary form often is, in the villa garden, or behind the convent wall, we cannot look at it without thinking of some poor captive Saracen maiden, shivering in the court-yard of a Northern baron returned from the crusades. Even on the coast of the Riviera, where it appears to thrive the most, it affords a melancholy sight when writhing under the icy Mistral, which ever and anon turns the flank of the precarious barrier of the Maritime Alps, and whirls its blasts of snow-dust against the broad leaves. It appears in many of the Pompeian frescoes. Schouw suggests that this does not prove it a native, as the scenes represented may be foreign or symbolical. But the caution is unnecessary. The date-palm was certainly common of yore in maritime Italy, though no doubt in single specimens.* 'Vulgo in Italiâ, sed

* It was noted as something semi-prodigious that a palm-tree took root at Rome, in the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitol, during the war with Perseus; and another in the pavement of Augustus's house on the Palatine.

steriles,' says Pliny, who accurately distinguishes it from the dwarf-palm or chamærops, then, as now, more characteristic of Sicily. We have already noticed the use for which Virgil recommends it in the 'Georgics.' Varro, 'De Re Rusticâ,' is still more to the point, when he classes the fibres of the palm along with flax, hemp, and reeds, among materials grown on the farm, which may be turned to account for making cordage.

'Thus we perceive,' concludes our naturalist, 'that the vegetable world, and in particular the list of cultivated vegetables, has undergone many changes since the age when Pompeii flourished; and that while the ancient Pompeians possessed a great superiority over the moderns in respect of many enjoyments of life, particularly those arising from the arts, they lacked nevertheless some very valuable plants which increased geographical knowledge and extended commerce have procured for their descendants.'

But however this may be, no one can well contemplate in earnest these relics of a most curious and refined civilisation, in some respects perhaps the most curious and

—Ampère, 'L'Histoire Romaine à Rome.' The comparative abundance of this tropical plant seems at first sight to lend colour to the speculations of those who imagine the climate of Italy to have deteriorated. But there is no reliable evidence either in favour of this supposition, or of the contrary and more popular one that it has improved. As commerce and communication advance, each country gradually ceases to produce those useful vegetables for which its climate is least suited, and which consequently cannot stand the competition of those imported from abroad. This is beyond doubt the real reason—and not any change of climate—that led to the abandonment of vine cultivation in England, which had been common enough in the middle ages. In France, it is asserted that oranges and lemons were commonly grown at Perpignan, Aix en Provence, and Marseilles, as late as the seventeenth century. The climate has not changed since; but cheaper fruit can be obtained from abroad; it has ceased, therefore, to be remunerative to grow plants which were sure to perish from frost once in every quarter of a century. It is said that these *agrumi* are now cultivated in the neighbourhood of Nice, their northernmost *habitat*, only for the sake of their flowers; the fruit does not pay.

refined which the world has ever seen; and return with satisfaction to the coarse generalisation of the disciples of universal progress in the affairs of humanity, with whose speculations we have been lately surfeited. The feelings which such classical inquiries excite are assuredly more akin to those with which they inspired the proud and melancholy Leopardi, when he turned from them, and from the wealth of conception and nobleness of sentiment with which the ancient world abounded, to gaze on that long degradation of subsequent ages, out of which humanity is in truth only now emerging. Very grand, though profoundly sorrowful, are those lines of his, entitled 'Bruto minore,' in which he portrays the expiring patriot, not as bewailing his present catastrophe, nor calling on the gods for present revenge, but as brooding, in utter hopelessness of spirit, over 'the dark *forward* and abysm of time'—the Erebus-like blackness of that prospect of coming degeneracy and decay; the trance of ages, into which the human soul was about to fall.

In peggio
Precipitano i tempi: e mal s' affida
Ai putridi nipoti
L' onor d'egregie menti, e la suprema
De' miseri vendetta.

For the duration of that era of decline was indeed such as we are sufficiently accustomed to measure backwards, in historical reflection; but such as, when contemplated as a future, the conception shrinks from with a painful sense of incapacity. Thirteen centuries were to elapse ere the first Italian could stretch his hand across the chasm to the last Roman. As the paradise of cultivation, in which those Campanian cities nestled, was separated from the fertile aspect of the same region in modern times by a formidable blank of centuries of duration, so was the ancient civilisation from the modern by a similar space of

intellectual desert; and in each instance alike, the succeeding age can scarcely appreciate its predecessor as a reality.

> Credetne virûm ventura propago,
> Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
> Infra urbes populosque premi.

And yet there are those who persist in cramming us with that dry formula of Positivism, that each generation enjoys the 'accumulated knowledge' of preceding ones! Ask those countless millions of Chinese who vegetate, generation after generation, in the vast interior of their empire apart from all foreign influence, how much of 'accumulated knowledge' their community has gathered since the days of Confucius; ask the black nations of the heart of Africa what amount of 'progress' distinguishes them from their ancestors known to Herodotus or to Leo Africanus; ask the wretched remnants of tribes which wander over the American wilderness whether their progenitors, the sons of those who came thither over the ocean, were fewer and feebler and more ignorant than they! For those who seek truth and not phrases, 'progress' as the term is used in social science, is an attribute not of mankind, but of the European family alone; and of that family only since the discovery of printing.* What that incomparably greatest of all merely human events may have done towards fixing the elements of social improvement, and converting into a permanent advance that which was before only a precarious, oscillatory motion, we need not now consider. It may be that the so-called triumphal

* 'They have remained' (says Mr. Gifford Palgrave of the Wahabites of Arabia), 'so to speak, fossilised in the midst of a changing world. . . . They have not gone back, they have not gone forward, they have not advanced, so far as I can judge, in civilisation, from the accounts which I have of Arab life at the time of Mohammed, nor yet have they retrograded. With the fixity peculiar, I believe, to the Semitic families, . . . they have remained exactly at the point they were.'

march of humanity is now secured from repulse, and that, as some of our latest speculators seem to hold, the powers of nature which we employ will begin of themselves to decay before our capability of employing them abates; and it may be (though this is a still bolder assumption) that moral and intellectual improvement must advance along with material civilization. But all this, if so, does not annul the melancholy record of previous periods of torpidity or retreat. It is extremely difficult, no doubt, for us to delineate those periods to ourselves. It seems contrary to our notion of the order which governs the world to admit their reality. But we err in this, from applying to that governing order, whose laws appear to be beyond our sphere of research, our own limited notions of the expedient and the probable. Geology dimly reveals to us a succession of uncounted ages, during which this planet, rich as now in all other appliances of nature, was inhabited, and its lavish wealth enjoyed, by none but the lowest animal tribes. Astronomy seems to indicate, at least to the judgment of some of our acutest observers, the probable existence of enormous worlds lighted by the same sun as our own, in which animal life, such as we conceive it, cannot exist at all, or only in its feeblest and most torpid types. These speculations may be rectified by future discoveries. But the lesson which they teach will remain the same—that vast exhibitions of creative power may exist, for which our purblind doctrine of final causes can imagine no utility, and can find no place in its scheme of providence. History, by assuring us of the reality and duration of such mournful periods as those above mentioned, only contributes her share to the same great lesson. In our healthy exuberance of life we can hardly conceive a state of chronic political ebb or decline—a state, that is, in which each

generation, instead of profiting by the 'accumulated knowledge' of its predecessors, lets something of the results of that knowledge drop from its enfeebled grasp; is reduced in numbers, less provided with the external comforts of life, weaker against aggression, poorer in substance, feebler in spirit, inferior in mental acquirements; nevertheless, such periods have been beyond all doubt. The history of the Byzantine empire furnishes one well known to all; and many such have rolled drearily away in the dimmer ages of early time. But let us take the most familiar, and at the same time the truest, instance of what we mean, and which happens also to be most germane to the matter in hand. Could a modern really do what many a visitor to Pompeii has striven to do in intense eagerness of fancy; could he restore those truncated columns and repeople those desolate streets, and actually converse with some cultivated contemporary of Pliny and Juvenal, or Cicero and Horace; one can fancy that the feeling on both sides, after the first strangeness of the meeting had been got over, would be one of surprise, that two specimens of humanity of such distant origin could have so much in common. In moral and social philosophy; in political speculation; in appreciation of eloquence, literature, art; they would really find themselves—some exceptions apart which would give zest to the conversation—almost on the same ground. In respect of matters of still more intimate interest—the inner clothing, as it were, of civilised existence—in the estimate of physical and mental pursuits, tendencies, weaknesses, pleasures, and pains, and their relation to each other—each would feel that he understood his companion; each would be conscious, as it were, of possessing a key to many of the other's inmost feelings. This would be partly owing, no doubt, to the circumstance that the ancients have been

our tutors, and that much of our mental furniture is derived directly from them; but also, in a great measure, to mere similarity of circumstances, which engenders similarity of ideas. Civilisations so nearly resembling each other, even in many points of minuteness, as those of modern Europe and of the Rome of Cicero or the Athens of Demosthenes, must, from the necessity of the case, have strongly corresponding spiritual and mental emotions, and corresponding language wherein to express them.

Now let us alter the picture; let the man of the nineteenth century wake up under the shadow of Winchester or Canterbury Cathedral, such as the Saxons had reared them, and, to give him the best company of the day, let him consort with a baron or an abbot of the time of the Norman conquest. Except the subject of religion, of which we would not now speak, what single topic could they have in common? Would they not be separated from each other by a barrier as high and strong as any which divides contemporary civilised from savage man? What object (except possibly horses and dogs) could they appreciate together? What points of morals or science or politics, small talk, sentiment, or humour, would suit them both? How could they argue on premises which one would assume as certain and the other would treat with contempt? The mediæval wight would certainly rate the modern at a very different value from his own estimate of himself; and if the modern escaped with a whole skin from the interview, which is greatly to be doubted of, he would find his romantic respect for the baron, or veneration for the ecclesiastic, very little increased. They would be denizens of alien spheres, and would converse in utterly dissonant tongues.

And yet the Norman was our countryman; was nearer to us by many an age than the Roman; and ought to

have had over the latter the advantage of the 'accumulated knowledge' (had such a thing really existed before the invention of printing), of many an intervening generation. But these were in truth generations of decline not of advance; a decline often hardly sensible, or arrested for a time, but on the whole prodigious. And if the enthusiastic disciple of progress chooses to count these ebbs as insignificant exceptions to his general theory of flow, let us remember that a space of a thousand years, however unimportant to a geologist, is a considerable fraction of the historical existence of man.

And this, as many have said, though not many truly feel it, is one of the most real advantages of classical study, and one of the charms which make us turn back to it with recurring affection, after resultless wanderings in company with the 'Positivists.' He who has imbibed its lessons deeply can hardly find his judgment much affected by those metaphors turned into arguments which pass commonly current, likening the youth, manhood, and old age of the world to those of an individual; nor will he readily adopt the formulas of a recent clever writer of the Positive school, that 'we may expect to find, in the history of man, each successive age incorporating into itself the substance of the preceding,' and that 'this power, whereby the present ever gathers into itself the results of the past, transforms the human race into a colossal man, whose life reaches from the creation to the day of judgment.' Classical study made men pedants, after a fashion, two centuries ago; at present its effect is to preserve them from an equally tasteless and less innocent pedantry. By bringing clearly before our view that magnificent phantasma of great communities entombed, and great conceptions buried with them, it weakens the ordinary temptation to overvalue ourselves and our age. It displays

to us the vast ocean of moral and intellectual being such as it really is, subject to æons of rise and fall, and not a steady onward current continually gaining ground; and, by so doing, administers a reasonable check to that ambitious tendency which elevates but often misleads us—an undiscriminating confidence in the destiny and powers of our species.

A VISIT TO MALTA.

1857.

WHEN I visited the island, it was under the government of my old acquaintance Sir William Reid, the well-known author of the 'Law of Storms.' A noble specimen he was of the British veteran soldier of the better stamp. In saying this, I of course imply that he possessed, in addition to a high sense of honour, a courtesy of manner, gentleness, and consideration for others, which are essential to my conception of that character. But these, in him, were combined with somewhat rarer qualities. Possessed of varied accomplishments, and distinguished for general scientific knowledge, besides that of the very learned branch of his profession to which he belonged, he was withal a man of singular modesty; almost too deferent to the opinion of others in trifles, and too diffident of his own; though he had a fund of quiet obstinacy, too, on points which appeared to him to involve a principle. He had the warmest love of justice in the abstract: and (as happens not unfrequently with men of his stamp) when he judged wrongly, it was generally from the strong sense of some ulterior right, interfering with his perception of the immediate right. His sense of duty towards those whose government he administered, amounted almost to a passion: and so did his hatred of oppression exercised, or arrogance exhibited, towards them; the first happily rare in English dependencies, the latter only too common. I never saw his calm temper

moved except when speaking on that subject; and then the shrunken cheek would flush, and the dim eye dilate, as he dwelt on some outrage, as he deemed it, in word or conduct, committed towards the natives of his island, especially by persons placed too high for his authority to restrain. All that he could do for the Maltese, by encouraging their efforts at education, establishing libraries, promoting agriculture, and so forth, was most zealously performed; and it was evident that the Maltese loved him in return: but he wanted that versatility of mind and knowledge of men which were necessary to make him intimate with them; he laboured under the deficiency for which his countrymen are satirised, of enjoying or comprehending humour—that great solvent of antipathies and incompatibilities between men of different races. He had, too, another deficiency, far more common and less excusable, in men called to the multifarious duties of our foreign empire: to the best of my recollection he spoke no language but his own. There was something melancholy in the sight of that stooping and feeble, though gentleman-like, figure, with the halt of an old Peninsular wound, occupying in solitary grandeur (he was broken in health, and had been left lately a widower) a corner or two of that stateliest of palaces, built by the most luxurious bachelors of Europe for their Grand Master, the president of their noble club. But though ill calculated from health and temperament to keep up what is called the dignity of a governor, he was not the less a fitting representative of England's rule in its aspects of beneficence and equity, and consideration for the governed. It was also difficult to remember, when on familiar terms with him, that this quiet and unassuming man was in reality a singularly original observer, almost a discoverer, in science. During his long residence in the Bermudas,

he had wrought out in his own mind, and almost ripened, that theory of storms which seems to have been received as one of the latest acquisitions of the human intellect. It was amusing to go up with old King Æolus to his lofty citadel, the observatory at the top of the palace, far above the house roofs and church towers of rock-built Valetta, and hear him descant on weather, past and future. The wind, he would explain to my ignorance, is at SE., for instance, with a touch of sirocco—I am quite uncertain whether I remember my lesson accurately,—but from certain calculable causes, it will veer in the night to the S., and so to the W., and in forty-eight hours we shall have something like a gale from the N. And as he said, so it would come to pass.

Sir William was a great reader of Scripture; and as some veterans are said to be specially partial to the warlike books of Joshua and Kings, so he, for his part, had certainly a predilection for those chapters which contain the narrative of St. Paul's tempestuous voyage. The first place he took me to in Malta was the well-known little bay, or rather creek, known by the name of the Saint. Under such guidance as his, the absolute and unmistakeable identity of the spot with that described in the Acts flashed irresistibly upon the mind, and all sceptical notions about an Adriatic 'Melita' were dispelled at once. There was the very point on which a vessel, driven along the northern side of the island by stress of 'Euroclydon,' and finding the precise soundings specified in the narrative, would naturally be driven. There was the 'creek with a shore,' almost the only beach of sand on that rocky line of coast. There was the 'place where two seas,' caused by the protrusion of an insulated rock just in the entrance of the bay, 'met,' close to the 'shore' aforesaid. Under his description, every incident of the tale seemed as if enacted before the

eye. We scarcely needed, to excite our imaginations, the singular experience which befel a friend of mine on this spot, when a serpent dropped from a fagot of brushwood which he had casually taken up. There could be no doubt in our minds that the Maltese had established a right to their old patron, whose favour they have thought proper to barter, of late years, for the more distinguished but less appropriate protectorate of the Virgin.

Another time we drove to Città Vecchia, the old capital and metropolitan seat, supposed, on mere guess of course, but not improbable guess, to have been inhabited by the 'chief man of the island whose name was Publius,' whose household expanded, according to tradition, into the early church of Malta, cut off in the dark ages by the Saracen irruption from the opposite continent. And thence we proceeded to the 'back' of Malta, its precipitous south-western shore, rarely visited by the lazy denizens of the city. Malta, both in its external construction and in a geographical point of view, is a singular counterpart of the Isle of Wight. Its beds of modern limestone and shale dip north-eastward, sinking under the sea at Valetta and the neighbouring bays, which may represent Newport and Ryde. They crop out on the opposite or south-western coast, which consequently falls in a precipitous escarpment, from a height of 700 or 800 feet, exposing sections of the entire stratification of the island; sandstones and softer beds forming a little fringe of 'undercliff,' and resting on a fundamental formation of semi-crystalline limestone, broken into many a headland and cavern by the dash of the Libyan sea. The landscape of Malta is dull no doubt, featureless and tame; but there are minds on which colour makes a deeper impression than form; and there is something in the contrast between that burnt yellow soil, the intense white of the limestone

where exposed, the dark verdure of the caroubier and other scanty trees, and the gorgeous tints of sea and sky, which leaves its mark on the memory when the vividness of far fairer scenes has faded away. It was an autumn day, cool and grey, and with that incomparable transparent clearness which I have sometimes noticed as the concomitant of such days, not particularly remarkable for other atmospheric phenomena. I have observed it in a long mid-summer evening on the top of Malvern, when the sun seemed to travel round from county to county, and every point from the peaks of North Wales to the Mendips of Somerset looked as if traced on a map; and on the heights above Sorrento, when the eye ranged without a break over every stretch of shore from Terracina to Pæstum; and, still more remarkably, from Santi Deca of Corfu, when all the details of an hundred miles of Turkish coast appeared as if brought without any effort into the sphere of vision. I suppose, like most other skiey phantasms, it betokens 'change of weather;' nevertheless, the very exceptional limpidity of which I speak is something less startling, more natural, and more pervading than that sudden and hard clearness and apparent proximity which the outlines of a landscape are apt to assume before rains. And then came on a sunset over those African waters, of that intensely glowing gold which Claude and Both alone, of all painters, have realised to me. And so we returned to the governor's villa at Sant' Antonio, the one sheltered oasis of semi-tropical verdure on that arid and wind-swept island. I may be pardoned these reminiscences, however trivial, as it was my last day in Malta, and my last with my old friend, whose dominions I never saw again.

But the recollections of that visit could not pass away without awakening afresh in my mind the spirit of commentary on that great topic of religious history, the life

and character of the Apostle whose footsteps I had reverentially traced; and the subject connected itself, in my mind, with the popular speculations of our days on the miraculous characteristics of revelation. What bearing have the biography and the written records of St. Paul on that controversy?

To the apprehension of Christians in general, the resurrection of the Saviour is the cardinal miracle of Christianity; that which completes, and may almost be said to sum up, the series of miraculous interpositions by which it was God's will to introduce his revealed law to mankind. It is the leading fact on which his early disciples staked the credibility of the message which they delivered to Jews and Gentiles. Its truth is the truth for which they laboured, preached, suffered, and died. It is the truth, which, however incredible or startling it must have been to ordinary men, they never, under any 'economy,' any calculation of the easiest method of persuading or eluding objectors, ceased to inculcate in season and out of season. I think it may be said, that to the great majority of religious minds, the records of other supernatural exertions of power, in the histories of the Old and New Testament, however sincerely they may be believed in, appear of minor importance in our generation, except so far as they lead the mind onward to that sovereign act of Divine might in which the whole series of miracles culminates.

Suppose, therefore, a question raised as to the value of the evidence for any particular section of miraculous history; the narrative of the Deluge, for example. To the thinker who has armed himself by strong prevention against receiving any miraculous narrative at all—whose principle, whether held avowedly or unconsciously, is, that any amount of evidence is to be rejected, rather

than any interference with the laws of nature admitted—one alleged miracle is like another; if he attaches himself by preference to the disproof of those over which the victory seems easiest, such as that of which I have spoken, it is rather in the spirit of the controversialist, who naturally selects the weakest point for attack, than because there is really any gradation in his disbelief of all such occurrences. To the honest but unsatisfied enquirer, who cannot *à priori* reject miraculous interposition, but who has not made up his mind to rest in conviction on any one particular miracle, triumphant objections against this or that portion of biblical narrative cause pain and disquiet, not so much from any particular value he may attach to the detail which may happen to be in question, but because he feels it as a shaking, to however slight an extent, of the credibility attaching to other leading facts of which his feelings recognise the importance, and the fact of the Resurrection in particular. But, lastly, to him who, under whatever stress, either of evidence or of choice, προαίρεσις, self-will if you please, has adopted and embraces the one chief miracle of the Resurrection, and allows his mind to dwell constantly on it as a reality, all discussion respecting the evidence of other portions of supernatural story becomes of necessity unimportant—I might almost venture to say, unmeaning. If Christ certainly rose from the dead, what does it matter whether the sun stood still or not before the host of Joshua? No man, admitting the truth of one miracle, can logically deny the possibility of any other. But it is perfectly possible for him to receive some portions of a miraculous narrative and to remain sceptical as to others; to hold, as matter of probability, that God in his wisdom has seen fit to allow legendary figments, or inaccurate historical narrative, to become incorporated in those records through which He has nevertheless opened

to us the knowledge of truth itself. Either way, it seems impossible for one who starts from a conviction of the reality of the chief miracles of the Faith to feel his mind much affected by objections to minor miracles, if I may so call them for my present purpose, perhaps to engage his intellect very seriously in their discussion.

What then is the evidence on which the Christian Church receives her fundamental miracle? This treasure of evidence, like all human treasures, is but contained in earthen vessels. We possess the several narratives of the Four Gospels. But it is unnecessary for my purpose to do more than refer to the difficulties with which their testimony is beset. The objector urges upon the believer, in attacks which every generation sees renewed in one form or another, that three of these four, which pass in popular belief as independent histories by contemporary writers, are in truth nothing of the kind; that internal evidence shows them to be either copied in great measure the one from the other, or all of them derived, with variations, from some lost original; that the external evidence to their date and their authenticity is in truth not much, and, what there is, open to question; that the fourth Gospel, while bearing stronger marks of genuineness as regards its date and probable authorship, has also stronger marks of adaptation to a purpose; and, finally, that the accounts given by these several authors of the Resurrection itself, and its attendant events, are inconsistent and suspicious. I am not now concerned with the force of these objections, or of the answers which are or have been made to them. But they are such as the defenders of revealed religion have always had to meet, and must continue to meet, even to the end of this great controversy.

But amidst this sea of doubts and contentions there is

at least firm land to be found in one quarter, on which objectors and defenders may meet in common. I suppose that the evidence in favour of the authenticity of the body of St. Paul's Epistles may be assumed as open to no reasonable denial. I suppose it may be assumed that in those epistles we have the actual writings of Paul of Tarsus, the opponent, and afterwards the propagator, of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They are therefore contemporary records of the Saviour, as nearly, for instance, as the writings of Plato and Xenophon are of Socrates. And although, unlike Plato and Xenophon, their writer never had personal acquaintance with his Master, he was certainly familiar with the persons, teaching, and counsels of those who were nearest to that Master during his life. In addition to this, I shall venture to assume, though aware of modern controversies on the subject,* that the narrative of the writer of the Acts (for my present purpose I speak of the latter half of the book only) is that of a contemporary and familiar associate of St. Paul; that (in Paley's words) 'we have a history purporting to be written by one of Paul's

* The argument on the other side appears to be mainly (though not exclusively) founded on alleged discrepancies of detail between different portions of the Acts, and between the Acts and Epistles. This is not the place for entering into such a discussion. But it has always appeared to me that this kind of reasoning, on alleged discrepancies, is apt to be pushed to a very uncritical extent. All question of inspiration apart, to expect that two eye-witnesses will tell the same story, or that one will tell the same story twice over, is to place reliance on one of the rarest of human qualities, exactness of memory; particularly in the case of writers who trusted their own memories alone, and had no documents to refer to. I had once occasion to consult the two narratives left by the Abbé Edgworth of the death of Louis XVI. in the 'Dernières Heures,' and in a letter to his brother. I found such discrepancies, not indeed important, yet very singular in stories written by the same man about the same time, that, applying the canons of the Tübingen school, I half persuaded myself that the 'Dernières Heures' (which appeared after the Abbé's death) was a forgery. But soon afterwards I lit on indisputable evidence of its genuineness.

fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with those letters, to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life.' Paley's proofs of this position, however satisfactory, are hardly necessary; for no student of common intelligence could well fail of arriving at the same conclusion; even those who are most paradoxically determined to assign to the Acts in their present shape a later date, being forced to regard them as compiled out of fragments of original records. The Acts and Epistles of St. Paul must be, in legal phrase, 'read together;' and, so read, they form the oldest part of the Christian Scripture, and in their general outline (I do not of course speak of particular details) the least open to external cavil.

This being the case, the manner in which St. Paul treats the subject of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ must needs possess the deepest interest, both for those who believe in the miracle, and for those who are curious to learn how so gross a fable, as they must needs deem it, obtained such early and such extensive currency among mankind.

The author of these epistles, whether inspired or not, or in whatever sense inspired, was assuredly one of the most extraordinary men who have ever transmitted their thoughts to posterity. For us who have been, so to speak, nourished on his writings; who were, almost all of us, bred up in that religious veneration for him which no doubt colours any judgment we endeavour to form respecting him; who have, many of us, resorted to his writings through long portions of our life for comfort in sorrow, encouragement in faint-heartedness, instruction in doubt, and have welcomed every definite principle we extracted from them as light from heaven itself; it is of course extremely difficult to throw aside our predilections

and to endeavour to frame and express a critical estimate of him, as we should of any ordinary teacher of men without claims to inspiration. But, supposing this done, we should find in him a master of his marvellous Greek tongue, equal, or nearly so, in power and in dexterity to any who ever employed it; using a dialect of that tongue, not indeed commending itself to the scholar's perception like the strictly classical, nor equal to it in refinement, but superior in copiousness and in energy, and particularly adapted, even by its Eastern admixtures, to the purpose of religious oratory. We should acknowledge that his eloquence, in many passages, equals, to say the least of it, that of the greatest of profane orators; that in the mere power of reasoning (forming deductions I mean, clear and cogent, from assumed premises) he is as fully their match; that in loftiness of imagination, in vehemence of incitement and rebuke, above all in passionate tenderness of appeal, he is assuredly their superior; that where he is obscure and confused—the principal faults which, as a mere writer, can be laid to his charge—these defects seem to arise from mere superabundance of matter overmastering his power of expression, not from any want of clearness in conception. Above all these qualities we should rank that which most of all evinces greatness of intellect—the power of expressing vast and grand thoughts, reaching far beyond the limits of this world and its concerns, in language adequate to the height of his great argument. Such, I say, is to my mind the judgment which one worthy of judging would form of St. Paul, if he could form it without any reference to his supposed claim of inspiration. I know not if my supposition will appear to any an exaggerated one; if so, they will make such allowance as they may think proper; but they will needs agree with me as far as is necessary for my present purpose.

But the next, and no doubt more important question, is, great as this man may be as a writer in the ordinary sense of the word, what is he as a religious teacher? What are the essential characteristics of his mind *περὶ τὸ θεῖον*, in regard to the relation between him, and those whom he addresses, and the Supreme Being in whose name he addresses them? And here also, to the best of my ability, I try to disengage my thoughts from the traditional opinions and sentiments which I have received from others, and to endeavour to view him, face to face, as if I were judging of any author without a recognised claim to supernatural authority.

He is, in the first place, an enthusiast. Whatever effect that circumstance may have on the credibility of the message which he delivers, such is his undoubted character. His powers of reasoning on given premises are, as I have said, of a very elevated order; but the premises themselves are supplied by the spirit of enthusiasm. His zeal for the person and honour of his Master, for the truth of the doctrines which he seeks to establish, for the work which he has in hand, transcends and throws into the background all mere intellectual qualities and tendencies. The disposition of his mind is essentially dogmatic. Every theory, every opinion, seems to shape itself, as if involuntarily, or even against the action of the will, into a doctrine. If he directs Timothy to appoint intercessory prayer in the church, it is because God will have all men to be saved, 'for there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man.' The simple direction to the same disciple to 'exercise himself unto godliness' expands in the next verse into an article of belief; 'for godliness hath the promise of the life which now is and of that which is to come: this is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation.' The mere exhortation to servants to

honour believing masters, leads to the assertion that all men 'are partakers of the benefit,' and that this is the 'doctrine which is according to godliness.' And as the course of his lofty reasoning leads him from one step of conviction, one dogmatic assertion, to another, it seems as if the world before him grew more and more a shadow to him, and that towards which he is tending more and more the reality; as if he had already almost exchanged his present vision 'as through a glass, darkly,' for that which he anticipates in the world to come, 'face to face.' And not in devotional sentiment only, but in imaginative word-painting, in passionate appeals, in exhortation, denunciation, self-assertion, the temperament of the enthusiast, who 'lives by the faith of the Son of God the life which he now lives in the flesh,' breaks out in every line.

But, although in matters pertaining to religion thus intensely enthusiastic, he is not in the slightest degree credulous. By credulity, in religious matters, I mean that tendency of the mind which leads it to accept alleged supernatural manifestations of Divine power on slight evidence, and to dwell on them with predilection. *It is a common tendency among men at all times: it is peculiarly* so in ages such as that of the Christian Apostles, when old beliefs and superstitions are shaken as by a mighty wind, and new ones are seeking reception among mankind. Credulity, thus defined, is of two kinds. There is the credulity of honest simplemindedness, which loves signs and wonders on their own account. There is the credulity of fanaticism—not equally honest, for it is not wholly intellectual, but founded in part on a perversion of the will—which gladly embraces them, and makes the most of them, and endeavours itself to submit to them as well as to enforce them on others, for the sake of some supposed truth to which they are made to bear witness.

In neither shape, and in no shape, does it seem to have characterised the mind of Paul. Its absence (I continue of course to speak from a merely human point of view) is something quite peculiar, and scarcely accountable. The priest, and most enthusiastic preacher, of a religion grounded on miraculous agencies, he never (except in the one great, solemn, and singular instance, of which I must speak presently) dilates in his writings on miraculous agency at all, and hardly ever refers to it. The person, teaching, character, of our Lord, are the subjects on which above all others he loves to dwell. But (unless my memory is at fault) he never once mentions or alludes to a single miracle alleged to have been performed by Him. He does indeed claim most explicitly, for himself and for other favoured disciples, the power of working miracles. But he does so in the most cursory, business-like manner (so to speak), merely as part of the argumentative proof which he seeks to establish for his or their authority. 'He that ministereth to you the spirit (he says to the Galatians) and worketh miracles among you, doeth he it by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith?' And when he enumerates the power of working miracles as one of the gifts of the Spirit, he catalogues it, as if purposely, along with the ordinary gifts of preaching and government. No wonder wrought by himself, or by any of his fellow-labourers, is ever described or dwelt on, or even noticed, I believe, in any portion of his writings.

In order to appreciate the more accurately this very peculiar aspect of St. Paul's character, it is well to compare his autobiography, as deducible from his own epistles, with the narrative of his single-hearted companion, the author of the Book of Acts. That narrative is simple, unpretending, and free from all inflation: nevertheless the

author (speaking of him again with the freedom of ordinary criticism) has his fair share of the common propensity of mankind for dwelling on exhibitions of miraculous power; they are of frequent occurrence in his pages, and often introduced in such a premeditated manner as to show that he was either attracted by the subject, or deemed it essential to his argument. Nothing can be more in contrast with the calm and almost stern reticence maintained by Paul, even when dealing with strictly parallel portions of narrative or reasoning.

Nor does it constitute any real exception to this view of the character of the Pauline writings, that the Apostle avows, over and over again, his belief in the supernatural character of the warnings or visions experienced by himself. He was present in heaven, whether in the body or out of the body he knew not; he heard things which it is not lawful for man to utter; he has seen the Saviour, though not on earth. But the remarkable feature in these deliberate statements is, that he nowhere, even indirectly, confirms these claims to supernatural revelation by reference to supernatural proof, sensible to others; to miraculous agency as commonly understood; to lights, voices, and such outward manifestations. His convictions are only his own; the proofs internal, subjective, not objective. Any reader, however determined against miracles, may, if he pleases, receive every word of Paul's written statements on these subjects, just as he may those of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, George Fox, or Jacob Behmen; believing only, that the Apostle gave, in his zealous frame of mind, a special significance to impressions produced by his own imagination. Now this I take to illustrate, closely, the difference between the workings of enthusiasm and those of credulity. If any one tells me that he has supernatural revelations confined to himself, warnings, presentiments,

motions of the spirit, and the like, I set him down (if satisfied of his honesty) as an enthusiast. If he tells me of external events and phenomena contrary to the laws of nature or human experience, and appears to me either to receive them readily on insufficient proof, or to dwell on them with peculiar pleasure, I set him down as possessing that class of mind which I have termed credulous. The two qualities, enthusiasm and credulity, may be and often are found together; but, unless I am deceived, they are also very commonly found separate, and many a spirit strongly pervaded by the first seems to be almost unsusceptible of the second.

And yet, is it consistent with this view of St. Paul's character, that he, naturally averse from any manifestation of credulity in the ordinary sense, should have been, preeminently, the preacher of Faith? that he, first and foremost among men, should have indicated and bodied forth to mankind that quality or faculty which unites, as it were, the submission of the intellect to proof, and the submission of the will to the truth proved? that he should be the propounder of that mysterious doctrine, so difficult to understand, so easy to abuse, and yet commending itself so intimately to the human heart in its deepest springs, that by that very faith we are justified unto salvation? Yes: it is perfectly consistent, if we will examine for ourselves what St. Paul means by faith, and not accept without inquiry those coarser and readier meanings with which others have overclouded his idea. The faith of St. Paul, that which removes mountains and justifies to salvation, is 'the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen' (to use the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which, whether his or not, certainly express his teaching). It is a reliance on the promises, the prophecies; it is faith in God's person, His attributes; a faith

in the mission, the divinity, the approaching advent of the Saviour. Nowhere, unless I am much deceived, is it spoken of in connection with mere 'receptivity,' so to speak, of miraculous narration. Of faith in this vulgarest, yet perhaps most popular of all senses with some classes of believers—a meritorious propensity to believe in accounts of miracles, when performed on the right side—not an indication will be found throughout these epistles. It is a conception as foreign to the purpose of St. Paul as to his nature. Certitude—so we are told by one received among many as an eminent theologian, when apologising for a belief in ecclesiastical miracles—*certitude is a 'habit of* mind,' it is 'the result of an assemblage of concurring and converging probabilities.' (A habit of mind the result of an assemblage of probabilities!) To have such certitude may, he adds, in given cases and to given individuals, be 'a plain *duty*;' while, in other given cases and persons, it may be equally a *duty* 'to have about a fact an opinion of a definite strength and consistency,' and so forth. I know not what other authority there may be for this ingenious amalgamation of what is and what ought to be, which seems at first sight to remind one of the philological definition under which Horne Tooke was accused of veiling a sceptical insinuation—that truth is 'that which a man troweth.' But certain I am, that authority is not St. Paul's. It was not by cobwebs like these that the early Gentile converts were caught.

And yet—to point out, and merely point out, what I meant to be the scope and purpose of this very imperfect attempt towards elucidating certain features in the character of the great Apostle's writings—there is, as I have said, one great exception to the seemingly constitutional negligence with which he treats the supernatural, as evinced in 'sights and wonders' and miracles, in the

ordinary sense. The single Christian miracle on which he dwells—the only one which he anywhere even mentions—is the Resurrection of our Saviour. And it is quite superfluous to point out how minutely, repeatedly, incessantly, he dwells on it: how he returns to it again and again, with all its earthly and human characteristics, from his flights into the highest empyrean of pure theology: how he grounds on it his own belief in the religion he teaches, and his own hopes of a life to come, and how sedulously he labours to inspire his hearers with similar sentiments. It was to him no legendary event, established in belief by traditional sanctity: it was a fact, alleged to have taken place in his own middle age, probably in his own immediate vicinity, reported by sundry men personally known to himself, credited by great numbers equally known to himself. But in itself (humanly speaking) it was a fact utterly incredible. It was no half-miracle, to be accounted for in the usual way by compounding a certain number of grains of good faith, enthusiasm, and deception. If untrue, it was either an inconceivable delusion, or a gross imposture. And it was open to all the world to believe it either. In point of fact, it was or had been, as we know, the established belief among what the world would call right-minded people, that it *was* an imposture. And St. Paul was, as has been seen, one of the least credulous of men in the sense in which I have been using the word; the least disposed to dwell on miraculous agency, or to be moved with enthusiasm by the narration of it. Now, under these mingled and conflicting circumstances, he speaks of Christ's resurrection throughout as of a fact as unquestionable as the very existence of Christ on earth. He, the reasoner, never condescends to reason on it, save as to its consequences: he, the philosopher, never apologises for the

apparent childishness of receiving it: he, the incredulous by temperament, never hints at a doubt of it, never skims it over or passes it by. Judging of all this, as far as we are able to do so by mere canons of criticism, I cannot but think that the case is without a parallel. To those, however, who receive revelation as really containing a record of supernatural occurrences, the solution may not be immediately easy, but it is deducible, I think, by study and attention; and the considerations which it opens are of incalculable importance.

THE ANGEL OF BYZANTIUM.

WATCHMAN, what of the night?
Heavy the clouds roll by:
Black and heavy they pall on the sight,
And there glitters no streak of the faintest light
On the rim of the eastern sky.

Here for ages, in vain,
I have gazed from my watch-tower height;
From the snows of Russia, the vineyards of Seine,
Hither their eyes through the darkness they strain,
To ask me, what of the night.

For the legend lies deep,
Deep in the heart of the world,
That when o'er the nations enveloped in sleep
The last great Conqueror's banner shall sweep,
Here it must first be unfurled.

Here, from night's bondage released,
The first rays of that dawning must shine,
Which shall wake the tribes of the boundless East,
Subject and sovereign, people and priest,
To bow at a single shrine.

Therefore the heir of old Rome
Here, to the Wisdom on High,
Fit for the worship of ages to come,
Poised on its arches the stateliest dome
That ever spanned the sky.

For this the Crusader might pray,
Warrior of saint-like fame,
Who marshalled his myriads of Christian array
In yon green valley of Buyukdéré
To die for their Saviour's name.

Such was the vision which glowed
Fierce Mahomet's soul before,
Even when in blasphemous triumph he rode
Right through the breach to the altar of God,
And dashed his red-hand* on the door.

They and *their hopes are dust:*
'Twas not for such to scan,
Souls dark with pride or with earthly lust,
The secrets withheld from the pure and the just;
The seasons of God with man.

Ere my vigil is spent,
Earth and her rulers must learn
To break the shrines where their fathers have bent,
To raise new altars with purer intent,
Christ's gold from man's dross to discern.

From the altar *of prayer and of praise*
When the vapours of earth are driven,
Smoke of incense, and costly rays
From storied crystal, and golden haze
That floats between man and heaven;

When Eastern and Western strife
Are swept into darkness away,
And their fifteen hundred years of life,
With hatred, and falsehood, and tyranny rife,
Like the Crescent of yesterday;

* The so-called mark of the bloody hand of Sultan Mahomet is still shown in Saint Sophia.

Then on my mystical tower
Glances the sunrise: till then—
Rapt in His presence which melts in its power
Ages of time to a single hour—
I turn to my watch again.

CONSTANTINOPLE, 1861.

NOTE TO JOSEPH II.

SINCE these pages were in the press, the *Encyclical Letter* of the present Pope has appeared, together with the catalogue of errors appended to it. The latter condemns several propositions which affirm the right of the civil power to interfere in spiritual matters; and, at the same time, condemns some propositions which deny the right of the Church to interfere in temporal and mixed matters, and its right to employ the temporal power to enforce spiritual decrees. And thus it would appear as if the problem of Church emancipation were adjourned by the highest ecclesiastical authority to another age.

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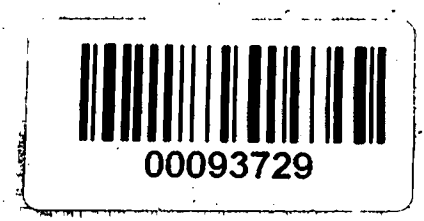
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